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BARROW, SIR JOHN

TITLE:

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THROUGH SOUTH ...

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1831

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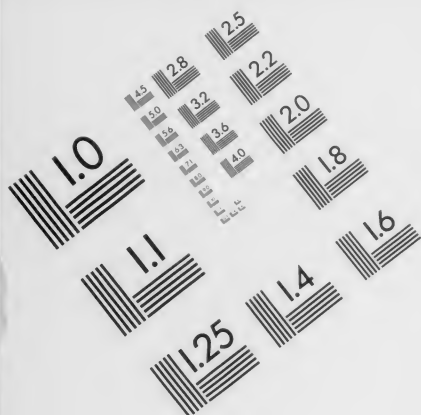
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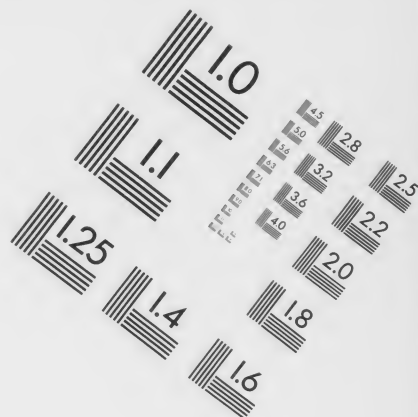


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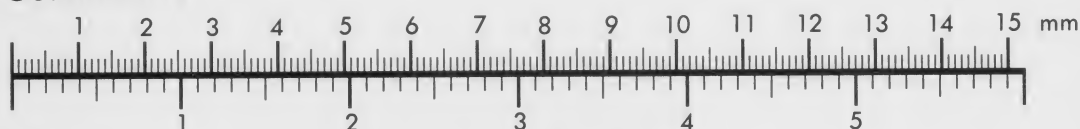
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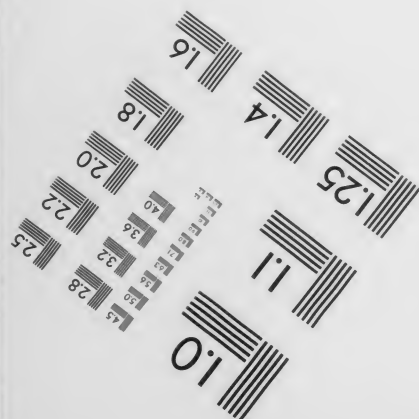
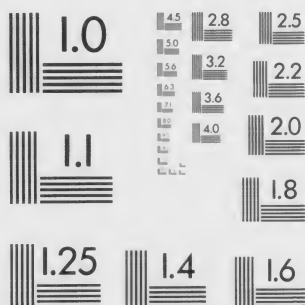
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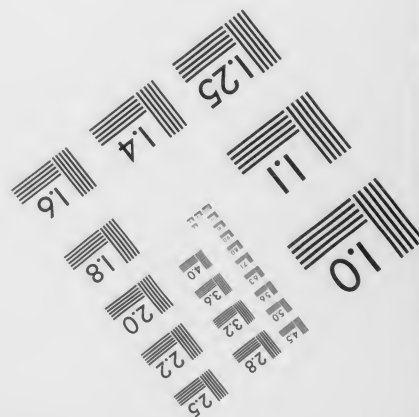
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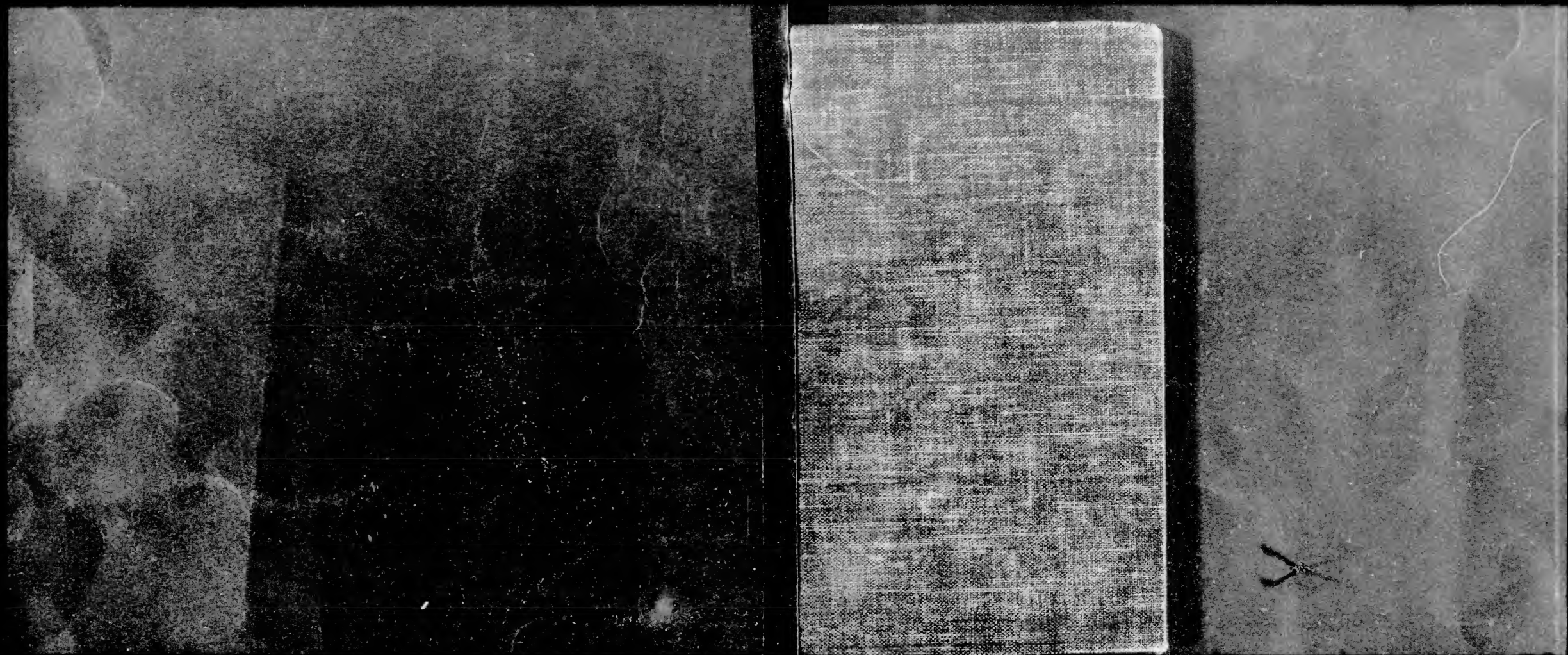


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FAMILY TOUR
THROUGH
SOUTH HOLLAND.





✓
A
FAMILY TOUR
THROUGH
SOUTH HOLLAND;
UP THE RHINE;
AND
ACROSS THE NETHERLANDS,
TO
OSTEND.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXI.

AMMILLOO
YTEREVNU
YRAABEL

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Stamford Street.

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B27

PREFACE.

IN the Autumn of 1828, a family party of six persons, with a male servant, set out from London, with the intention of making the tour of the Southern Provinces of Holland,—of ascending the Rhine as far as Mayence,—thence paying a visit to Franckfort,—returning by the Rhine to Cologne,—from thence crossing the Netherlands by Liége, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend, to London.

They gave themselves, or circumstances rather obliged them to dedicate, just one month to the performance of this tour, which they accomplished in twenty-eight days, travelling very much at their ease in the carriages of the different countries (*not diligences*),—in treckschuyts and steam-vessels,—saw whatever they considered to be interesting,—put up at the first hotels,—dined sometimes at tables-d'hôte, and at others in their private apartments, and were finally set down from the Ostend steam-vessel on the Tower-hill, having expended on the whole journey just one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Every one of the party

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returned with the pleasing recollections of what they had seen, and with invigorated health.

Those who may wish to spend a month in visiting that most extraordinary and interesting country, Holland,—to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Rhine, to admire the splendid decorations of the churches, and to be gratified with the beautiful state of agricultural industry in the then apparently happy Belgium,—cannot do better, (because they probably cannot derive so much gratification in so short a time, and at so small an expense,) than to follow the track which is laid down in the following pages, drawn up from notes taken on the spot by one of the party, and now published in the hope that they may prove of some use to future travellers.

The prints which illustrate and embellish this little volume are the production of that ingenious officer, Lieut.-Colonel Batty, etched by him (being his first attempts on *steel*) from drawings made by himself on the spot; they may therefore be considered as faithful representations of what they profess to be.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.		Page
LONDON TO ANTWERP		1
CHAPTER II.		
ANTWERP TO ROTTERDAM		42
CHAPTER III.		
ROTTERDAM TO AMSTERDAM		67
CHAPTER IV.		
AMSTERDAM		92
CHAPTER V.		
AMSTERDAM TO NIMEGUEN		134
CHAPTER VI.		
NIMEGUEN TO COLOGNE		159
CHAPTER VII.		
COLOGNE TO COBLENTZ		179
CHAPTER VIII.		
COBLENTZ TO FRANCKFORT, AND BACK TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE		193

CHAPTER IX.

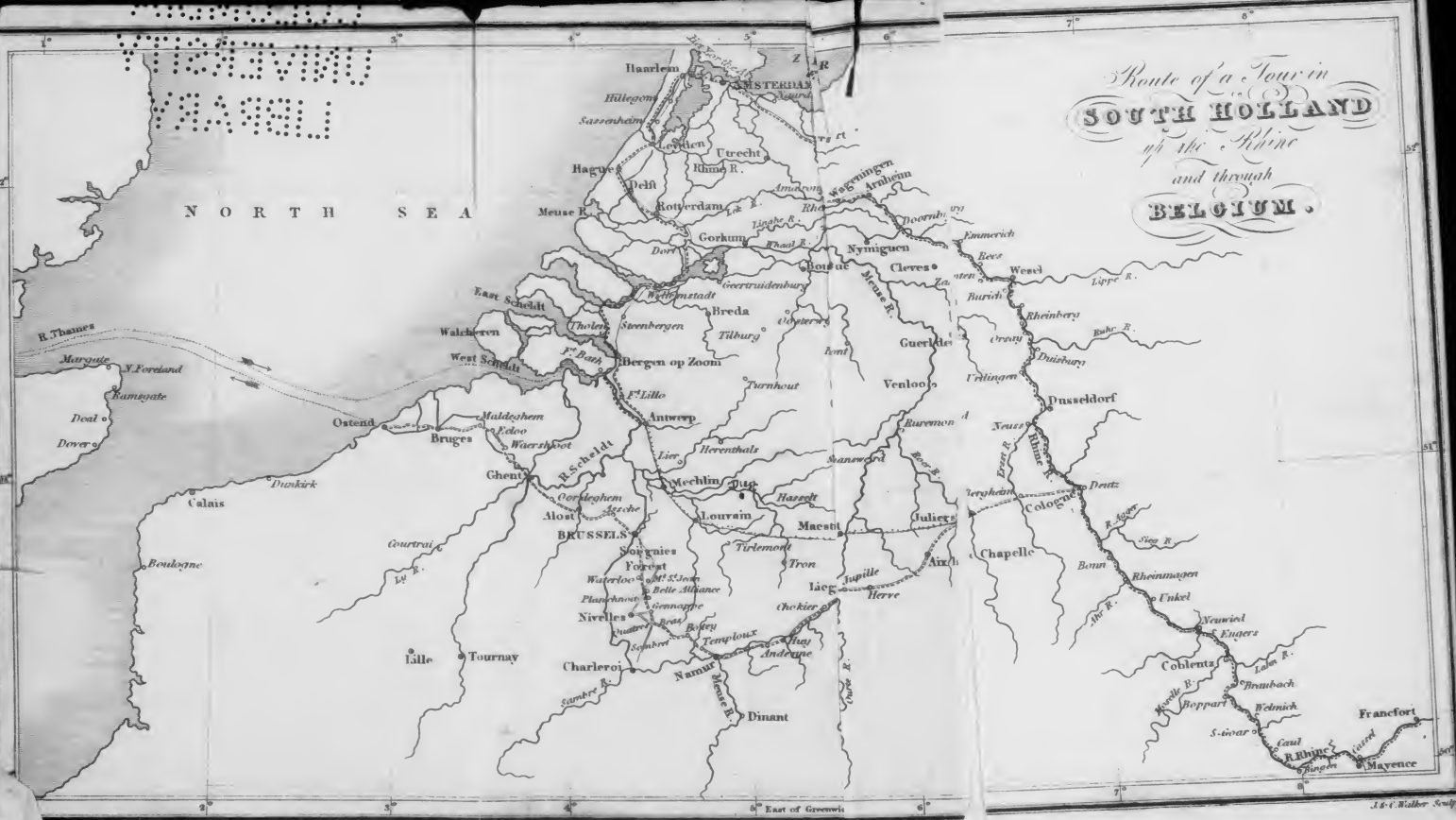
	Page
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE	225

CHAPTER X.

BELGIUM	233
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LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

1. Hotel de Ville of Brussels	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
2. Cathedral of Antwerp, from the Canal au Beurre .	27
3. St. Lawrence of Rotterdam, from the Leuve Haven	57
4. The Hotel de Ville of the Hague	72
5. St. Pancras Church of Leyden	77
6. The <i>Waag</i> or weighing-house of Amsterdam . .	95
7. View on the Amstel, Amsterdam	121
8. Bingen, with bridge over the Nahe	209
9. St. Nicholas' Church, Ghent	267
10. Hotel de Ville of Bruges	279



Route of a Tour in
SOUTH HOLLAND
of the Rhine
and through
BELGIUM.

Published by John Murray, Alnmark, Street London, England.

J. & F. Walker Sculp.

A TOUR
THROUGH
SOUTH HOLLAND,
&c.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON TO ANTWERP.

ON the 6th of August, 1828, we embarked at Deptford, in a sailing-yacht, with our little family party, bound for the Scheldt, and from thence wherever chance might direct us, under a pledge, however, not to exceed the time of one month from the day of embarkation. We dropped down the river with the tide, the wind at east, the weather beautiful; but night coming on before we could get over the *flats*, as they are called, we anchored in Whitstable Bay. In advancing to this spot, the younger part of the family in particular were greatly amused by the luminous appearance of the sea, which happened to be more than usually brilliant in this climate. They compared the train of light, which flashed from the sounding-line, to the tail of a comet. Every body began to philosophize on this phenomenon, and we young ones in particular were naturally inqui-

sitive as to the cause of such an appearance, which we were told, is not of very common occurrence in this temperate climate; and that, when it does occur, is not anything like so brilliant as within the tropics:—there, we were informed, it is awfully grand.

The subject of this light, we were well aware, has frequently been discussed by philosophers and voyage writers, and we believe the majority are inclined to the opinion that this phosphorescent light is occasioned by the spawn of fish, and the myriads of animalculi that are floating in the waters of the ocean: but there is some difficulty in adopting this conclusion, as the light is seen only in particular places, at the same time, and at particular times only in certain spots; whereas the existence of the spawn and minute animals may be supposed to possess the qualities of ubiquity and perpetuity. If this light, which, at the same spot, ceased on Monday, where it had illuminated the whole surface of the sea on the preceding Sunday, was occasioned by these viviparous marine animals, what had become of these animals on the succeeding day? This, we were told, is a very common case; that, in the tropical regions, the sea would one day exhibit one vast sheet of fire, and the next day, on the same spot, not a vestige of phosphorescent light could be seen. This remark gave occasion to us young philosophers, who had imbibed a smattering from that excellent lecturer, Mr. Faraday, to speculate on the cause; and the conclusion we arrived at was this—that the luminous appearance of the sea might be the effect of an electrical influence on these minute floating bodies;

and this suggestion arose from the circumstance that the phenomenon was the most brilliant just at the time when flashes of lightning were playing round the horizon. It naturally occurred to ask whether fresh-water lakes have at any time exhibited this same luminous phenomenon; for if the existence of animalculi be the cause, it ought equally to prevail in fresh as in salt water, where they are not less abundant, as the solar microscope of Mr. Carpenter, in Regent-street, abundantly testifies, by the numerous horrible monsters which it exhibits. If fresh-water lakes are not subject to illumination, the only inference to be drawn from its absence would be, that the salt held in solution in sea-water is the probable cause of the phenomenon, but exhibited only under particular states of the atmosphere; and here ends our philosophy.

On the 7th, with a fine south-westerly breeze, we got under weigh at about six in the morning, reached the North Foreland at eight, and were at anchor in Flushing Roads, directly before the town, at seven in the evening, having run about one hundred miles in thirteen hours.

It was our intention to have landed the following morning at Flushing, our object being principally to inspect the dockyard, besides which, we were given to understand, there is not much to attract the notice of strangers in this town; and, indeed, the only objects in the naval arsenal, that we expected to derive much gratification from viewing, were some large roofs under which ships are constructed, and which towered high above the mud banks that defend the town from the in-

cursions of the sea, and far above all other roofs, that of the church alone excepted. Of these covering for ships we could see three, which appeared, when viewed from without, to be similar to the same kind of buildings in all our dockyards. The morning, however, was so windy, and the sea before the town so rough, from the exposure of the roadstead to the North Sea, that we did not think it worth a wetting to attempt the shore. It was, besides, desirable not to lose the advantage of a young tide up the Scheldt, which had turned at six o'clock this morning. We therefore weighed anchor a little before seven, and proceeded at the rate of twelve miles an hour up this magnificent river.

Flushing exhibited no external appearance of commercial bustle. A Dutch eighteen gun sloop, and some half-dozen ships of a small class, were lying in the road, and about as many a little higher up, opposite the fort called the Rammakins. Between this fort and Flushing we observed two or three new martello towers, that are supposed to give a more complete command of the entrance of the Scheldt, which is here at least three miles in width. We observed some artillerymen firing at a mark, on a floating buoy, from one of the forts of the town, the only symptom that displayed itself of military existence along the banks of this beautiful river, each side of which, and without interruption, exhibited the more gratifying effects of peaceful and laborious industry.

It was not without reason, perhaps, that the Dutch had been strengthening the works at Flushing, considering the lesson they received, in

the course of the last war, of the total inefficiency of those that then existed, assisted as they were by the opposite batteries of Cadsand, to prevent the passage of the Scheldt by a vigorous and determined enemy. The distance across appears to be barely two miles and a half, though called three; yet on the occasion of our memorable expedition under Lord Chatham, which, by a strange misadventure, took refuge in the eastern instead of the western Scheldt, and got into what Sir Home Popham called the Roompot (literally Creampot), Lord William Stuart, in the *Lavinia*, with nine other frigates, forced this passage through a cross-fire of the enemy from the two sides, with the loss only of two or three men in the whole. The wind was light, and the tide against him, and the whole of the frigates were under the fire of the batteries from the two sides nearly two hours, yet they passed almost wholly untouched by the enemy's shot.

That side of the island of Walcheren, which faces the sea, is defended against the encroachments of that element by one continued wall or ridge of high sand-hills, interrupted only at West Capel, where an artificial dyke has been raised to the height, it is said, of thirty feet, and defended in a very ingenious and extraordinary manner. This artificial barrier is of so much importance, that, on its stability, the safety of the whole island may be said to depend.

At the point of the island where Flushing is situated, a strong wall of masonry protects the town against the sea; and the side facing the Scheldt is embanked with great care, and its re-

pair evidently kept up at an enormous expense. Embankments or dykes of the same kind are carried along both banks of the river; and at the base of each is thrown out a barrier of stones and stakes to protect the higher ramparts of earth; and these again are covered with great care and ingenuity with a kind of thatch, consisting of bean-stubble or straw. The stones at the base are sometimes thrown into a kind of wicker or basket-work of withy twigs, and the whole kept together by ropes made of the same material, and interwoven with rushes; and where the current or the tide sets strongest, rows of stakes or poles are driven into the sand, to act as breakwaters for the protection of the base of the sloping bank, which receives a further consistence by being grown over with grass, on the gently sloping sides of which very fine cattle may be seen grazing, many of which are handsomely spotted.

These dykes, and their supporting embankments, are seen in great perfection along the shores of South Beveland, the island next to Walcheren, and one of the most beautiful and fertile territories of Holland; that is to say, beautiful for its cultivation and its fertility in all kinds of grain, madder, pulse, hemp, rape, and flax; in its abundance of orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums; in the number of its villages, situated in the midst of trees, but, to the navigator of the river, known only to exist from the frequent spires of churches that are seen to rise in every direction out of the woods. Even in those villages that are close to the banks, seldom is any part of the houses visible, except the chimneys and the tiled roofs;

but a church-spire in the midst of trees, and a windmill erected on the bank or some artificial mount, the better to catch the breeze, are sure indications of the co-existence of a little hamlet with those conspicuous objects.

In various parts of the shores of the river, in addition to the regular embankments, are small breakwaters of stonework, thrown out at right angles into the stream, intended to guard the dykes against the shock of floating timber or vessels, but more particularly against the masses of ice which float down in the winter season. These stones are all brought hither, by water conveyance, from the neighbourhood of Brussels, as not a pebble of any description is to be found in any of the Zealand Islands, nor in the northern provinces of Belgium. The general surface, in fact, on both sides the river, is below the level of the high-water mark, so that a vast extent of fertile country has actually been rescued from the sea by human labour and ingenuity. It is evident, therefore, that unless due precautions were taken against the breaking in of the sea, which not unfrequently happens, the whole country would be subject to inundation, and revert to its ancient state of useless sterility—alternately a sandy marsh and a sheet of water.

This is, in fact, what has actually happened to the eastern side of this very Island of South Beveland, where, at low water, there is a vast extent of sand, which the Dutch have named 'Verdrunken land,' or land swallowed up by the sea. To obviate a disaster of such fatal import, innumerable inland dykes are constructed in every

direction, not only to mark, as they sometimes do, the division of property, but also to afford additional barriers to the waters, so that if the first barrier or sea-dyke should give way, a second and a third may be found to resist the further ravages of the flood. At the commencement of the present century, however, Walcheren was inundated by a breach of the sea at West Capel, and the water is said to have stood as high as the roofs of the houses of Middelburg, which fine city was saved from utter destruction only by the strength of its walls. This event is commemorated by an inscription on a stone.

The sea had once before washed away the sandy downs, which form a barrier along the western coast, and submerged the ancient town of West Capel, which was afterwards rebuilt further inland. It is here that, in order to prevent future accidents of the same kind, an enormous dyke, thirty feet high, has been raised to fill up the breach. The expense must have been enormous, but the salvation of the whole island of Walcheren may be said to depend on its stability.

In all these banks several sluices are constructed, by means of which the inhabitants have not only the power of letting out the water from the sands, but also of letting in that of the river or the sea, in the event of an enemy invading the country; and by this desperate measure to make it impossible for him to remain; but this is an advantage gained only at the expense of an infliction of general misery and distress, amounting very nearly to complete ruin.

The master of our vessel was well acquainted

with every part of the river, but we were compelled to take a Dutch pilot, for the sake, of course, of paying him his fee. We were desirous, in proceeding, to keep close to the northern channel on the Dutch side, along the shores of Beveland, but the pilot made several objections, which our master knew to be perfectly frivolous; his only avowed reason, on being pressed, was, that the king did not like it—and as in such cases, when *stat pro ratione voluntas*, and when we are told that *le roi le veut*, it would be folly to resist, we stood over to Terneuse, on the southern side. From this place a fine canal has recently been opened the whole way to Ghent, of the depth of sixteen feet, which, while it admits ships of very considerable burthen, acts as a drain to the surrounding country, through which it passes. At Terneuse it communicates with the Scheldt, by two separate sluices or locks. This water communication is of the greatest importance, both to Brabant and Holland, by opening a direct intercourse between Antwerp and other principal towns of Belgium, and to the latter country, through various channels of communication, with Dort and Rotterdam.

In proceeding up the Scheldt, it is impossible not to be struck with the simple means by which the Dutch have succeeded in producing the same effect, though, perhaps, in a smaller degree, for which in England we launch out into the most extravagant expense. Nothing can exceed the economy practised in the construction of their flood-gates, and the wooden piers in which their sluices are placed; a species of hydraulics, that with us are generally formed of the most costly

workmanship in masonry. Having no stone in this country, but what must come to them from the banks of the Meuse or the Rhine, necessity has driven them to the use of other materials, and its place is efficiently supplied by the less costly, though less durable, article of wood.

On the muddy shores and the sand-banks of the Scheldt, left bare at low water, whole shoals of seals may generally be seen in different attitudes, some playing about and wallowing in the mud, while others are standing upright, as if watching to give notice to their companions of any danger that may be approaching. These creatures are possessed of a high degree of cunning, and not easily to be caught napping; the usual mode of taking them is by setting a long range of nets below the surface of the high-water line, so as to admit them freely at that time of tide to the shores or banks of the river; over which nets, as the water falls, they are unable to pass, and are thus caught. In the same manner the inhabitants place rows of twigs, with nets between them, the more readily to catch various kinds of fish, which by first encountering the difficulty of passing through the twigs, generally fall into the nets between them.

The distance from Flushing to Antwerp is reckoned, by the bending of the river, to be sixty-two miles, which our little yacht effected in five hours and a half, and would with ease have done it in five hours, had the wind not failed us in the narrow part of the river, just above Lillo. The appearance of the ancient city of Antwerp becomes here an interesting object, and the more imposing

the nearer we approach it along the last reach of the Scheldt; nor will the traveller feel any disappointment on his arrival before this great commercial port of the Netherlands.

At the same time it must be confessed there was nothing on this noble river, either in our progress up it, or before the city, that conveyed any impression of an active or extensive commerce. In sailing up or down the Thames, or in approaching London within four or five miles—in the first case, the multitude of shipping, of all descriptions, from the largest Indiaman to the deep laden barge, scarcely emerging from the water, crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction—in the second, those lying in close contact, tier after tier, for several miles below the first bridge of the metropolis, afford indications not to be mistaken of the commercial wealth and prosperity of London. But the Scheldt, when we ascended it, was a vacant river; we neither met nor overtook a single sail, and with the exception of some ten or twelve small vessels, mostly brigs, except two or three American ships, there was little appearance of trade along the common quay of Antwerp. But a great number of vessels were lying in the small harbours that branch out from the river, and in the two large basins.

Antwerp, however, is a fine old city. It is impossible to enter through an ancient gateway into its narrow streets, bounded by lofty houses, with their high gable ends or pediments of several stories of windows, and ascending by steps on each side to a point, without being

attracted by their grotesque but, at the same time, picturesque appearance. Indeed their novel and fanciful shapes are much more attractive than the more recent and wider streets, with their more spacious houses, many of which are not inferior to any that are met with in London.

The Rue de la Mer, which had formerly a canal down the middle, like those which are generally met with in a Dutch town, but is now filled up, appears to be as wide as Portland Place, and from the variety in the architecture of its houses is infinitely more picturesque and striking.

In this street is the commodious hotel of *Le Grand Laboureur*, in which we took up our quarters; and in it also is the palace of William I., a handsome building enough, but nothing remarkable, being little better than a common sized house of the first class, the apartments surrounding a quadrangle. In fact it belonged to one of the merchants of the town, but was purchased and furnished for the use of Buonaparte and his generals, when he should happen to pass this way. It certainly has no pretensions to the name of palace. It consists of two suites of six or seven small rooms, some without any other furniture than a deal table, and a few of the commonest chairs, and others entirely without furniture of any kind. If the present royal family should remain a day or so at Antwerp, which they have not yet condescended to do, there is a bed fitted up in one of the suites of apartments for the king, and another in the opposite side for the queen, but their attendants must shift for themselves, and sleep on the floor, unless timely notice be given to pre-

pare for better accommodation than this palace at present affords. On expressing some surprise to the young woman who showed us round, that it should be left in so unfurnished a state, she readily observed that, 'if Napoleon had remained their sovereign, it would soon have been furnished, and that right well too.'

Antwerp, though still a place of very considerable trade, has had the misfortune of being stripped of its splendour and prosperity on several occasions. Her merchants were at one time the most wealthy body of men in Europe. As an illustration of this, a story is told of one John Daens, who lent to Charles V. a million of gold, to enable him to carry on his wars in Hungary, for which he obtained the royal bond. The Emperor, on his return, dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond, not, however, for payment, but to burn it, which he is said to have done in a fire made of the chips of cinnamon.

The greatest blow which the prosperity of this city received, was in consequence of the treaty by which the navigation of the magnificent river, on the right bank of which it is situated, was prohibited. It is said that Antwerp before this contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and had sometimes two thousand ships and vessels lying in the river, and its harbours and its basins. The former are now reduced to less than sixty thousand, and the latter to at most two hundred. The town had before this treaty been sacked and set on fire by the infamous Alva, when six or seven thousand of its inhabitants are said to have

perished : and the third, and last time, that its prosperity suffered a severe blow, was occasioned by the overthrow of Buonaparte, when his grand design of making Antwerp the greatest naval arsenal in the north of Europe fell with its projector. His plans for this purpose were undertaken on an immense scale ; but they were by no means deserving those extravagant encomiums that were bestowed on them while in their progress. The two basins are undoubtedly planned with great skill, and executed with excellent workmanship. They are conveniently entered from the river, well protected by the guns of the citadel, communicate with each other by a stout pair of iron gates, and another pair connects them with the river. For the security of shipping in the winter months these basins are admirably adapted ; and the old East India House, a great quadrangular building, which stands immediately between them, is well situated for the reception of merchandise or naval stores ; but they are mere basins, possessing no conveniences whatever for the building or repairs of ships. As commercial docks they are of considerable importance to the town, and on that account solely they escaped demolition, when the dock-yard, which was higher up the river, was destroyed.

This demolition of the naval establishment was carried into effect in virtue of the Fifteenth Article of the Definitive Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris the 30th May, 1814. By this article, all the ships of war then at Antwerp afloat, and those on the stocks, were—after those actually belonging to Holland, prior to its incorporation in the French

empire, had been given up to the Prince of Orange,—to be divided, so that his most Christian Majesty should have two-thirds, and the Dutch, in trust for the Allied Powers, the remaining third ; all those on the stocks to be broken up within a specified time, and the slips, docks, and everything belonging to the naval arsenal, broken up and destroyed. Commissioners were appointed for this partition and demolition, amongst whom was the comptroller and the surveyor of the British navy. The division was as follows, viz :

<i>To the French.</i> —		12 Sail of the line,
		4 Frigates,
		2 Brigs ; besides
		9 Sail of the line, and
		2 Frigates on the stocks, to be broken up.
<i>To the Dutch.</i> —		3 Sail of the line,
		5 Frigates ; and, in trust,
		7 Sail of the line.
<i>Total.</i>	{	31 Sail of the line,
		11 Frigates,
		2 Brigs.

The ordnance stores, guns, and ammunition, were also divided, as well as the timber and other naval stores, the estimated value of which exceeded two millions sterling.

Thus perished the dockyards of Antwerp, which Buonaparte had taken so much pains and spent so much money to complete, and which had occasioned so much uneasiness to this country.

The work of destruction being finished, it next became a question as to the demolition of the two fine basins, which, however, would have been no easy matter ; at least to such an extent as would have rendered them irreparable. It was calculated

that the larger of the two was capable of containing thirty-four sail of the line, and the smaller one, fourteen. The representations of the citizens, however, in favour of their being suffered to remain uninjured, as the receptacles of their merchant shipping, and of their vast utility in protecting them in the winter season against the ice, (which, it seems, floats about in such large masses that, heretofore, those of large dimensions were generally under the necessity of going up to the anchorage in the Rupel branch of the river, seven miles above Antwerp,) prevailed; and it was conceded to the town, that these two fine basins should not be destroyed.

All the fortifications, the storehouses, the smitheries, rope-house, and other buildings connected with the dockyard establishment, were destroyed, but the citadel was suffered to remain untouched. Since the establishment of Antwerp as a naval port by Buonaparte, nineteen sail of the line and thirteen frigates had been put upon the stocks; and between four and five thousand artificers of different descriptions were employed in the dockyards. He had computed, a very little time before his fall, that ten sail of the line might be launched every year. It was boasted of, as a great feat, that a thirty-six gun frigate had been completely finished in one month, with the assistance of the galley-slaves to saw the timber. The artificers, for the most part, were soldiers, and their pay was made up to three francs per day. The timber was generally brought by water from the neighbourhood of Tournay and Gemappe; each piece was fashioned in the forest to the shape and pur-

pose for which it was intended. The cannon and heavy iron work were sent from the foundries of Liege. To make this naval arsenal complete, it was intended to construct dry docks at the head of the inner or large basin, the wall of which, at that part, still remains unfinished, or rather, that line of the basin was originally left without masonry. The rise and fall of the tide, which is from fourteen to sixteen feet, is highly favourable for the construction of dry docks, of which, convenient as they are, and considered with us as indispensable, there is but one or two, at the most, in all Holland; the vast expense, from the nature of the soil, and the total want of stone and other material in that country, having probably deterred them from such undertakings. It is supposed that a dock for the reception of a seventy-four gun ship could not be constructed, in any part of Holland, or even at Antwerp, for so little as one hundred thousand pounds.

The masonry of the two basins here alluded to, is very fine, the walls being five feet thick, exclusive of the binders. The whole of the works executed at Antwerp by the French is said to have cost them two millions sterling.

The great object of these two basins was the security of the fleet against the floating masses of ice in the river, during the winter, where it is utterly impracticable for large ships, such as those of the line, to remain in anything like security.

Before they were ready for the admission of the ships that had been built, we understood that twelve sail of the line were sent into winter-quarters in the Rupel branch of the river, where, by due

precautions of stockades, &c., they escaped without much damage. But no part of the Scheldt affords safe anchorage for large vessels in the winter season.

Even the roadstead of Flushing is at all times a wild, exposed anchorage for ships, being open entirely to the North Sea, which, in bad weather, rolls in with great impetuosity. Vast sums of money have been expended at that port to render the defensive works, as they thought, impregnable. The magnitude of our last expedition, however, alarmed them; and it is said that no less than five mines were laid, to spring the dykes and inundate the place, if they found it untenable. Fortunately, however, for the people of Flushing, we found it more convenient to seek for shelter in the Roompot, and content ourselves with the possession of the agreeable capital of the island, Middelburg, which was assailed and taken from another quarter. Flushing, however, did not entirely escape; and the inhabitants say that the mischief done to them, by the English, was not made good at a less expense than twenty-four millions of francs, or about a million sterling; which, in its present desolate and neglected condition, may be considered about the purchase-money of the fee-simple of the town. Still it was fortunate to have escaped with so little damage; for when the bombardment took place, about one hundred and twenty houses were set on fire; and, on the evacuation of the island, all the public works of Flushing, the arsenal, the basin, the ships of war, the careening wharf and pits, and the storehouses in the dockyard, were either blown up or burnt, or otherwise destroyed.

The Dutch were ultimately, in some degree, avenged of this work of destruction, by the dreadful havoc which the Walcheren fever made among our officers and troops.

The Scheldt, it must be admitted, is a magnificent river, and capable of receiving commodious naval establishments in various parts of its course. Terneuse, indeed, on its left bank, has been considered as preferable to Antwerp, in many points of view, for a naval arsenal; and, among others, on account of its proximity to the mouth of the river, and of the depth of water, which is sufficient to admit of ships of the largest size to lie there with all their guns and stores on board, ready at any moment to put to sea, which is not the case with regard to Antwerp. Buonaparte was fully aware of this advantage, and had some intention of removing the naval establishment from Antwerp to Terneuse. A plan to this effect was proposed, which he is said to have seized with eagerness; it contained, among other things, a basin that would hold sixty sail of the line, from whence they might put to sea at once, fully equipped in every respect.

Fortunately for the world, and for this country in particular, his career was cut short in that very portion of Europe, where he had long cherished his magnificent plans for our destruction!

The demolition of Antwerp, and the transfer of ship-building, and artificers, and commerce to the ports of Holland, was one of the heaviest blows that could, in recent times, have been inflicted on the inhabitants of the former; and yet we observed no external symptoms of decay in any part of the

town: the houses were all inhabited, and kept in high order; the people bustling and cheerful; the Bourse daily crowded and noisy; the shops well stocked, and every appearance of an active trade carrying on. This city must, indeed, from its advantageous position, always command a very considerable inland trade, independent of what is carried to it by the Scheldt; and, as far as appearances went, we certainly did not observe any visible signs of poverty among the inhabitants. The markets were most abundantly supplied with all the necessities of life, and at a cheap rate—cheap, as compared with the rate of wages, and not merely as compared with the prices of similar articles in England. The common people are remarkably well clothed; and from their quiet and placid behaviour, a stranger would judge them to be contented and happy.

It cannot fail to occur to the mind of an Englishman, while visiting Antwerp, that if we were to reverse the case, and suppose it to have been a port of England which had suffered the injury, as well as the indignity, of having one of its principal dockyards blown up, and its fleet partitioned and carried away chiefly by the aid of that very same people who come in shoals to visit the country and take up a residence among them, how very different a feeling would have prevailed among, and how very different a reception the destroyers would have experienced from, our countrymen! for, although we were the chief instigators of the blow that crushed the very sources of their prosperity, we did not learn, and certainly did not experience, that the citizens of Antwerp ever manifested the

least ill will or incivility towards the numerous Englishmen that have since visited their port; they ascribe, as in justice they ought, the whole of their misfortunes to the French.

There are several very fine old buildings in Antwerp, of a peculiar style of architecture, and the houses in general exhibit every possible fancy in the shapes and ornaments of their gable ends, many of which are extremely picturesque; but, with the exception of the churches and convents, and the Hotel de Ville, there are few public buildings that deserve much attention. This last mentioned ancient structure is situated in the Grand Place, which, however, scarcely deserves the name of a square, and is altogether inferior to another adjoining, called the *Place Vert*, which, from a churchyard, has been converted into a handsome square, planted with trees, and fenced in by posts of blue stone and iron railing.

There is something imposing in the architecture, and remarkable in the general appearance, of the Hotel de Ville; the central part of the front is cased entirely with variegated marble, and ornamented with statues. The whole façade is little short of 300 feet. It was once burnt down, and restored, as an inscription tells us, in 1581. We were told that the public library, within this building, was open every day from nine o'clock till four; but the extent and value of its contents were not ascertained by us, being unable to prevail on a cold phlegmatic Dutchman, the only guardian of the place, to admit us; so that we did not see what little there is to be seen within this externally imposing edifice.

We were more fortunate, however, in our visit to the Museum of Paintings, in the suppressed convent of Recolets, to which, though shut up from the public, during the exhibition of pictures by modern artists, we, being strangers, found no difficulty of admission.

In this collection have been brought together many of the best pictures which were at one time in the several churches and convents of the city; and among them are a few specimens, that may be classed with the most perfect of the numerous pictures painted by Rubens. The Museum consists of two great rooms. On the right side of the first gallery is the celebrated painting of this artist, 'Christ crucified between the two Thieves,' universally acknowledged as one of the most magnificent specimens of art, both in design and execution, and generally esteemed among the first, if not the very first performance of Rubens.

The figure of Christ, 'already dead,' is that of a person who has departed in calm and tranquil repose, free from all appearance of convulsive movement, and contrasts finely with the hideous distortions of the features of the robber, who reproached him, and who is evidently writhing with agony; and as the executioner, with a bar of iron, is breaking his limbs, we see the convulsive twitchings of every part of his body, while the blood trickles down from the foot he has torn from the cross, to which it was nailed. But no pencil, except that of Rubens, could have painted the heavenly countenance of the Magdalen, as she looks at the horsemen pointing his spear against our Saviour's side. 'It is,' says Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, 'by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw of Rubens, or, I think, of any other painter; the excellence of its colouring is beyond expression.'

The 'Adoration of the Magi' is a rich toned and magnificent picture, full of variety in the numerous figures, and their drapery is finely contrasted with the humble situation of the mother and the infant Jesus. There is, perhaps, a superfluity of rich and high-coloured drapery, but it is a picture meant to be seen at a distance, and, we have no doubt, was seen to more advantage as the great altar-piece in the church of St. Michael, from which it was removed, than where it now is. The head of the ox in the stable is admirably painted.

But the picture on which Rubens is generally supposed to have exhausted his art, is the 'Descent from the Cross.' The original is not in this collection, but there is a small highly and beautifully finished copy, undoubtedly by Rubens, yielding only, if it can be so said, to the larger picture in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is a gem that would adorn the first cabinet in Europe.

Another fine picture of Rubens, in this gallery, is 'Christ showing his Wounds to St. Thomas.' The incredulity of the Apostle is finely expressed by the intense and inquiring eye, while examining the wound on our Saviour's hand.

The picture of 'St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read,' we are told by Sir Joshua, is an improper title, 'for the Virgin,' he says, 'being represented about fourteen or fifteen years of age, is too old to begin to read.' That may or may not be—

the picture at any rate is a pleasing picture; the face of the Virgin is beautiful, but there is too much keenness, approaching to somewhat of a sneer, in that of St. Anne: it is, however, a striking and an agreeable picture. But the same approbation can hardly be bestowed on the next painting, called the 'Communion of St. Francis.' The dying and agonized figure of the saint is calculated to create disgust rather than commiseration; he is nearly naked, has a squalid, filthy look, and, as Sir Joshua said, 'appears more like a leper than a saint.' If our great artist had not condemned this picture, a less competent judge might at least safely pronounce it a disagreeable composition.

'St. Theresa interceding for the Souls in Purgatory, and Christ relieving them,' is a finely painted picture; the person of Christ is full of grace and beauty, and the whole clear and highly finished. These two last pictures belonged to the suppressed convent of the little or unshod Carmelites.

'The Holy Family,' which once belonged to the Academy of Painters, is a finely coloured picture, but by no means worthy of being classed among the best productions of Rubens.

Another indifferent picture, as we should consider it, of this great master, is 'The dead Christ in the arms of his Father.' The person of Christ might serve for the figure of a Silenus. Besides these, there are several other productions of Rubens; a fine portrait of a Burgomaster, one of his wife, some holy families, and a few sketches.

There are two or three pictures by Octavio Van

Veen, or, as he is usually called, Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, which are esteemed as fine specimens of art, particularly 'The Calling of the Apostle Matthew,' which has all the strength and brilliancy of colouring for which his pupil is distinguished. There is an eagerness and conviction of the truth of Christ's mission, in the face of Matthew, which is very expressive.

There is a picture by Quinten Metsys of the 'Descent from the Cross,' with two doors or wings. On the one is St. John put into a caldron of boiling oil; and on the other, Herodias with the head of John the Baptist. Nothing can exceed the savage and brutal expression in the faces of the two men who are feeding the fire under the caldron; but the distortion of their savage features is quite unnatural, and without an adequate cause. The pictures of this artist are, indeed, all deficient in taste and imagination, and mostly representations of distorted nature, as in his celebrated picture of the 'Two Misers,' in Windsor Castle, coarse, vulgar, and disgusting. Thus, also, in the present picture, the dead Christ on the knees of the Virgin appears, as Sir Joshua has observed, 'as if starved to death.'

This painter is usually called the Blacksmith of Antwerp, having changed the anvil for the pallet, and the hammer for the pencil.

Facing the tower of Notre Dame, or the cathedral, is placed a work of his of a very indifferent description—the iron frame of a well or fountain. It may be considered as a curious monument of the original occupation of an artist who rose to a certain degree of eminence, but in itself is so

utterly insignificant, that it would be passed by unobserved if not pointed out. On a stone shield is this inscription:—‘Quintino Metsiis, incomparabilis artis pictori, admiratrix grataque posteritas anno post obitum sæculari cto. 15.c. xxix posuit.’ (1629.) And on another stone is the following:—‘Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.’

In the Museum are also several good pictures of Van Dyk; but, after the eye has feasted on the brilliant colouring of Rubens, they appear, to a mere amateur, and not one of the cognoscenti, cold and spiritless. There are two or three Crucifixions by this master, a *Pieta*, as it is called, being the dead Christ on the knee of the Virgin, and a few portraits. That, however, in which Christ is expiring on the Cross, and Catherine of Sienna embracing it, while Saint Dominic is standing in an attitude of contemplation, is esteemed, as it ought to be, a sublime composition, heightened as it is by the dark and agitated appearance of the elements in the back-ground. This picture formerly belonged to the nuns of the order of St. Dominic. There is also a fine portrait by Van Dyk of Cæsar Alexander Scaglia.

Of artists of less note there are several good pictures,—some by Seghers, Jordaens, Old Frank, Martin de Vos, Breughel, Pourbus, Coxie, and other Flemish masters.

We had not time, nor, indeed, much inclination, after feasting on the rich productions of the old masters in the two galleries of the Museum, to bestow much attention on the pictures of living artists which were now exhibiting in two other



Engraved by

J. Smith

The Cathedral, from the Street in Antwerp

Antwerp, from the Street in Antwerp

galleries; in addition to which was a room appropriated to statuary figures, at the end of that on the left of the entrance.

There appeared, however, to be many very respectable performances; and what was sufficiently encouraging to the progress of art, the rooms were crowded with spectators. It is not improbable, from the numerous collections that have been made, and are still making, by individuals, that Antwerp is once more likely to become the seat of the arts for the encouragement of the painters of the Netherlands. The contest will be between this place and Brussels; but the advantage is on the side of Antwerp, from its possessing the greatest number, and the finest specimens, of the first artist that adorned his native country, the celebrated Rubens.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, even if it were not in possession of the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master, cannot fail to invite the curiosity of protestant travellers. Our next visit was to this fine building, whose magnificent towers are justly reckoned among the first which exist in the world; or, more correctly speaking, the tower which is surmounted by a spire; for though there are two precisely alike, yet only one of them is completed, by having a lofty spire rising from its summit, and making the whole height to be about four hundred and fifty feet, to which may be added fifteen feet more for the height of the shaft on which the cross is placed. It is said, indeed, by some of the guide-books to be five hundred feet. The massive tower may reduce the appearance of its height, and deceive the eye; but it certainly

does not appear to exceed four hundred feet to the pinnacle of the cross. The spire is light and elegant, and of the same class as that of Strasbourg and the Town-hall of Brussels. This noble edifice is said to have taken nearly a century in completing, being commenced under the direction of an architect of the name of Appelmans in 1422, and finished in 1518. One of the towers is furnished with a fine set of chimes or carillons, the largest bell of which is said to weigh sixteen thousand pounds.

The interior of Notre Dame fully corresponds in grandeur with the exterior. From the great door which is between the two towers, or, in other words, from the lower extremity of the nave to the opposite end, behind the great altar, the dimensions are given as follows:—The length five hundred feet; the breadth two hundred and thirty; and the height three hundred and sixty feet. Of the accuracy of the last dimension there may be some doubt; and the length appears to be somewhat exaggerated.

The columns which support the arcades are not to be classed, in point of beauty, with those of York Cathedral, nor those even of Westminster Abbey; but what may be wanting in elegance, or grandeur of design, is amply compensated by the high order and the perfect state of neatness in which every part of the church is kept, and in the beauty of the decorations. The grand altar is a chaste piece of architecture, designed by Rubens; and facing it, at the lower end of the nave, is a portico of eight columns, which support the loft in which the organ is placed, equally chaste and beautiful.

The pulpit is a fine piece of carved wood, laboriously and admirably executed by Verbruggen. It is supported by four figures as large as life, hand-in-hand; and the railing of the steps and other parts are surmounted by birds of various kinds, some of which exist in nature, and others are imaginary; but the whole of the workmanship is exquisitely beautiful. All the confessionals are fronted with upright figures of different characters and in different attitudes, all of them highly expressive of the meaning which the sculptor intended to convey.

In the several chapels are various pieces of sculpture in marble, and paintings by Van Baelen, Diepenbeck, Backer, Otto Venius, and others; and in one on the right, as we descended from the choir, is a beautiful piece of sculpture in marble, representing Christ crucified. But the most precious and valuable treasures which Notre Dame contains, are two pictures of Rubens, one of which, already mentioned, is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master. It is the celebrated 'Descent from the Cross,' which, of all the numerous works of Rubens, maintains the pre-eminence.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has recorded his disappointment on first seeing it,—not, however, at the picture itself, so much as the manner in which it has been misused by cleaning, botching, and varnishing. This is no doubt true; but placed where it is, in a very indifferent and cross light, it will require a skilful and a practised eye to detect it. He considers the Christ 'as one of the finest figures that ever was invented;' adding, that 'the hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the fall-

ing of the body on one side, give such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it.' He admits, likewise, that two of the three Marys have more beauty than Rubens generally bestowed on female figures. It would be ridiculous as well as presumptuous to dispute the taste and judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds; but we certainly all agree to go much further than this qualified praise he has bestowed on this wonderful production, and to pronounce that female figure on whose shoulder the foot of Christ appears to be resting, to be possessed of one of the sweetest and most heavenly countenances that ever was produced by the pencil of man; and the young woman by her side, who is looking up to Christ with intense anxiety, as not much inferior.

It was said by some English critic, that the women of Rubens were like Flanders mares. It is true that, in some of his large pictures, such as the 'Rape of the Sabines,' and some others, the female figures are not of the most elegant or delicate shape, or the most lovely features; but in the figures in the picture in question, and indeed in all his productions in the Museum of Antwerp, he has amply redeemed this fault.

The great mass of light in this picture proceeds from the white sheet, which, Sir Joshua says, was a bold attempt, and which few but Rubens would have ventured on, for fear of hurting the colour of the flesh; but he does not notice, what many will think detracts somewhat from the dignity and solemnity of the subject, the vulgar though natural mode in which the figure, leaning over the cross, takes the sheet in his teeth, in order to have both

his hands at liberty to assist in lowering down the body.

There is a history attached to this picture, which makes it and its appendages somewhat more interesting. It is said that the fraternity of Arquebusiers (marksmen of some kind or other, —riflemen, sharpshooters, &c.) transferred to Rubens a piece of ground belonging to the society, on the condition that he should paint for them a full-length portrait of their patron saint, St. Christopher, who, it would seem, from his portrait, was to be represented under the figure of a man of gigantic stature, carrying an infant (Jesus) on his shoulder across a river. Rubens, probably not relishing the subject, thought fit to choose another, and not only painted for them the grand picture of the 'Descent from the Cross,' but added to it a couple of doors, or wings, as they are sometimes called, on one of which he painted the subject of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, in which St. Simeon is receiving the child in his arms; and on the other the 'Visitation,' in which are the two figures of the Virgin and Elizabeth. It would almost appear that the Arquebusiers were not satisfied with these admirable specimens of the painter's art, or at least that they were unwilling to dispense with the portrait of their patron saint, as on the reverse of the two doors or wings, are two other pictures by Rubens, the one representing the Giant, as desired, and the other an old hermit, holding up a lantern, as if to light the saint across the river. The colossal figure is not considered by artists as worthy of Rubens' pencil, and this is not much to be wondered at, as he

evidently undertook it with reluctance. When Sir Joshua Reynolds saw it, he pronounced it too red, and the outline not flowing; now, however, it is difficult to make out either the colouring or outline of these two pictures on the outside of the wings, which being constantly kept shut, much of their colouring is lost by being exposed to the strong light and sunshine. Whether this St. Christopher may be the great giant which the legend says dwelt in a fort on the banks of the Scheldt, and exacted tribute from all the craft that passed, and cut off the hands of such as refused, the history of him is silent; but the legend goes on to say, that one Brabon fought with this giant, slew him, and cut off his hands, and threw him into the Scheldt, after which the fort was named *Handswerpen*, which means 'Hands thrown away,' and that this is the origin of the name of Antwerp, and that Brabant took its name from Brabon. Ridiculous as this, like most legends, may appear, the arms of the city, which are two hands and a triangular fort, seem to give countenance to the story; and we observe on the arched gateway which leads from the quay into the city, the figure of a huge giant; but whether it be St. Christopher, or the Scheldt personified, is neither material nor certain.

On the left of the nave of the Cathedral, in proceeding towards the choir, and as a companion to the 'Descent,' is another celebrated picture by Rubens, of the 'Elevation of the Cross.' This we did not see, a ladder being placed against the doors that concealed it, for the purpose of cleaning the frames, and varnishing the outside pictures,

against the grand fête that was to be held at Antwerp the following month, preparatory to which all the churches of this city were undergoing the process of painting and cleaning; but the picture in question is represented by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of this artist's 'best and most animated compositions.' On the outside of the wings are painted, 'St. Catherine with a sword, and St. Eloi attended by a female Saint and Angels.'

The ceiling of the cupola represents the 'Virgin surrounded by Angels.' The painting wants grandeur of design, but is light and pleasing. The grand altar is exceedingly fine, and decorated with some good specimens of sculpture in bas-relief, and in the midst is the grand picture of the 'Ascension of the Virgin,' by Rubens—a painting that has been copied a hundred times, and may be seen in almost every Catholic church on the Continent. It is not considered as among the best paintings of the great artist.

The church of St. James, even if it were not for the splendid pictures of Rubens, would be of superior interest in every respect to the Cathedral. It is filled in every part with well-executed sculpture and paintings of great merit, though not of the highest class. There is, however, one which we all agreed to place among the first in rank of the master. It is the picture of the 'Family of Rubens,' painted by himself, and adorns the chapel called after his name, and in which his ashes repose. It is called, of course, a holy family; and a woman, with a child on her knee, is the infant Jesus on the knee of his mother. St. Jerome and St. George, standing near her,

are the portraits of the artist and his father; and the Mary Magdalen, and the other female Saint, are his two wives. There are several other figures, among which are his Mistress and Daughter; the latter young female is exquisitely beautiful, and the whole family are grouped in the most tasteful manner.

This picture shows the great skill of the artist, and the pains that have been bestowed on its execution. 'It is as clear and bright,' to use Sir Joshua Reynolds's words, 'as if the sun shone on it;' and he says, moreover, that, 'To a painter who wishes to become a colourist, or learn the art of producing a brilliant effect, this picture is as well worth studying as any in Antwerp.'

There are several good pictures by Jordaens, Van Dyk, Van Heemsen, Otto Venius, Schut, and Diepenbeck; but next to the Family of Rubens, the sculpture will be most admired. On entering the great door, against a pillar on the left is an Alto-relievo, cut out of a single stone, of the 'Taking down from the Cross,' which is a most elaborate and masterly piece of sculpture, the action of all the figures being expressed with great spirit, and the detail of every object most minutely attended to. It was said to be by Michael Vervoort, who studied at Rome. There are also two Statues of St. Paul and St. John, both very fine productions of the same artist.

This church, indeed, is filled with the finest specimens both in marble and wood, by the most celebrated sculptors, Du Quesnoy, Quellyn, Willemsens, and Verbruggen. Among the marble bas-reliefs, is one very small, in Rubens's Chapel,

of the 'Crucifixion,' which is exquisitely beautiful, and in which the figure of Mary is quite enchanting. In the specimens of wood-carving, the pulpit and the confessionals will amply repay any attention that may be given to them. They are chiefly by the two great artists in that line, and to whom most of the churches in the Netherlands are indebted, Willemsens and Verbruggen.

Speaking of confessionals, a plain Protestant would be apt to consider it as a symptom of laxity in the conduct of the inhabitants of Antwerp, when he observes the side aisles of this and other churches to be filled almost from end to end with these little sentry-boxes, to which the female part of society almost exclusively resort. To a rational being it is quite revolting to see young females, anxious, as it were, to whisper their little failings and weaknesses, and their very thoughts, into the ear of a priest, at whose mercy they at once place their fortunes, and, perhaps, the welfare or misery of a whole family.

While examining a beautiful specimen of carving, which decorated one of these confessionals, a well-dressed young female stood as if wishing to enter the box, but hesitated on observing, what she justly considered us to be, a party of heretics. We turned a little on one side, and presently a strapping, athletic young priest, six feet high, after giving us a scowl due to heretics like ourselves, darted into his seat, and remained for a considerable time to listen, as he was observed eagerly to do, to the story of the young woman.

The exterior of St. James's Church is by no means undeserving of notice. The tower is finely

marked by bold projections; and, though not belonging to any particular class of architecture, will deservedly attract the traveller's admiration.

The only other church, worthy of notice, is that of St. Paul, formerly belonging to the Dominicans. In some respects, the ornamental part of this church is not inferior to the preceding. Against the columns of the nave are placed the statues of the twelve Apostles; six on each side, rather of a colossal size, but very well executed. The magnificent altar-piece in the choir, with its marble columns and various sculpture, is the work of Verbruggen, as is also the marble statue of St. Paul which faces it. The picture of the 'Descent from the Cross,' which decorates this splendid altar, is the production of a Belgian of the name of Cels, who studied at Rome. It is considered as a work creditable to his talents.

This church is loaded with pictures by Teniers, De Crayer, Quellyn, De Vos, Jordaens, and other Belgian artists. There are no less than fifteen of them ranged in a row along the wall of the left aisle, on entering; and in the midst of them is a picture by Rubens, which, perhaps, in point of colouring and drawing, is not inferior to any of his works, but at the same time is one of the most disagreeable,—the 'Flagellation of Christ.' In the number of these fifteen pictures is 'Christ carrying his Cross,' by Van Dyk, and a Crucifixion, by Jordaens—both good pictures; but they, as well as the Rubens, are lost among the group in which they are ranged, and in the position in which they are placed: the light is so faint as scarcely to admit of their being seen.

We happened to visit St. Paul's at the time of high mass, and the effect was very remarkable. The choir is separated from the nave and the side aisles by a screen, and the high altar is visible only through a great arch between it and the nave. A high flight of steps leads up to the altar.

The effect was quite theatrical. The platform before the altar at the top of the steps; the magnificent candelabra, with lights burning in them; the splendid dresses of the officiating priests; their activity and rapid movement up and down the steps; the ringing of the bell, and the elevation of the host, seen, as it appeared, at an immense distance through the centre arch, and huge oleander shrubs in full flower ranged on each side,—had really the effect of a scenic representation, which was not diminished by the pealing organ, the band of music, and the vocal accompaniment, which tended to keep up to admiration the *jeu de théâtre*.

The mass being ended, the congregation, consisting chiefly of women and, by far the greater number, women of a certain age, were entertained with a concert of vocal and instrumental music in aid of the organ, which is considered by the people of Antwerp the very first instrument of the kind in all Brabant, and is, at all events, unquestionably a very fine and powerful organ; yet a regular band of wind and stringed instruments was stationed in the organ-loft to assist in the performance.

They played, as we were told, an overture of Mozart, after which some light pieces, which did not appear to be exactly suited to the solemnity of the place; but the object evidently was to please the

audience, while the *elderly* ladies, in particular, were crowding round one of the inferior priests to kiss some relic, which he held in one hand, and wiped with a cloth carried in the other every kiss that this precious article, whatever it might be, received, before it was presented to the next. But this process went on in rapid succession, while, in the mean time, the tin boxes were passing round to collect the *grossen, cents, or stuyvers*, from the poor people who had thus been favoured with a holy kiss. On hearing the lively music, and the effect it produced, one could not help thinking that Whitfield was not far wrong when he answered some of his flock, who objected to the introduction of lively tunes into his chapel, that he did not see why the devil should be allowed to run away with all the good ones.

Without intending to speak slightly of any religion, which has for its object the adoration of the Deity, or being fastidious as to the forms and ceremonies which may be thought necessary to impress the public mind with the duty and necessity of assembling together, for the purpose of joining in public worship; and fully agreeing with the poet that,

‘For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight;
His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right,’

we still thought that the exhibition at St. Paul’s appeared to outstep the bounds of decorum, by converting into a display of levity, not to say mockery, what was intended to be an act of solemnity. There is also, on the outside of this church, a piece of mummery infinitely more reprehensible than the levity we had witnessed within.

In a small spot of ground, which may be called the churchyard, are stuck upon pedestals at least forty or fifty statues, as large as life, of prophets, saints, priests, and patrons, some of them exceedingly well executed, particularly the first two, which represent two of the Dominican *padrés*, who are said to have travelled to Jerusalem, and brought back with them a model of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the one in this churchyard has been copied. This piece of imposition stands at the head of the group of statues. A mass of rock work rises up to a considerable height, meant as a representation of Mount Calvary, out of which here and there appear the figures of saints and angels. At the foot of this rock is the tomb of our Saviour, wherein he is seen through a glass window, lying on a couch, covered with a fine muslin sheet. On each side of the tomb are grottoes, wherein the horrors of purgatory are meant to be represented by a multitude of figures carved in wood, men and women huddled together, with faces expressive of the greatest agony, while flames of fire are bursting forth and raging in the midst of them. One of our party stumbled upon a living subject in the person of an old woman, who was on her knees before this agonized group, and retreated with no slow step, imagining that one of the broiled souls had effected its escape from this fiery furnace. This exhibition is, in truth, a most contemptible trick to extort money from the poor ignorant wretches who frequent the place, and who are told that they may purchase exemption from this dungeon of torment, or at least may shorten its dura-

tion, in proportion to their contributions; and boxes to receive their donations are carefully placed in different parts of the churchyard.

This contemptible exhibition, so humiliating to the people and disgraceful to the priests, is in such request in Antwerp, that the question is frequently asked of a stranger, 'Have you seen Calvary?' When education, which is spreading fast over every nation of Europe, except perhaps in Spain and Portugal, which persist in remaining in a state of the most abject and brutal ignorance, shall have enlightened men's minds, these fooleries will have an end, and not till then. This is not an age in which such wretched impositions, not sanctioned by revealed religion, and not consistent with reason or common sense, can long maintain their ground.

Evelyn speaks with rapture of 'delicious shades' and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of Antwerp one of the sweetest places 'in Europe.' Since his time, too, we have heard of shady walks, and the groves and pleasure-houses within and without the walls; but they have all vanished; and it will require some years longer before the traveller can speak with delight on things of this kind. The inflexible Carnot, who was intrusted with the defence of the place, laid all around it bare; and the young trees, that have since been planted, are something about the size of those which are intended to form the grand mall in the Regent's Park.

The trees, however, have been replanted, and even the rising generation may perhaps enjoy the benefit of their shade. The Quay, at present,

seems to be the best promenade; and when these trees have attained ten or twelve years' growth, it will then form a handsome walk by the side of the Scheldt.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ANTWERP TO ROTTERDAM.

THE most convenient, as well as the most expeditious, mode of proceeding from Antwerp to Rotterdam is by the steam-boat, which, during the summer months, starts daily, at a certain hour, from either port, regulated by the state of the tide. The somewhat circuitous route among the islands, cannot make the distance much less than eighty miles, which, in our case, were performed in ten hours; having left Antwerp at nine in the morning, and landed on the Quay of Rotterdam at seven in the evening.

Our fellow-passengers were not far short of a hundred, English, Dutch, Germans, Norwegians, and Americans; the ladies nearly as numerous as the gentlemen. A good substantial dinner was provided at a price reasonable enough; we had delightful weather, the water smooth, every body in good humour; and the navigation among the islands was not only pleasant, but full of interest; the ingenious and laborious works of the industrious Hollanders meeting the eye, in every possible contrivance, to save their lands and habitations from the inroads of the sea.

Among the various people of European nations assembled in the steamer, every person, with the exception of two French ladies, spoke intelligible

English. The steward had been a prisoner of war in England, and entered into the British army; was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was wounded in a skirmish with the Kaffers; and, though young and healthy, had the good fortune to enjoy a pension for life from Chelsea Hospital. He was one of the many thousand foreigners, who, perfectly able to maintain themselves, are mainly supported by the bounty of Great Britain; and it would seem but reasonable, when certain gentlemen in the House of Commons are grudging the pittance of half-pay to officers of the British army, those of the German Legion, many of whom are serving in the armies of their respective states, should be the first to undergo a reduction, more especially when it is considered that ten shillings on the continent is equivalent to twenty in England.

The course pursued from Antwerp is down the Scheldt, in the first instance, as far as Batz; then through the narrow channel close to the edge of the extensive sand, along the eastern side of South Beveland, which is the *Verdrongen*, or sunken land; the channel of deepest water, which is shallow enough, is here marked off by tall branches of trees, continuing for a long way, and until the fortress of Bergen-op-zoom is passed at a considerable distance to the right. We next enter the long and narrow channel of Tholen; through the Volk Rak into the Flakké and Holland's Diep. After this the steamer enters another narrow channel, more resembling an artificial canal than an arm of the sea, and it continues nearly of an equal width as far as Dordrecht or

Dort, being seldom more than from fifty to sixty yards wide. It has no visible artificial embankments, but both its sides, apparently on a level with the water, are thickly clothed with tall reeds. Yet in this narrow channel were lying at anchor a long range of square-rigged vessels, Dutch, Americans, and Norwegians, at least from two to four hundred tons burthen, but not a single English ship among them; a fact that was noticed with a sort of triumph, as indeed well it might, by a young American officer, who was one of the passengers, and who suffered none of his country ships to be passed without calling the attention of the passengers to the stripes and stars. These vessels were laden chiefly with staves, lumber, tobacco, and other articles of American growth and produce.

Very little population had hitherto been seen along the shores of the islands: but on approaching Dort, the scene began to change; cottages and workshops of various kinds skirted this narrow navigation close to the water's edge; and here and there a neatly painted house was seen planted in the midst of a garden. At some little distance from Dort the uniformity was relieved, and the unvaried scene much enlivened, by the appearance of some fifty or sixty windmills,—some reckoned up near a hundred,—busily whirling round, some employed in grinding corn, others in crushing various kinds of seeds, chiefly rape, for their oil, some in the preparation of snuff, but by far the greater number in sawing wood. The reedy banks of the channel had now given way to little patches of garden ground in front of these mills, the lower

part of which were generally very neat inhabited dwellings; their roofs, and also the sides of the mills above the habitable part, were mostly thatched with reeds, in a very neat manner, and so contrived that nothing but the points were visible, which gave the appearance of their being covered with a brown rough coat of sand or pebbles, but at a little distance this covering resembled the skin of a mole.

Now also we had on both sides of this navigable channel, which from Dort to Rotterdam may be considered as the united branches of the Rhine and the Meuse, numerous small establishments of ship and boat builders, small villages, and now and then a gentleman's house and pleasure grounds. The confluence of the two streams at Dort had considerably enlarged the navigable channel, which here takes the name of the Maas, and retains it till it reaches the sea, having first passed Rotterdam, Delfshaven, and the Brille. A little above Rotterdam we observed, among other shipping that were at anchor, one of the most extraordinary, and it will probably turn out one of the most useless, and it may be added, dangerous, vessels that was ever sent upon the ocean. A friend of ours had the curiosity to go on board, and ascertain the particulars of her size and construction. She was a steam-boat, named the *Atlas*, and intended for Batavia. Her length measured two hundred and fifty feet, breadth thirty-eight feet, and her calculated burthen nine hundred and fifty tons. She had three engines, each of one hundred-horse power; four masts, of which her foremast was so calculated as to carry a fore and

aft sail, square top-sail, topgallant-sail, and studing-sails. The topsail-yard was seventy-four feet long; the other three masts were rigged alike, with fore and aft sails, and gaff topsails; her deck was described as rising considerably from the bow and stern towards the centre, which gave her the appearance of being hogged; and this, the engineer said, was purposely done to enable her to bear the weight of the engines without breaking; but he expected they would bring her deck to a level. It would probably not stop there, but rather sink it to an inverted arch, and the ship itself to the bottom of the sea, if any person can be found careless enough of his life to carry her out upon that element. She is wall-sided, and appeared to have no bearing on the water. The Dutch, having no name in their own language for steam, but *ruik or damp*, have borrowed one from us, and called this kind of vessel a *Stoom-boat*; the Germans have named it a *Dampf-schiff*.

On landing on the Quay of Rotterdam, we found the Hotel des Pays-bas, a large and most excellent house, completely full, which compelled us to take up our abode at the New Bath Hotel, a much inferior one on the same quay. The house was small and indifferently furnished; but the most essential part, the beds, were good, and the linen, both for them and the table, white as snow. This article the traveller will find clean and neat throughout Holland, Prussia, and the Netherlands. And it may here be added, that in no single instance were we disgusted or annoyed, notwithstanding the heat of the nights, with bug, flea,

gnat, or musquito, in any part of our route, with the single exception of a few small gnats that had entered the open window at Antwerp. This is the more surprising, especially in Holland, where so much stagnant water prevails.

The landlord affected a taste for pictures, and shewed us one covered with a curtain in the dining room, for which, he told us, an Englishman had offered him ten thousand guilders, about 830*l*. The subject was St. John in the Wilderness, by Murillo, and he said it was out of the Orleans' collection.

All the luggage of the ninety or a hundred passengers was bundled on shore as fast as it could be got out, and laid on the quay at the same time. The night closing in, it was not without reason that some of the party were apprehensive of the fine opportunity that was afforded the Dutch porters to take advantage of, and exercise their thieving propensities, at which, they had learned from Marianne Starke's 'Guide,' they were uncommonly expert, and likewise much given to imposition. It would be but fair on the part of Marianne Starke (if such a person there be), or of her publisher (if it should be a *nom de guerre*), to print in a note, as an act of impartiality, and for the benefit of Dutchmen who may travel in England, the following notification, which appears in an English newspaper, that happened to be in the steamer:—'Margate is very full of company, and plenty of pickpockets; thieving is so much the fashion here now, that constables are obliged to be stationed on the pier during the time of landing the passengers; and

it is quite impossible to frequent public places, without a protecting guard.' With regard to ourselves, it is but justice to say that every article, great and small, belonging to seven persons, was carefully lodged in the hotel, though nearly dark; and that the porters, so far from practising or attempting imposition, left the remuneration for their trouble entirely to ourselves, only observing, with a smile, that it was now *kermes*, or fair time; as much as to say, 'I hope your honours will give us a trifle to drink.' When we call to mind the daily reports from the several police-offices of thieving, robbing, pocket-picking, house-breaking, and swindling, we have not much to boast of English honesty over that of foreigners.

ROTTERDAM.

A smooth flowing river, as large as the Thames at Westminster, and thrice its depth, bordered on the one side opposite to the town with a high green sloping bank planted with trees, and on the town side with a noble, uninterrupted quay, of at least three-fourths of a mile in extent; and on this quay a long line of fine old elm trees, of some centuries' growth, yet still in full vigour,—such are the objects that, on approaching Rotterdam by water, first strike the stranger's eye, and, with the several tiers of ships along the whole extent of the quay, are admirably calculated to convey to his mind an impression of the wealth and importance of this commercial city.

The name given to this fine quay does not at all correspond with its present description. It is

called *Boomtjes*, or 'the little trees,' which, like the 'new streets' of our towns, are frequently among the oldest that are found therein. The 'Boomtjes' are now fully equal in size to the largest trees in St. James's Park, having been planted in the year 1615.

It is not very difficult to give a general idea of Rotterdam; but the effect which is altogether produced on a stranger, who, for the first time, has visited a Dutch city, is not so easily to be conveyed. The ground-plan of the city is that of a triangle, the base being the quay we have mentioned, stretching along the river, in its whole length about a mile and a quarter, according to the plan, the central portion of which is the 'Boomtjes,' occupying, as before said, about three quarters of a mile; and a perpendicular, drawn from it to the opposite extremity, may be somewhat less than a mile. Through the middle of most of the streets runs a straight canal, bordered by large, lofty, and healthy trees,—oaks, elms, and lime-trees, chiefly the latter; and all these canals are, or at least were, crowded with shipping of every conceivable size and form. They are crossed by numerous draw-bridges, which, mixed with the shipping, the trees, and the houses, have a very picturesque effect. Between the trees and each of the canals is the quay, which is of a width sufficient for shipping, landing, and receiving all articles of merchandise; and within the row of trees is the paved street for carts, carriages, and horses; and between this again, and extending close to the fronts of the houses, is a paved foot-path of bricks, or clinkers as they are called, set

edgeways, which, like our trottoirs, are for the sole use of foot passengers, but, unlike ours, are not raised above the level of the street. It will readily be imagined, that in these canal-streets, with all the shipping, there will be an incessant bustle.

The houses are generally on a large scale, and lofty; in many of the streets they are really elegant. But belonging, as they do, chiefly to merchants and tradesmen, their work-houses or magazines are sometimes on the ground floor, and frequently extend far behind, while the family is contented to inhabit the upper stories. With all this, however, nothing can exceed in cleanliness every part of the exterior of those houses. Here we observed, as in Antwerp, that the women were constantly employed in washing the walls, the doors, the window-shutters, and windows, by means of small pump-engines, or with pails, mops, and scrubbing-brushes; and, when engaged in this operation, they are seldom deterred from pursuing their task of brushing, scrubbing, or dashing water, by the heaviest showers of rain that may happen to fall. In fact, a Dutchman's house externally is as neat as paint and water can make it; nor are they less neat and clean in the interior. The floors, in general, are so rubbed and polished as scarcely to allow one to walk upon them with safety.

There are three principal canals, or rather, from their superior size and opening into the river, are called havens or harbours. One of these, on the western extremity of the city, is named the Leuve haven, and two others towards the eastern ex-

tremity, the old and new havens. They are, strictly speaking, three branches or creeks of the Maas, communicating with each other and with the various canals which intersect the town; thus not only affording a constant supply of water to the canals, but, by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, keeping up a circulation; and, like the arteries of the human body, conveying to all the smaller branches a fresh supply of water, and preserving it from becoming stagnant and putrid. In addition to this supply from the Maas, is that of the river Rotte, which descends through the very heart of the town, contributing its portion to the replenishing of the canals.

The old haven, near the extremity where it joins the Maas, is too wide for a draw-bridge, and is crossed, therefore, by a flat-bottomed boat, which plies as a ferry.

The other havens and the canals have many drawbridges over them; and some have permanent stone piers, with openings only in the middle to let the vessels pass through with their masts standing.

It may be observed that, in general, each particular species of merchandize has its appropriate canal and quay; and following up this principle, each of the eight or ten market-places has its own peculiar articles for sale, as the butter market, the cheese market, the fish market, &c.

It is said that Rotterdam at present contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, which is about one-third part less than in the days of its prosperity; and it may be doubted whether, with all the appearance of briskness and bustle, it is mak-

ing much progress towards the recovery of its former prosperous state: for though there certainly were evident indications of an active commerce about the quays, and the canals and basins were crowded with shipping, most of them Dutch bottoms, and evidently, from their state of equipment, engaged, or about to be engaged, in trade; yet it was a remark we made, in perambulating the town, that none of us had noticed a single additional house recently built, or that was building, or even an old one repairing, in any one of the streets; and there are certainly not many streets in Rotterdam that we did not, in our short stay, visit. The same observation will apply to the suburbs and their environs, at least on the side which faces the direction of Amsterdam.

In fact, Rotterdam, like all the sea-port towns of Holland, will yet require time to regain its former state of activity and prosperity. Before that luckless hour in which the sober-minded and calculating Dutchman was seized with the frenzy of *Vryheid en Gelykheid*,—liberty and equality,—which ended in driving away the *Oude Stadthouder*, and receiving the fraternal embrace of the French;—that is to say, before the year 1793, the number of ships that annually cleared out from Rotterdam is stated to have been about one thousand nine hundred; from that year to 1814, the number had dwindled down to something less than two hundred. They have now again gradually advanced to about one thousand five hundred; and when they shall have reached that point in the scale, from which they descended, the citizens of Rotterdam will probably once more build new

houses, and renovate some of the once splendid establishments, particularly those connected with their East India trade and possessions, that have fallen into decay.

In the midst of their decreasing prosperity, however, it does not appear that any of their charitable institutions have been neglected or abridged; and absorbed as the Dutch are generally supposed to be, in the ways and means of accumulating 'filthy lucre,' they cannot justly be accused of any disinclination to relieve the distresses of humanity, or to promote the moral and intellectual advancement of their countrymen. They have their Bible Societies and their Missionary Societies; they have a Society of Arts and Sciences, instituted for public benefit; they have a Philosophical Society which takes the name, or rather adopts as its motto, the words 'Variety and harmony,'—'*Verscheidenheit an Overrenstlemming*;'—words that, to an English ear, are not well calculated to convey the idea of harmony. But there is still another society for experimental philosophy, with a name that almost frightens one to look at,—'*Genootschap van Profondervindelyke Wysgebierte*.' Its objects are highly important to society, but to this singular country in particular—the improvement of agriculture, navigation, hydraulics, and highways.

The public buildings of Rotterdam are not particularly striking. The ports or gates are among the most remarkable. The exchange is a modern building, with a dome in the centre, and a turret at each end. The East India House is a large plain building in the 'Boompjes.' The Court of

Justice is a neat building enough; and the Schieland-huis is, perhaps, the handsomest specimen of architecture in Rotterdam. On its front are several pilasters crowned with Corinthian capitals, and the pediment in the centre is filled with allegorical sculpture. It was the house in which the commissioners for the regulation and management of dykes and canals held their meetings; and in it were lodged Napoleon and Maria Louisa when, in 1811, they made the tour of Holland. The India House and the Custom House have nothing remarkable in their size or appearance.

To almost every house in Rotterdam, and sometimes to every window of a house on the first floor, there is fixed a single or double looking-glass or reflector, by means of which a person in the room, sitting before the window, can see by reflection the whole length of the street, the passengers, the trees, the canal, and the shipping. When two of these reflectors are placed at right angles, and the right angle pointed towards the window, thus, Δ , a person within directing the eye to that angle will see the whole street both to the right and to the left. In some of the towns of England one may now and then observe one of these reflecting glasses, which is generally supposed to be intended to put the inhabitant on his guard against unwelcome visitors, and on that account they have been whimsically called *dunner-scopes*. In Rotterdam they are universally adopted for the amusement of the ladies, more especially those of the upper classes, who appear but seldom in the streets.

We were surprised at first that so few shops were observed in the principal streets—in several of them none whatever, till we were informed that in the Hoog-street, or High-street, there were nothing but shops. This street is so far singular, that it has no canal in it. It runs in a direct line east and west, through the town, and may be assimilated to the Strand in London, before its improved state, as to length and breadth, and the number of its shops; but the houses in general are far superior to those of the old Strand; and when we passed through it, we found the street nearly as crowded and full of bustle as that of London; but this was probably occasioned by its being the annual fair or Kermes.

This street, so different from the rest, was built on a ridge raised considerably above the others, while narrow alleys on either side had a regular descent from it.

The same kind of street, we were told, was to be met with in most of the towns of Holland; and, indeed, we found it to be so. Sometimes we were led to conclude that this elevated situation was owing to the accumulation of earth that had been thrown out in digging the canals in the streets parallel to it. This, however, could not have been precisely the case here. The line of Hoog-street was originally the dyk or rampart that protected the old town, to the northward of it, from the inundations of the Maas, which then washed the foot of this rampart; and that the whole extent of the town between it and the Maas, which is, in fact, the largest and best portion of Rotterdam, stands on ground gained from

the water, and consequently much lower than the rampart on which the High-street is built.

There is not much in Rotterdam, after the first sight of it, to attract the traveller's attention. The churches in Holland have little to recommend them; for here, as in all countries where the reformed religion took root and expelled Catholicism, the churches were stripped of all their statues, pictures, and other decorations that were profusely lavished on them by their former possessors. The old Romish cathedral, at the upper part of Rotterdam, is a fine lofty building, having a remarkable large square tower, with bold projections, the picturesque effect of which is increased by its unfinished state, the top appearing to be in a ruinous and crumbling condition. Internally, with the exception of a few monuments, there is little beyond the magnitude of the building itself to attract notice. The choir is fenced off from the great aisle by a screen of bronze railing. The high altar, with its former ornaments, its sculptures and paintings of saints and angels, has wholly disappeared; and a plain pulpit usurps the place where the altar once stood, to be used only for the celebration of marriages, and the examination and confirmation of catechumens.

To compensate in some degree for the absence of ornament, an organ has recently been completed, which may be classed among the first instruments of the kind for power and tone that are anywhere to be met with. The gentleman who happened to be in the church when we visited it, and who was one of its deacons or elders, assured



us that it contained five thousand five hundred pipes; that the large diapason pipe was thirty-two feet high, and sixteen inches square.

The height of the ceiling he said was two hundred feet; deduct from this the height of the portico or colonnade on which the organ stands, and the height of the ornament between its summit and the ceiling, which together did not appear to exceed fifty feet, and there remains one hundred and fifty feet for the height of the organ; it did not, however, appear so high. It requires three pair of bellows to supply it with wind. This gentleman sent for the organist, who played with several stops; some of the tones were so deep and powerful as to shake the floor. The human voice stop plays sweetly, and in a chorus the tenor and treble are peculiarly soft and melodious; and we imagined the resemblance of the sounds to those of human voices to be very striking. The Haarlem organ has generally been mentioned as the largest in the world, but we were assured that this of St. Lawrence was very considerably larger and more powerful.

Every stranger, who takes up his abode in Rotterdam, thinks it right to pay a visit to the statue of Erasmus, erected in the great market-place, on the centre of an arched bridge, and looking down the canal. It is of bronze and almost black; but we were told that for some time after it was first put up, it was the custom to make it undergo an annual scouring, till it was quite bright, and that the practice was only discontinued on those who had the charge of it being satisfied that by such a process they were destroying the beauty of the

workmanship and altering the features. The figure appears intent on a book which he holds open in both hands; it impresses one with the idea of a sober, sedate person, just in that act and attitude which best would become the character of that great man which it was intended to represent. On two of the sides of the pedestal are two long Latin inscriptions, and on the other two sides the same number in the Dutch language. His real name in that language was Gerrit Gertitz, a cacophonous appellation, which he appears to have felt was not exactly calculated to float smoothly down the stream of time, beyond the precincts of his own country; and he therefore translated it into Latin and Greek terms of cognate signification, and called himself Desiderius Erasmus. We did not perceive that there was anything remarkable in the execution, either of the head and features, or of the drapery; we thought it above mediocrity, but far below what Chantry and Westmacott, Bailey and many others at home have executed.

Not far from hence, in a narrow street without a canal, stands the Cathedral, which leads to the small house in which this learned man lived, and in a niche between two windows in the upper tier, there is also placed a small statue of him, under which is this inscription, *Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus*. But alas! to what vile uses may men's houses, as well as their bodies, be turned!—this humble dwelling of Erasmus is converted into a gin-shop.

The stork, in its annual visits, for it is a bird of passage, is never molested in Holland. It, there-

fore, does not scruple to build its nest on the tops of trees in the midst of towns and villages, on the towers of churches, and even on the chimney-tops. In our rambles through the streets, some of our party happened to observe a flock of these birds wheeling high in the air over our heads, when a Dutch gentleman told us that, on the following day or the day after, they would certainly take their leave of Holland, being congregated for their departure; he said it had long been remarked that these creatures knew precisely, and strictly kept, their appointed days of arrival and departure in and from Holland, which were about the middle of February and the middle of August, within a very few days more or less. This is, in fact, just what has been said of this bird in days of old, as we learn from the book of Job, 'The stork in the heavens hath its appointed times.' It is not exactly known to what parts of the world they migrate from the northern portion of Europe; but they are common to Egypt, Palestine, Barbary, and the plains of Northern Africa;—why then, it may be asked, do they leave the food they seem most to delight in—such as snakes, frogs, reptiles, and insects—just at the time when they most abound?—and proceed to these sandy and barren countries, where, it is true, snakes and lizards, and a few venomous reptiles may be equally plentiful, but are, perhaps, the only kind of food which Holland affords. Perhaps they may be possessed of delicate appetites similar to our own, and have discovered that, like some of our birds and fishes, these aquatic animals of Holland are out of season in the middle of August. The truth is,

we know but little of the real history of migratory animals, or of the cause for their migration.

Fortunately for the stork, it is held as a sacred bird, not only by the Dutch and Danes, but also in Asia and Africa; for different reasons, perhaps, in these different regions. In Holland, not so much for any service it may be supposed to render, in cleaning their dykes and ditches,—for the Dutch have no dislike whatever to frogs,—but on account of the alleged filial affection of the young birds for their parents. This trait was so well known to the ancients, that the stork became an emblem of filial piety; its English name, indeed, is taken from the Greek word *Στοργή*, which signifies natural affection.

A Danish author says that when the storks first make their appearance in early spring, nothing is more common than to see many of the old birds, tired and feeble with their long flight, supported occasionally on the backs of the young ones; and the peasants have no doubt that they are laid carefully in those very nests, in which the year before these young ones had been nurtured. Thus says the poet,—

‘The stork’s an emblem of true piety;
Because when age has seized and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly.’

The Dutch have the character of being a grave and sedate people, but they have also a great deal of dry humour and drollery about them, that is sometimes exceedingly amusing; and no people in the world

are more fond of social intercourse than they are. On every side of the city of Rotterdam are tea-gardens, and houses of entertainment, where the citizens meet to enjoy themselves with various kinds of games, drinking their wine, tea, or coffee, and smoking their pipes. They have also their Vauxhalls and Almacks in the suburbs, and what is still better, besides the societies already mentioned, they have a very flourishing one for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts. There is also a Botanical garden, which we regretted not having time to visit.

The kermes, or annual fair, to which people of all descriptions resort from different parts of the country, was held at this time in various parts of the city; and the wider streets were filled with booths for the sale of trinkets and children’s toys, cakes, and gingerbread, with all manner of eating and drinking, tossing of pancakes, and the same kind of exhibitions and amusements as are seen in one of our own country fairs of the better kind.

This annual festival had just commenced as we arrived, and was to continue a fortnight. All was cheerfulness and bustle; but neither noise, nor tumult, nor drunkenness incommoded the inhabitants in their houses, or the passengers in the streets. It was decent mirth, quiet humour, and composed drollery.

We found some difficulty in getting admittance to the dock-yard. It was necessary, we were told at the gate, to have an order or a recommendation from some respectable inhabitant; but as the dock-yard was situated at the extremity of the town, and our time was pressing, we desired the

porter to take our cards to the *Schuyt by Naght*, or rear-admiral, who was acting as the commissioner, and whose name was De Reus. He immediately gave an order that we should see every thing; on which the officer who attended us seemed to lay great stress, as a special mark of favour; but we soon found that this 'seeing every thing' was in fact to see very little worth seeing. It consisted chiefly of three objects, which seemed to be considered as the only 'lions' that could be interesting to a landsman, and the only ones shewn to strangers, though it is more than probable there was nothing more to be seen than the nakedness of the land.

First, there was the armoury, in which the muskets, pikes, swords, pistols, and all the offensive weapons, except the great guns, used in ships of war, are kept, in bright order, and tastefully enough arranged. They are contained in two small rooms, and could not, at the most, be more than sufficient for the supply of five or six sail of the line.

The second object of exhibition was a new steam-boat lying afloat in a canal, that was housed over, built expressly for the use of his majesty, and intended to convey himself and family between the Hague and Brussels, or any other part of his dominions, traversed by rivers or canals; though it is probable they will soon give up the navigation of the latter by steam on experiencing the havoc and destruction which the waves, raised by the paddle-wheels, will occasion to the earthen banks. The length of this vessel measured 135 feet; it had two engines of 35 horse power each. The

chimney or funnel, and the rigging that supports it, the railing that runs along the sides, and every thing on deck that is metal, were of copper, kept bright by constant scouring and rubbing, which, in this damp climate, and not the best of all possible atmospheres, must be a daily drudgery to several persons. The sides are painted green, and the upper works green and gold, highly ornamented with emblematic sculpture, covered with gilding. Even the rudder is gilt down to the water's edge. The cabins are neatly fitted up, and lined with mahogany. The king and queen have each a bed-room. There are bed places for eight gentlemen attendants, and for two maids of honour.

The third 'lion' was a twenty-oared barge, of a beautiful model, built also for the use of the king. This magnificent boat is sixty-four feet long, splendidly painted in blue and gold. On the prow, which projects considerably beyond the cut-water, is the figure of Neptune, with his trident, sitting in a splendid car, drawn by four tritons, exceedingly well carved, and richly gilt; the whole of the carved work on this barge, and the steam-boat, is indeed far superior to any of those gilt logger-heads, which we sometimes see stuck under the bowsprit of our ships of war.

The builders of our dock-yards in fact admit that the art of carving wood in ship building has of late years been lost. With the Dutch it is kept as a separate branch, and in each of their yards is a carver's shop.

We next visited some of their storehouses, which in this yard are not extensive, but they were nearly

empty. The timber was scanty, and mostly fashioned, in which state, we were told, it is brought into the yard.

A seventy-four gun ship, not further advanced than her keel, had just been laid down, and her floor-timbers were all ready, but we did not observe any of the other timbers for her frame. The roof under which she was to be built very much resembled those in our dock-yards; but we saw nothing of those galleries within it, which have been commended as an improvement on our own.

Under a second roof was a fifty-gun frigate building, and under a third, one of the same class repairing. The new frigate had a round stern, similar to those which Sir Robert Seppings was accused of having pilfered from the Dutch, but which, though perhaps superior for all naval purposes, he has reconverted almost to square ones, reserving, however, the principle of upright timbers, which by giving strength constitutes its greatest merit. The Dutch frigate's stern was certainly *round* with a projection in the centre, like one of those sentry boxes sometimes seen in the angle of a bastion, and which serves in the ship as the substitute for a quarter gallery.

The opening between the timbers of this frigate were filled in, so as to make the hull one solid mass, and the builder took care to observe, as if it was something new, that if a plank should start, there would be no danger of the ship sinking. We did not go into the hold, but our conductor said that she was strengthened with diagonal braces, and that all her bolts below the water-line were of copper. They also made use of straight

timbers, and the futtocks of the ribs had square heads and heels fastened by cogues. In short it appeared to us that the whole of Sepping's inventions had been adopted in the dockyard of Rotterdam; and so satisfied were they of the utility of roofs, that all the small craft even were building under cover.

The timber, made use of in the Dockyard of this place, is brought by water from various parts of the Netherlands, and is squared, and mostly fashioned in the forests, but being used without a proper degree of seasoning, the ships are not of long duration. This was particularly the case with those built under Buonaparte's reign, at Antwerp, one half of them being rotten without ever going to sea, and nearly useless at the end of five or six years. In fact all the German timber is light and porous, in comparison with our best Suffolk oak, and liable to that speedy species of decay which has been called, improperly enough, the dry-rot; a disease which was converted into one of the greatest bugbears that, for a long time, had infested our naval arsenals, but the ghost of which has, at last, been laid for ever in the Dead Sea.

One would be led to conclude, that the Dutch must experience a considerable degree of inconvenience from the want of dry docks, though they seem not to feel it. In our dockyards, they are so common, that the bottom of a gun-brig or a cutter cannot be looked at, without their assistance. When the Dutch have occasion to examine the bottoms of their largest ships, the operation of heaving them down, while afloat, is resorted to, by means of careening pits, in which the necessary

blocks and purchases for the purpose are placed. It is, however, but an awkward process, when performed on large ships of war, and not without considerable danger, but it is resorted to in preference to the certainty of incurring a large expenditure for the construction of a dry dock, especially in a country where the foundations are bad, and no materials to be had except what must be imported from other countries at a great expense.

CHAPTER III.

FROM ROTTERDAM TO AMSTERDAM.

THERE are two methods of making the journey from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, as there are, indeed, between almost every two towns throughout Holland,—by land and by water. The latter is the most common, and most easy and convenient, as well as by much the cheapest, but is somewhat slower than posting; the treckscuyt going barely at the rate of four miles an hour, while post horses, or others hired for the journey, will make good a little more than five miles an hour. The distance in either way, in the present case, is nearly the same, as the straight line of road generally accompanies, in a parallel direction, the straight canal, and in most parts of it has a straight row of trees on each side; everything in Holland, where it can conveniently be done, being laid out with a line. The trifling difference, however, in point of speed is not the only objection which a stranger, desirous of seeing the country, will make to the water conveyance. The banks of the canal are sometimes so high that the view is intercepted by them, and confined to the line of the canal. We, therefore, hired a four-wheeled carriage, known in Holland by the name of *char-a-banc*, which, with its three cross seats, we found to be sufficiently roomy to hold, without inconvenience,

six persons and their luggage, besides a servant on the dickey. In this vehicle the owner agreed to carry us to Amsterdam in two days; and for the hire of this, with two horses, the owner feeding them, and paying the driver, we were charged forty-eight guilders or florins (four pounds sterling), the distance being about fifty miles, or a little more.

On the 11th of August, about noon, we left Rotterdam. The road, as we afterwards found to be common throughout Holland, was paved with a particular kind of brick, called a clinker, set closely on edge, very neatly fitted together, and as level as a bowling green.

After running for some distance along the side of the canal, the road branched off, and here commenced a continued succession of neat, and sometimes very handsome villas on both sides, and at no great distance from it. Here and there an elegant château occurred, surrounded by an extensive domain well planted with patches of trees, but generally in straight lines; and for the most part the mansion was approached through a grand avenue. The boundaries also of these large estates are frequently terminated by avenues of trees, each row belonging to separate proprietors; but the division of property is mostly marked by a dyke and a ditch. Most of these country-houses, whether large or small, have a ditch of stagnant water dividing the little front garden from the road; and close to this ditch, generally indeed rising out of it, and not unfrequently bestriding it, is sure to be found a small building, square or octagonal, called a *lust-huis*, or pleasure-

house, with a window in each side, commanding a complete view of the road. These little buildings or pleasure-houses are so very numerous as to form a characteristic feature of this part of the country. They occur, indeed, as we afterwards found, by the sides of the roads throughout South Holland. In the summer and autumn evenings they are the common resort of families, where the men enjoy their pipes with beer or wine, and the females sip their tea; and both derive amusement in observing and conversing with the passengers on the road. In any other country, these would be considered as just the seasons of the year, and the time of the day, when these ditch-bestriding pleasure-houses would be shunned, the effluvia from the stagnant water being then strongest, and the frogs, which are everywhere seen skipping about, most lively and noisy. But the same vitiated taste, which has selected the ditch for the site of the pleasure-house, may deem the croaking of the frog, when in full song, just as melodious to their ears, as the note of the nightingale is to their more southern neighbours.

As there is no want of water in any part of Holland, the flower-gardens attached to these villas have generally a fish-pond in some part of them, and when they happen to face the road, the pleasure-house is frequently placed on a hillock in the middle of the garden, and is accessible only by a bridge or a flight of steps. Each villa has its name, or some motto inscribed over the gateway, the choice of which is generally meant to bespeak content and comfort on the part of the owner, and they afford a source of amuse-

ment to the stranger as he passes along. Thus, among others, we read, 'Lust en rust,' Pleasure and ease; 'Wel to vrede,' Well contented; 'Myn genegentheid is voldoen,' My desire is satisfied; 'Myn lust en leven,' My pleasure and life; 'Niet zoo gaaalyk,' Not so bad; 'Gerustelyk en wel to vrede,' Tranquil and content; 'Vreindschap en gezelschap,' Friendship and sociability; 'Het vermaak is in't hovenieren.' There is pleasure in gardening. And over the entrance to one of the tea-gardens, near Rotterdam, was inscribed, 'Het vleesch potten van Egypte.' Some of the larger gardens abound with fruits and vegetables, and beds and borders of flowering shrubs and plants are laid out in all the grotesque shapes that can be imagined. It must be confessed, however, that an air of comfort presides over these villas. Most of the dwelling-houses are gaily painted in lively colours, all the offices and outhouses are kept in neat order, while the verdant meadows are covered with the finest cattle, mostly speckled brown and white.

At the distance of about eight miles from Rotterdam is the ancient town of Delft, once famous for its woollen manufactures, and more especially its pottery ware, which employed many thousands of its inhabitants, and which was known under the name of Delft-ware all over Europe; but the superior and cheaper article, manufactured by Wedgwood, gave a death-blow to the potteries of Delft, which can scarcely now be said to exist. The traveller will observe, in passing through this town, a fine old Gothic church, and also one of a more recent date, with a lofty spire; but as they

were said to contain only monuments of the Family of the House of Orange, of Grotius and Van Tromp, and that there was little worth seeing in the town, we did not stop; but in passing through a spacious market-place, we could observe a copious supply of fine vegetables and the common fruits of the country. The streets and houses appeared to be kept in neat and clean order, but the town wore a dull aspect, the more so, perhaps, after just leaving the bustle of Rotterdam. The whole country around Delft, with the exception of some contiguous gardens and potatoe beds, consisted of rich pasturage, and a great number of very fine cattle were grazing in the meadows. No appearance of tillage, except small patches of stubble here and there, and a few enclosures of clover.

The same kind of villas, parks, and gardens, as those we had passed continue from Delft to the Hague, which is not above five or six miles. Two or three villages occur on the road, one of which is Ryswick, of no other note than being the place where a treaty of peace was concluded in 1697.

THE HAGUE.

The Hague is a well-built, handsome, and clean town, said to contain thirty-five thousand inhabitants. In passing through the streets there is neither crowd nor bustle; but one sees an evident appearance of fashion among the inhabitants, which is not to be observed in the commercial and manufacturing towns of Holland. This, indeed, was the case even under the old regime, when the

Stadtholder used to pass many months of the year at the Hague; and it has become a still more fashionable residence since the Restoration, and the conversion of the republic into a monarchy, the presence of the royal family always drawing after it a multitude of employés, foreign and domestic.

It is now the residence, in alternate years, of the King of the Netherlands; and the States-general hold their meetings during that residence in the halls appended to the old palace, near the Vyver-berg, or Fish-pond Hill, at the upper or northern end of the town, which, of course, is the fashionable quarter. Here, too, is the Hotel de Ville, or Town-hall. In this neighbourhood the houses are generally elegant, and the adjoining country as beautiful as a flat and even country can be made. Close to this quarter is the deer park, a small meadow, with a wood behind it. Through this wood is the public road which leads to Leyden, and passes close to the 'House in the Wood,' which belonged to the Princess Amelia de Solms, and is now the occasional residence of the King of the Netherlands, or some part of his family. It is a neat pavilion, but not deserving the name of a palace. It once contained some good pictures; but little is now left within it worthy of attention except the ceiling of the saloon, part of which was painted by Rubens.

It is pretended that in this wood are oak trees of five hundred years' growth; but we saw none that, in England, would not attain the size of the largest at most in one hundred and twenty years. Some of these, however, and the beeches and lin-



Engraved by J. Smith

1790

dens, are of a respectable size and healthy foliage. Our time would not permit us to visit the public library nor the museum, which we regretted the less, having understood that the best pictures had been removed to Amsterdam, and that those that remained were mostly the work of Dutch artists, and by no means of the first class. But the celebrated 'Ox' of Potter still remains at the Hague. We therefore pushed on for Leyden, the distance being about eight miles.

Beyond the Hague the estates of the nobility and gentry are on a larger scale than any we had yet met with; and of course the smaller villas and the lust-houses were less frequent. Many parts of the road reminded us of England, the grounds being broken by coppice-wood, in which, when cut down, the young standard trees were left growing; and there was in places some little inequality of surface—something that might be said to approach the size of a hill. The mansions generally stood at the head of one of the long avenues which run through the domains; and those avenues which led to no house, from their length and level surface, were interminable to the eye.

LEYDEN.

Leyden is a very fine town, situated on that branch of the Rhine, which alone carries with it its name to the sea, and which surrounds the town, supplying its numerous canals with water. The Rhinland through which it flows is esteemed the garden of Holland. There is no doubt of the

Romans having had a station on the spot where Leyden stands, as several Roman antiquities have been found; and the remains of an old castle still exist on a mound in the middle of the town, supposed to be of Roman structure, though the prevailing opinion seems to be that this *burg*, as it is called, was built by Hengist, after his return from his conquest in Britain.

Leyden made a glorious stand in opposing the Spaniards under Baldi, when he laid siege to it in 1574, on which occasion six thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished by famine, disease, and the sword. The devotion of the citizens, on the above occasion, procured from Prince William of Holland, who relieved the place, the highest praise, and, what was of more importance, funds for the establishment of an University, which is deservedly esteemed among the best disciplined and the best regulated school for the classics, law, medicine, and divinity, on the whole continent.

They were just now employed in adding considerably to the buildings of the University, the number of students, which generally amounted to about three hundred, having increased to five hundred within the last three years. Attached to the University is a Museum of Natural History and Comparative Anatomy, beautifully and scientifically arranged, and a library of fifty thousand volumes. To the Museum has recently been added the splendid collection of birds belonging to Mr. Temmink of Amsterdam, the produce chiefly of Java and the other oriental possessions of the Dutch; and Professor Lesson is probably the first ornithologist in Europe.

The Botanical Garden does credit to all who belong to it, being kept in the highest possible order. The walks are beautiful, and without a pebble: they are covered with a mixture of peat earth and the spent dust of tanners' oak-bark. The garden is tastefully laid out in clumps of shrubbery in various forms, round which, on borders, are the various plants, named and numbered according to the system of Jussieu. The whole extent is seven acres, four of which have been added only a few years ago, and laid out in good taste by the late Professor Brugman as a garden for the reception of medicinal plants, and for the use of the medical students. Among the hot-house plants we saw a date palm with fruit upon it, which the gardener said had been there two hundred years.

It may be questioned whether the Botanical Garden of Leyden and the Museum are not superior to the Jardin des Plantes and its Museum in Paris. Taken altogether, we were of opinion that they had a decided preference, though they wanted the attraction of living animals, of the influence of which we have had experience in the multitudes that flock to the Zoological Gardens of London.

Near the University a large open space, planted with trees, serves as a promenade for the inhabitants. It seems that this place was once covered with good houses, which were destroyed in 1807 by the explosion of a vessel laden with gunpowder, when more than one hundred and fifty persons, and, among others, the two professors, Luzac and Kluit, perished under their ruins. No stronger proof is wanting of the decay of the trade and manufactures of Leyden than that of convert

ing the ground, where some of the best houses stood when the accident happened, and which is the most agreeable part of the town, into a mere promenade, instead of replacing them by others. In all our walks we did not observe a single new house building; and, in fact, we were given to understand that the population had decreased a full fourth part of what it was in the days of its prosperity.

It is a common observation that the High-street of Oxford may be reckoned among the finest in Europe; but striking as it is, those who hold this opinion can know very little of Europe. Without going farther, we may observe that the Breede-street or Broad-street of Leyden, though far from being one of the finest in Europe, is superior, in some respects, to that of Oxford. In the first place, it is much wider, and at least three times the length; and, contrary to the usual practice of laying out streets by the Dutch, it has the same gently-winding turn, but wants the gradual ascent, which contributes so much to the beauty of the High-street of Oxford. The houses in that of Leyden are generally superior and more picturesque; and though the number of colleges of ancient architecture, with their turrets, towers, and spires, in Oxford, exceed the number of public buildings in the Broad-street of Leyden, there is one at least that will bear comparison with the most picturesque college in High-street. This is the old Hotel de Ville, built, as appears by an inscription in front, in the year 1574. It has a tall spire, somewhat remarkable in its architecture, and not inelegant. It is built with a dark blue stone, which has the



St. Peter's Church, Leyden.

St. Peter's Church, Leyden.
Leyden.

appearance of black marble, and its prominent parts are tipped with gilding. The body of the building has nearly thirty windows on a line in front, three pediments or gables highly ornamented, a handsome balustrade, surmounted by a ridge of stone globes, and the whole front of this remarkable piece of architecture may be said to be

‘ With glist’ning spires and pinnacles adorn’d.’

The ground-floor of this town-house is appropriated as a market for butchers’-meat, but no appearance of it is visible from the street. This is also the case, as we afterwards found, under the old Hotel de Ville at Bruges. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness of Leyden in all its streets, whether those with or those without canals. The former, with their quays, are particularly neat; and as there is little trade, and, of course, few shipping that carry masts, the bridges are mostly of stone, of which they pretend to say there are not fewer than one hundred and fifty.

We paid a visit to the ancient church of St. Peter, which was built in 1321. It is not only the largest in the town, but by far the best specimen in the style of Gothic architecture, perhaps, in all Holland; and the inhabitants persuade themselves it is also the first in point of decorations and magnificence. As in all the reformed churches, so in this, the Iconoclasts have left nothing of ornamental sculpture remaining that formerly belonged to it, and have substituted only a few monuments in its place. One of these, erected to the memory of the celebrated Boerhave,

is carefully pointed out to strangers. It is an urn, supported on a pedestal of black marble, having on the front a medallion bearing the bust of the deceased, with this inscription:—

‘Simplex sigillum veri.’

And below it is the following:—

‘Salutifero Boerhavii genio sacrum.’

There are several other monuments of distinguished professors of the University, but none that are calculated to attract much attention. The choir, as usual, is skreened off by a railing of bronze, and stripped of all its former Romanist decorations.

The environs of Leyden are extremely beautiful, and the whole country around is studded with villas, gardens, and pleasure-houses, standing, as usual, over ditches or in the middle of ponds. The most frequented and, indeed, the most delightful promenade, shaded by a double row of trees, is without the walls, and close by the side of that branch of the Rhine which waters and surrounds the town. This gently-moving stream—so gentle that its current is scarcely perceptible—may here be about from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in width; and the bank opposite to the walk, and between the river and the wall, partakes in some places of the picturesque, being high and well clothed with shrubbery-plants, and briars and tangling creepers. It would, perhaps, be difficult to point out in any part of the world a more enchanting walk on a fine summer’s evening than that which borders the Rhine where it skirts the walls of Leyden.

A very mistaken notion seems to have been entertained that the insignificance of the Rhine, in this part of its course, is owing to its waters being lost in the sands. Nothing can be more incorrect than such an idea. That this Leyden branch is of comparative insignificance is very true, but instead of being absorbed, the waters of this noble river, on the contrary, pursue their course in full vigour, and with increased volumes, *mutato nomine*, into the sea. On its reaching the great Delta of Holland, at a place called Schanke, half-way between Emmerick and Arnheim, the stream of the Rhine is first divided: the larger portion, the great mass, indeed, of water, turning to the westward, takes the name of *Waal*, (the *vallum* of the Romans,) which, perhaps, may originally have been an artificial trench or canal. Passing Nimeguen it still retains the name of *Waal*, and being joined below Theil by the Meuse or Maas, and passing Gorcum, these united waters split into a multitude of branches, some of which empty themselves into an internal sea among the Zeeland Islands, called Holland’s Diep; but a large portion of the united streams of the *Waal* and Meuse, at the same time, continues its course, under the name of Merwede, to Dort, where it again divides itself into the Old Maas, and the true Maas, the latter of which flows by Rotterdam, and is rejoined by the Old Maas before it reaches the sea. All these waters, therefore, with the exception of the Meuse are literally and *bonâ fide* the waters of the Rhine; but these are not the whole of its waters.

If we return to Schanke, where the Rhine first

divides into two branches, the larger of which we have thus traced to the sea, we find the northern or smaller branch still retaining the name of Rhine; but it is again divided just before reaching Arnheim, into two streams, the more easterly one, under the name of Yssel, passing by Zutphen and Deventer, and falling into the Zuyder Zee,—while the other branch, passing by Arnheim and Rhenen, is once more divided into the Kromme River, which runs through Utrecht, and the Leck, which joins the Maas a little above Rotterdam. At Utrecht the Kromme branch is again divided, the larger and more westerly branch continuing the name of the Old Rhine, but stript of all its grandeur, by the many divisions and subdivisions, flows on to Leyden, from whence it is carried by an artificial channel or canal into the sea at Katwyk: a part of it, however, branches off to the northward, and contributes to swell the large lake called the Haarlem Meer. The smaller and northerly branch, sent off at Utrecht, is called the Amstel, which, after contributing a supply of water to the numerous canals of Amsterdam, passes into the south-west corner of the Zuyder Zee. By a decree of his Netherlands' Majesty, this noble river has been doomed to undergo a further change, which may be called a political degradation. In consequence of some commercial regulations with 'Les États Riveraines,' his majesty orders that the Leck shall be considered as the sole continuation of the Rhine, meaning thereby, it may be presumed, that the Helvetians, Germans, and Prussians bordering on the Rhine, shall have access to the sea only by the Maas, into which the Leck falls near Rotterdam.

The province of Holland in general, however, and the district of Rhinland in particular, are most deeply concerned in the smallest or Leyden branch, as by the proper management of this stream only is that part of the country preserved from one sweeping inundation. The main works for this purpose are at Katwyk, where, by very simple but effectual contrivances of flood-gates, the waters of the Rhine are let out into the sea, and those of the sea shut out from the land. The distance from Leyden is about ten miles, through five of which nearest to the sea, a broad and deep canal has been cut, across which a triple set of double gates have been thrown, the first having two pair, the second four pair, and the last seven pair, with stone piers of excellent masonry between them. Against these last gates the tide rises twelve feet, and to take off the pressure, an equal depth is preserved in the great dam within them. When the Rhine has accumulated behind the other gates to a certain height, the whole of the gates are thrown open at low water, the rush of which completely scours the passage of sand, which, before the adoption of these gates, used constantly to choke up the channel of the Rhine; and the waters, thus impeded, frequently inundated the country, and had more than once threatened Leyden with destruction. It has been calculated that these seven gates, when thrown open, are capable of discharging a volume of water not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet in a second of time.

Still, however, we were given to understand that the commissioners for the management of the Rhine-

land waters are not without their apprehensions of the inefficacy of these sluices, on the breaking up of a long frost, or the continuance of heavy rains; and it was rumoured, that an engineer was expected from England to examine and report his opinion whether anything more, and what, could be done for the better security of the country. If the danger arises from that part of the Rhine which lies between Leyden and the sea, why not turn the whole of the water into that channel which already exists between Leyden and the Haarlem Meer, from whence it would be received into the lake Y, and by it carried off into the Zuyder Zee?

The surface of the country evidently declines to the northward; and it is not improbable that, even before the building of Leyden, and before the water of this branch was diverted from its northern course in order to supply the various canals of the town, the channel which communicates with the Haarlem Meer was the natural and only bed of the Rhine. But perhaps it might be feared that an increase of the body of water in the Y might endanger the safety of Amsterdam, on whose shores that city stands. That the whole mass of the Rhine once continued its northerly course into the Zuyder Zee, appears very probable, and equally so that the Waal was a vallum or trench opened by the Romans, in consequence of which the great stream of the Rhine was diverted from the original channel, given by the natural slope of the country, into a westerly direction.

We observed, indeed, on our route from Utrecht towards Rheenen, evident marks of the ancient

bed of the Rhine in the rounded pebbles on the bank by the roadside, now at a considerable distance from the diminished stream. Supposing this to have been so, the Zuyder Zee was the great mouth by which this noble river discharged its waters into the Northern Ocean. The Texel, and the six or seven other islands to the northward of it, are evidently formed from the alluvion that the river in its ancient course carried down. It is, indeed, asserted and believed, but on what testimony the Dutch do not say, that the Zealand islands were once a part of the Continent; and we know that not three hundred years ago many thousand acres were swept away from the eastern side of South Beveland, which are now a vast expanse of sand. A great part of Friesland and of Rhinland is still a turbary, (or peatmoss,) and so are the shores of Zuyder Zee. One may easily imagine that when once this light and spungy kind of earth was lifted up by the water underneath, the recoil of the waves of the sea on one side, and the impeded current of the river acting upon it, would easily carry off whole masses into the ocean. The extraordinary shallowness of the Zuyder Zee, the numerous sand banks and flat islands in it, and the nature of its shores, give countenance to the supposition that it was once a great peatmoss, which has been broken up and swept away by the united waters of the sea and the Rhine, before the latter was diverted into the channel of the Waal. But it is time to resume our journey.

On the 12th of August, about ten in the morning, we continued our journey towards Haarlem,

on a road which, for its goodness, smooth and beautiful as they are in any part of Holland, is not exceeded in the whole of this country. In travelling along it, the passenger is gratified by witnessing a constant succession of gentlemen's seats, the grounds of many of them laid out in exceeding good taste, and all of them kept in neat order; and this continues for sixteen miles. On approaching Haarlem within a few miles, the meer or lake of that name, which is, in fact, a little sea, is seen to the eastward, between some of the sand hills which its waves have thrown up. By the inequalities of the surface which extend to the side of the road, and the mixture of sand and gravel of which they are composed, it would appear that this sea must at one time have been of much greater extent than at present. Most of these eminences or hills, if we may so call them, are generally planted with firs and other northern trees; the parks or domains over which they are scattered are surrounded with our ordinary park paling; cottages here and there are seen by the roadside with their little cabbage and potatoe gardens; hawthorn-hedges are not unfrequent; and, in short, these and some other indications of the approach to Haarlem, wore so many appearances of what we every day see in England, that, without any great stretch of the imagination, one might suppose one's self to be travelling in some corner of the British isles.

Immediately before the entrance into the town of Haarlem is a wood of considerable extent, in which is an excellent house, that once belonged to Mr. Hope of Amsterdam. It was purchased

by Bonaparte, as a residence for his brother Louis, for five hundred thousand guilders; about forty-two thousand pounds sterling.

We did not remain long in Haarlem. It appeared to us very much like the other towns in Holland, very well built, very clean, and very dull. Its population was said to be greatly diminished, and its once flourishing manufactures of silks, velvets, and damasks, for which it was famed, have now nearly disappeared, and that little remained but the weaving of linen and woollen clothes and of lace. In fact, it was stated that the population, which was once reckoned to be forty-eight thousand, was reduced to about seventeen thousand. It still, however, has its Academy of Sciences, and the Teylerian Society, founded by an individual from whose name it is derived. It has a library, with a collection of philosophical instruments, and of subjects of natural history; and lectures are delivered in all the different departments of science.

The river Spaarn, issuing from the Haarlem Meer, traverses the city, and having supplied its canals, passes on and joins the lake or creek of the Zuyder Zee, on the southern shore of which the city of Amsterdam is built. The name of this narrow prolongation of the Zuyder Zee is written on the Dutch maps *Hel Y*; a name that has somewhat puzzled strangers, particularly if you ask a Dutchman what it is called, as he is sure to say it is *Tai*. The fact is, the letter *y* in Dutch is pronounced the same as the *i* in English, or *ai*; and by abbreviating the definite article *het*, *the*, it becomes in common parlance *'t ai*. This will explain how our map-makers have written it, some *Tai*,

some *Tye*, and others, still worse, the *Ye*, on their maps. A Frenchman in describing Amsterdam, calls it the E-grec. Any inquiry as to the origin or meaning of the name was useless. In fact, the letter *y* in their alphabet has no particular meaning; but as its pronunciation is precisely that of *ai*, and as this syllable, or something like it, signifies water in many of the northern languages, and in North Holland there are other rivers or waters named the *Au* and the *Ee* (*Ea*), it is not, perhaps, an overstrained etymology to suppose that 'the *Ai*' is nothing more than 'the water.' The *Ee* or the *Ea* is the provincial name of the water which flows out of Windermere and Conis-ton lakes down the Cartmel sands.

There is little more to be seen at Haarlem than the church of St. Bavon, in which is the celebrated organ whose size and tones, and number of pipes, have been supposed to be without a parallel in this class of instruments; but as we had seen and heard that of St. Lawrence, at Rotterdam, we did not deem it worth the loss of time that would have been occasioned by waiting for the organist and bellows-blowers, to give us a peal. We should, however, have been tempted to delay awhile, had the season of the year been that in which the tulip, the hyacinths, and the jonquils are in blossom, for which the adjoining gardens are celebrated, and with which they annually supply our florists in England. The art of raising these bulbous-rooted plants so as to produce their flowers in perfection, simple as it may appear to be, is not yet domesticated with us; we have still our fresh importations annually from Holland.

The gaudy tulip was an object which at one time drove the grave, the prudent, and the cautious Dutchman, as wild as ever did the South Sea bubble, or the senseless speculations that took possession of our countrymen a few years ago, the gullible John Bull. The enormous prices that were actually given for real tulip bulbs, of particular kinds, formed but a small fraction of the extent to which the mercantile transactions of this gaudy flower was carried. If we may give credit to Beckman, who states it on Dutch authorities, four hundred *perits* in weight (something less than a grain), of the bulb of a tulip named *Admiral Leifken*, cost four thousand four hundred florins; and two hundred of another, named *Semper Augustus*, two thousand florins. Of this last, he tells us, it once happened there were only two roots to be had, the one at Amsterdam, the other at Haarlem; and that for one of these were offered four thousand six hundred florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete set of harness; and that another person offered twelve acres of land. It is almost impossible to give credence to such madness. The real truth of the story is, that these tulip roots were never bought or sold, but they became the medium of a systematised species of gambling. The bulbs, and their divisions into *perits*, became like the different stocks in our public funds,—the objects of the bulls and bears,—and were bought and sold at different prices from day to day, the parties settling their account at fixed periods; the innocent tulips, all the while, never once appearing in the transactions, nor even

thought of. 'Before the tulip season was over,' says Beckman, 'more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had any where, which happened twice, no species, perhaps, was oftener purchased and sold.' This kind of sheer gambling reached at length to such a height, that the government found it necessary to interfere and put a stop to it.

On the great Market-place of Haarlem is a statue of Lawrence Koster, who is supposed to have been the inventor of printing. He holds forth triumphantly, as it were, in his hands the letter A as a type of his claim to the invention. It faces the house in which he lived, and in front of which is the following inscription:—

Memoriæ sacrum
Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix, hic primum
inventâ, circa annum 1440.

It is asserted that the first book that was printed is *Le Miroir de Notre Salut*, which is preserved with great care in the Hotel de Ville, and another copy of which is said to be preserved in the public library of Hoorn. The prevailing opinion, however, is, that Faust was the inventor, who, with Guttentberg, printed the first book in Mayence. In opposition to this, it is maintained by the people of Haarlem that Faust was a servant of Koster, who stole his types, and fled with them to Mayence. If the assertion be true that Faust was, about the time when the invention is said to have taken place, the servant of Koster, one of two things is pretty clear,—either that Faust did carry off his master's

invention, or that Koster received the first intimation of the art from Faust while in his service. So recently as 1822, a commission, composed of several learned professors, investigated these claims, and reported that it appeared from historical documents, that Koster's invention dates somewhere between 1420 and 1425. Haarlem is still famous for casting types, particularly those of Greek and Hebrew; for printing the latter language, the Jews mostly derive their types from this city.

From Haarlem to Amsterdam the face of the country has wholly changed its character. The road takes now an easterly direction, and nothing meets the eye but one continued meadow, intersected by ditches to drain off the water, without a tree, or almost a bush in any direction, and terminated, after a few miles travelling, by the Haarlem Meer on the south, and the Lake or great water *Ai*, on the north. A fine broad paved causeway, of ten miles in length, conducts the traveller from Haarlem to Amsterdam; for five miles it is laid out in a mathematical straight line, and is bordered by a noble canal parallel to it. The other side of the road is bordered by a ditch and a row of willows. These willows, and the causeway, and the canal, are so perfectly straight and parallel, that the eye placed at one end of the five miles, would see the other end, were it not hidden, as it were, below the surface, by the natural convexity of the earth.

At the end of the first five miles, the waters of the Haarlem Meer and the *Ai* communicate beneath a narrow artificial isthmus, having a gentle

swell resembling that of a bridge; over this the causeway is continued. At this spot the relative heights of the two waters of the *Ai* and the Meer are nicely regulated, by means of sluices and gauge-posts, marked into very nice and minute divisions; and the greatest attention is paid to the state of the waters at this particular spot, the safety of Amsterdam and the adjacent country from inundations depending much on the management of these two inland seas. The Dutch are said to have a plan for draining Haarlem Meer, and thereby gaining about sixty thousand acres of land; the success must depend on its depth, but a few hundred pumps worked by windmills would easily and speedily empty its water (if moderately shallow) into the *Ai*.

Close to the narrow isthmus, that divides them, is a neat inn, where carriages and horses are to be had; and where also is an ancient chateau, named Swannenburgh, in front of which, and on the pillars of the gate, are sculptured several figures of swans. Having crossed the narrow neck, the canal and the road recommence with an angle, inclining more to an easterly direction, and continue for another five miles, close up to the gate of Amsterdam. The canal is supplied by the *Ai*, through several inlets. In fact it forms in many places a part of the *Ai*, and is only separated from it, and the navigation protected, by rows of strong posts, called a boom, which, by breaking the waves, preserve the opposite bank of the canal or the causeway, which would otherwise be constantly exposed to the danger of being washed away.

A steady and undeviating perseverance in uni-

formity, order, and regularity, is discernible in all the public works of the Dutch. An instance of it struck us forcibly in proceeding along this causeway. By the side of the canal is a narrow tracking path for the horses which draw the treckschuyts and other craft. To prevent them from encroaching on the carriage road, a series of hard blue-stone posts, about three feet high, all of the same form and dimensions, are firmly fixed in the ground at equal intervals of twenty yards, making the total number about eight hundred and eighty. These stones must all have been brought either from the banks of the Rhine or the Meuse, probably the latter, for nothing of the kind is to be found in all Holland.

On arriving at Amsterdam, we put up at a very excellent hotel, on one of the Burghwaals, called the Waapenen van Amsterdam, which and the Doelen, are the best in this city.

CHAPTER IV.

AMSTERDAM.

NEITHER the approach to Amsterdam, nor the entrance into it through the Haarlem-gate, holds out to the stranger any promise that he is about to be gratified with the sight of a large and beautiful city. The environs on this side, far from wearing a tempting appearance, very much resemble that low tract of marshy land, which stretches along the banks of the Thames between Greenwich and Woolwich; an extensive flat of dark green meadow, intersected with dykes and ditches; but somewhat enlivened by the constant whirling motion of some two or three hundred windmills, some grinding corn and seeds, but most of them employed in pumping water from one ditch into another, till finally it is disposed of in the sea.

On entering the city, the first object that catches the eye of the stranger is a row of tall houses, built without any regularity of design, along a quay facing the *Zuyder Zee*; some leaning one way and some another, and all out of the perpendicular, threatening momentarily to fall. We looked in vain for trees, which we had expected to find like those on the *Boomtjes* of Rotterdam. The first turning to the right, however, from this quay, afforded a more favourable prospect; but

still this capital of Holland had a sort of Wapping or Thames-street appearance, and looked inferior in every respect to Rotterdam. A better acquaintance satisfied us of the error which the first impression had created.

Amsterdam is situated on the south bank of the creek or lake *Ai* of which we have spoken, just where the river Amstel, after pervading the city, falls into it from the south. This extraordinary city—beyond all doubt the most extraordinary that Europe affords, not even Venice excepted, as to its situation, its rise, and rapid progress to the state in which it now is—dates back its origin to some part of the thirteenth century, it being then a mere assemblage of fishermen's huts, perched on the drier and more elevated patches of a swamp, but not high enough to secure them completely from being occasionally submerged by the sea. But the superabundant products which these poor industrious people were able to derive from the seas and the waters by which they were surrounded, met with a ready market from their northern and southern neighbours. The result was naturally a rapidly increasing intercourse between the *Batavians*, the *Belgians*, and the northern natives on the *Baltic*, with whom they exchanged their dried and salted fish for various kinds of grain and clothing; and this commerce brought the merchants of these countries to their shores, some of whom found it to their advantage to reside occasionally among them, others to form connections, and domiciliate themselves entirely, in spite of their bogs and swamps; to build store and dwelling houses, and to adopt means for the protection

of themselves and their property against the encroachments of the *Ai*, rendered more formidable by the storms that swelled the Zuyder Zee.

Amsterdam is in form of a crescent, its inward curving line and two horns stretching along the *Ai*, the length, by the plan, being about thirteen thousand five hundred Rhineland feet, and perpendicular from the centre of this line, seven thousand five hundred feet, or as nine to five: the circumference on the land side twenty-five thousand five hundred Rhineland feet, surrounded by a wall of regular bastions, and a wet ditch, bordered by a row of trees.

It is supposed that the first foundation of the city was laid along the borders of the Amstel, which is now the centre. All this part, down to the *Ai*, is irregularly built, and is surrounded by the Amstel and its branches, the Roken and the Damrack. The streets and canals in this quarter are named the Burgwals; and this part of the city still retains the name of the 'Oude Zyde.' Perhaps the earliest building of a public nature is the old *Waag*, or Weighing-house. The more recent, regular, and well-built streets follow a direction round this cluster, and are parallel to each other, and each of them a crescent, continued from one angle of the city to the other.

It could only have been when the city had attained a high degree of prosperity that these magnificent streets were laid out and built. Their names are the Heeren Graght, the Keyser's Graght, and the Princen Graght; three streets that are not easily to be matched in any other town or city of Europe for their length, width,



and the grandeur and elegance of their buildings. They are parallel, as we have said, to each other ; but take the general shape of the town, which is that of a polygonal crescent, having all the lines perfectly straight between the angular points. These streets are each about two miles in length, two hundred and twenty feet in width, bounded by large and elegant dwelling-houses, with a canal down the middle, crossed by numerous stone bridges, and bordered by rows of large trees of oak, elm, and linden, on each side, not inferior to those of the Boontjies of Rotterdam.

The numerous canals of Amsterdam, it is said, divide the city into ninety different islands, communicating by two hundred and eighty bridges, either of stone or of wood, the latter being draw-bridges, and many of the former having sluices to open in the centre for the passage of boats, and others for the purpose of regulating the level of the water in the canals. These sluices are so placed and so well attended to, that little danger or damage is now apprehended from high tides and storms on the Zuyder Zee, which, in former times, was but too frequently experienced.

The mixture of the muddy water of the Amstel with the sea-water from the *Ai*, the filth from the sewers, from the houses, and the streets, and the offal from the multitude of vessels that are moored in the canals, most of them inhabited by whole families, must necessarily have the effect of creating a smell at no time agreeable, and sometimes highly offensive. Nor is the unpleasant sensation at all diminished by casting a glance at the colour which the surface of the water invariably bears,

being that of a rich olivaceous green. The smell, however, except in the lower and more busy parts of the city, is scarcely perceptible, unless, indeed, as the old proverb insinuates, the water be stirred up, which must happen whenever one of the vessels moves her berth along the canal. It is then *gare l'eau*; and the street passenger, if he be to leeward, will do well to cross the first bridge he meets with, and get to windward as fast as he possibly can. This peculiar effluvia has been supposed by some to be injurious to the human constitution, and yet few cities can boast of a more robust and healthy set of inhabitants than those are of Amsterdam. It is said to be a fact, however, that no cavalry regiment is ever kept at Amsterdam, as the horses all become ill, and many have died, from the badness, as is supposed, of the water. The town is served with fresh water from the river Vecht, five or six miles distant, and carried round in carts: most of the houses, however, have cisterns to receive the rain water. It is not impossible, that if the water of the canals was not occasionally driven out into the *Ai*, by the admission of the pure fresh water of the Amstel, the air might become infected, and serious sickness ensue. Be that as it may, it does not appear that Amsterdam is more unhealthy than other towns of Holland, or subject to any particular endemic diseases. A humid atmosphere produces here, as it everywhere else does, fevers and coughs; but against the effects of such a chilling air the natives take care to supply themselves with thick and warm clothing; in addition to which the women, who lead a very sedentary life, place the feet on a little wooden

stool under their petticoats, in which is a small pan of burning charcoal; and the men, in order to fortify themselves against the baneful effects of such an atmosphere, are said to drink plenty of gin, and smoke tobacco. This may be so; but it is fair to mention, that we never saw a Dutchman drunk in the streets, not even among the lower classes. Indeed so strict is the police of Amsterdam, that a beastly drunkard would not be tolerated in public.

Whoever is desirous of seeing human ingenuity and human industry most successfully and most extensively exerted, for the purpose of counteracting the injurious effect of one of the most powerful and destructive elements, and by means the most simple, must visit Holland, and more particularly Amsterdam. He will there see and admire the simple and effectual means that have been adopted for the security of the town, by bringing the waters under complete control.

The whole extent of the sea-front, with the quays and the shipping, is protected from injury by a double stockade of strong, square, wooden posts, known by the name of *boomen* or barriers, extending at a distance from the quay along the whole line of the city, from the north-west to the south-east corner, a distance of two miles and a half. These large beams of wood are firmly fixed in pairs, with openings between each tier, at certain distances, to allow ships to pass them to and from the quays. Of these openings or passages there are twenty-one, all of which are closed by night; so that nothing can arrive at, or depart from, the quay till they are set open. By means of these

barriers, the injurious effects of the waves on the wharf wall, by being divided and dispersed, as well as of masses of ice driven down from the northward, are completely obviated.

All the quays, and, indeed, every house in Amsterdam, are built upon piles; and as each of these is a large tree or baulk of timber, of forty or fifty feet in length, some idea may be formed of the expense of building in Amsterdam, as well as of the immense quantity of timber that must have been brought thither for this purpose alone. It is recorded that the number of piles on which the old Town House, now the Royal Palace, is built, amounts to upwards of thirteen thousand.

Indeed the industry of the Dutch is not to be surpassed; and it is exercised, not only with great skill and ingenuity, but also with indefatigable perseverance; otherwise they never could have succeeded in accomplishing such great undertakings with such small means.

On no occasion, perhaps, is this ingenuity and perseverance more displayed than in the means employed in conquering the waters of the ocean, and in bringing under subjection the rivers, lakes, and canals with which they are surrounded on every side, by means of sluices, drains, ditches, and windmills, of the last of which, for this and other purposes, such as sawing wood, grinding corn, and crushing seeds for oil, the number in the vicinity of all their towns and cities is perfectly astonishing.

These windmills are remarkable objects on the Boulevards of Amsterdam. There are no less than thirty bastions in the line of fortification on

the land side, and on each bastion is a windmill, of a description larger than common, for grinding corn, and other purposes. It is whimsical enough that, surrounded as they are with water on every side, there is not a watermill in the whole country. It suited their purpose better to raise a contention between the elements, by employing the wind to drive out the water. Necessity, indeed, taught the Hollander this; for if it were not for the complete subjection in which the waters are held by this and other means, the city of Amsterdam might, at any one moment, be altogether submerged. The idea of such a calamity, happening to a city which is stated to contain near two hundred thousand inhabitants, calls for every precaution that can be put in practice to avert it.

Of this number of inhabitants, consisting chiefly of Calvinists, Catholics, Lutherans, and Jews, by far the greater part are engaged in some kind of commerce or other—few of them in manufactures, except such as are in every-day use, and for home consumption. Many of the artisans and the poorer classes inhabit the cellars under the houses of the more opulent, and a great many reside constantly on the water, in comfortable apartments built on the upper decks of their trading vessels, more particularly those employed in the inland navigations.

In this and in many other respects the Dutch bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese; like this industrious and economical race, they keep their hogs, their ducks, and other domestic animals constantly on board. Their apartments are kept in a state of great neatness; the women employ

themselves in all the domestic offices, and are assiduous in embellishing their little sitting-rooms with the labours of the needle, and many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, anemonies, and various other flowers. Some of these vessels are of great length, but generally narrow, suitable to the canals and sluices of the towns. Each vessel is generally navigated by the members of one family, of which the female part is by no means the least useful, nothing being more common than to see the women steering, poling, hauling the ropes, or employed on some other duties of the craft.

It must be obvious that great quantities of mud will be deposited in these canals, and that a constant expense of labour must be incurred in keeping them clear. This is as much a public concern as the cleaning of our streets is by scavengers. They employ for this purpose a dredging machine, worked by horses, instead of a steam-engine, which we make use of in the Thames and the dock-yards.

One of our first visits was to the dock-yard situated at the southern extremity of the quay, on the island of Kattenburg. It was in the dusk of the evening, and the guard was already set; but the officer on guard very civilly volunteered to wait on the admiral, who ordered that we should be immediately admitted.

It has the advantage of a magnificent basin communicating with the *Ai*, at the upper end of which, arranged in a straight line, are five slips for building ships of the line, with a series of roofs over each slip, but united so as to form one continued build-

ing. Adjoining these were four other slips, roofed over, for the largest class of frigates; and in other parts of the yard were twelve smaller slips, also roofed, for sloops, schuyts, and other small craft. The larger roofs had each a gallery round them within, just under the pitch of the roof. On inquiring for what purpose these galleries were made, we were told that the only use made of them was to accommodate spectators to view the launch of the ship.

There was but one ship of the line building, the *Jupiter*, of seventy-four guns. She had a round stern, and was nearly ready; there were also two forty-four-gun frigates, and two twenty-gun sloops. On observing to our conductor that it appeared they had adopted all our late improvements, both here and at Rotterdam—round sterns, diagonal braces, filling in between the timbers, &c.,—he said they could not follow a better example; and on asking him if he had ever seen an English dock-yard, he said he had worked in Deptford-yard for several years.

There was very little timber in the yard. It is mostly received from the forests of Brabant and Flanders, and is brought to Amsterdam ready squared, and sometimes fashioned, by which a great expense of carriage is saved. What other stores they might have, we could not learn; but the person who went round with us supposed they might be sufficient to enable them to send a ship to sea of each class. It was, in fact, too late to go through the magazine or store-house, which is a magnificent building at the entrance of the yard. By carefully pacing along it, we concluded that it

could not be less than three hundred by one hundred and eighty feet, but we afterwards found, in one of the guide-books, that its dimensions are two hundred and twenty by two hundred; and it is six, if not seven, stories high. An inscription informs us that it was built in the year 1656, and completed ready for use in nine months.

In a line at the upper end of the yard, and close behind the largest of the roofed tiers of slips, is a long range of buildings, kept in very neat order, consisting of the officers' houses, and the different offices and workshops of the several trades, among which we noticed the block-maker's, the joiner's, the carver's, the blacksmith's, the house-carpenter's, and many others, the whole line occupying a space of not less than a quarter of a mile.

The number of men employed was stated to be about one thousand five hundred of all denominations, and that all the labour of the yard was done by hand, and mostly by task and job. There appeared to be no great exertion on the part of those who were at work. We observed twenty-two men employed, two and two, in carrying a plank on their shoulders, and they moved with it just as we see the convicts sauntering along in Portsmouth dock-yard. Some small craft were on the stocks; and a very beautiful yacht, daubed over with gold and blue paint, and carved with no mean workmanship, had just been finished for the use of King William. The only ship of war afloat was a frigate lying in the basin, housed over in the same manner as we see our ships in ordinary.

In fact Amsterdam has always been considered as a very indifferent port, whether for merchant-

men or ships of war, on account of the shallowness of water, the shoals, and the difficulty of the navigation of the Zuyder Zee. That difficulty has, however, in some degree been obviated within these few years, by opening a ship canal from the Helder to a point opposite to Amsterdam.

This great port, from which it is said about two thousand sea-going vessels annually clear outwards, had no other communication with the ocean than by the Pampus channel into the Zuyder Zee, by which, added to the dangers of the navigation, outward-bound ships had frequently to contend with the prevailing adverse winds from the northward. Then the Pampus channel, which connects the Zuyder Zee with the *Ai*, is so narrow, and so constantly barred up, that large vessels were unable to pass it at all, without loading or unloading by means of lighters, or being floated in and out on camels. To obviate these inconveniences, the government resolved on cutting a ship canal from the Helder to Buyksluys, immediately opposite Amsterdam. This canal, which is fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide at the surface, thirty-eight feet at the bottom, and twenty feet deep, was commenced in 1819, and finished in 1825, at the expense, it is said, of about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The level of the water is preserved by means of flood-gates at the two extremities, to the level of spring tides; when, at high water, the gates are thrown open to supply any waste that may have been occasioned during the neap tides; but it has other sources from whence it draws a supply of water as it passes through the country. Its course com-

mences at the Diep, close to the Helder, where a pier had for some years past been thrown out into the Zuyder Zee. From hence it runs parallel to the coast, along the sea-dyke, as far as Petten; from thence a little easterly to Alckmar; thence takes an easterly direction to Purmereenal; thence directly south to Buyksluys, which is directly opposite to Amsterdam, and just where the *Ai*, in its passage to the Zuyder Zee, has been contracted by an artificial dyke, to create a current for the purpose of scouring out the channel and preserving a sufficient depth of water in the port of Amsterdam.

On the published plan of this canal are marked a double set of floodgates at each extremity, and two or three others in the interior, for no other purpose, it would appear, than to retain the water; for as the whole line of country is perfectly level, no locks, of course, were necessary. In the print is represented a forty-six gun frigate, and a large Indiaman, of a thousand tons burden, passing through the sluices at the same time, in the year 1625, when the canal was first opened. They are represented as being dragged by six or eight horses, each at a speed not less than three miles an hour. This work must prove of the greatest importance to Amsterdam, and remedy most of its commercial inconveniences, but not that, which is above human skill to remedy, of being shut up for two or three months in the year, and sometimes longer, by ice. The ground, however, is of so loose a texture, that the banks had given way in several places, and it was apprehended that a constant expense would be incurred in their repair.

The public buildings in Amsterdam are, perhaps, less remarkable than in most other cities of the Continent; but it may be doubted if the city itself, as to the style and magnitude of the dwelling-houses, the width of the streets, the broad sheets of water, bordered by the finest trees, has any superior in Europe. A house with eight, ten, or twelve windows on the same floor in front, and with four, five, or even six stories in height, is not uncommon in the three great streets we have spoken of at the upper part of the town. A pair of folding-doors usually lead into a court-yard, round which are arranged the different offices, the coach-house, and stables, and very frequently a neat garden behind all; and where this is wanting, there are usually some fine flowering shrubs, mostly the oleander and myrtle, placed in pots or tubs round the court-yard. These splendid houses were mostly built in the days of prosperity, when the De Witts, and De Ruyters, and Van Tromps, so nobly disputed with England the sovereignty of the ocean.

In some part of the front of the very first houses, but generally in the gable or highest story, may be observed a beam of wood projecting a few feet, in which is a block and sheeve for hoisting up goods, furniture, or articles of merchandise; for however wealthy a Dutchman may be, or of whatever rank, he has no objection to *koop* and *verkoop* a little; that is to say, to buy and sell. In the days of prosperity, an *Opper Koopman* was the highest honorary title that could be given in their Indian possessions. In houses, however, where merchandise

was never thought of, this apparatus for hoisting up goods is fitted. It marks a distinctive character in the people. Whatever furniture may be required for an English drawing-room or bedroom, it goes in at the door and is carried up stairs, frequently to the detriment of the stair-case. Whatever goes into a Dutch house is hoisted up to the highest story and let down to its proper place.

There is one building in Amsterdam which commands the attention of all strangers. This is the old Stadhuis, or Hotel de Ville, which that poor simple man, Louis Buonaparte, when created king of Holland, took possession of in 1808, as his palace, and which King William still preserves in that character, though he very rarely troubles his good city of Amsterdam, his residence being divided between the Hague and Brussels. The Dutch consider this palace as the eighth wonder of the world. It stands on a large open space, called the Dam, rising with a gentle ascent from the head of the great canal, named the Damrak. It measures in front two hundred and eighty-two feet, in depth two hundred and twenty-two feet, and in height one hundred and sixteen feet, and with the tower and cupola, one hundred and eighty-three feet. On the façade, and ranged along the second story, there are thirty pilasters of the composite order, each thirty-six feet high; a second range of the Corinthian order forms a third story. This second colonnade, of the same height as those below, supports the entablature, out of which rises a pediment, whose base is eighty-two feet, and per-

pendicular height eighteen feet. A fine piece of marble sculpture ornaments this pediment. The city of Amsterdam is represented under the figure of a female wearing an imperial crown, and holding an olive branch in her hand. On her left is an escutcheon bearing the city arms. She is attended by Neptune armed with his trident, and sitting in his car, drawn by sea unicorns, so they are called, and accompanied by Naiads and Tritons with their conch shells, as if announcing to the world the renown of this fine city. On the cornice of this front are three full-length figures in bronze, said to be each twelve feet high, representing *Peace*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*. On the back front are also three figures, the centre one representing an Atlas bearing an enormous globe, with *Temperance* on one side, and *Vigilance* on the other.

We were disappointed in not seeing the interior, a positive order having been received to admit no one at the time we were there, as the young Prince of Holland was daily expected. It seems, however, there is but one room that is deserving of particular notice, but that one is represented as the finest in Europe. It is the ball-room, the dimensions of which are said to be one hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-five wide, and ninety feet high.

When King Louis took possession of the Stadhuis, the civil and municipal authorities removed into a building in the neighbourhood which was once a convent, but converted at the Reformation into the Prince's Hotel, and subsequently became the Admiralty. It is a large building, surround-

ing a square court, in the middle of which is a fountain.

There are at least ten or twelve churches of the established religion in Amsterdam, and churches and chapels of almost every other sort that can be named. At one time the Dutch were intolerant in the highest degree; and Catholics, Lutherans, Jews, and Anabaptists, and every other sect, were prohibited from holding any public place of worship, but were obliged to congregate in private houses. Now, however, they are allowed to assemble, each in his own church or chapel, for the performance of divine service; but even yet none of them are allowed the use of bells, and some are not permitted to raise a tower or spire, but only a simple turret or cupola.

Not many, indeed, of the established churches have lofty towers or spires; these are of no particular class or order of architecture, but nevertheless are of good proportions and pleasing designs. Perhaps they may be classed, in point of size and height, with the tower and spire of St. Martin's in the Fields, and in point of general appearance in the architecture, to St. Mary's, or the new church, in the Strand.

The reformers, in taking possession of the Roman Catholic churches, took care to strip them of every ornament and decoration that could be removed or defaced, particularly pictures and statues; they threw down the altars, and have shut out from public view the choir, at the head of which the grand altar used to stand; they also demolished the chapels and their altars. Thus stripped, the traveller feels little curiosity in entering a Dutch church.

In the old church that was dedicated to St. Nicholas, it is said, was a statue of the saint as large as life, of solid silver, which the Calvinists pulled down and melted, together with the candelabras and other pieces of plate belonging to the church. Here, as in the other churches we have seen, a balustrade of bronze separates the choir from the body of the church, and on its cornice is an inscription in Dutch, containing the following piece of history:—'The abuse introduced from time to time into the church of God was here exploded in the year 1578.'

The altar, as usual, has totally disappeared, and a small plain pulpit supplies its place, from which catechumens are examined and confirmed, and marriages solemnized. In other parts of the church are several monuments, not very interesting, though generally in a better state of execution than we find them in our own churches.

There are, however, three large painted windows on the left transept as we go up the nave, which, though completely Catholic, the reforming iconoclasts have spared. We all agreed in considering them by much the best paintings on glass we had ever met with; and there is a history attached to them, which is believed to be true, and which appears to be borne out by circumstances. Two of these windows were the gift of a wealthy burgomaster, of the name of Claas Van Hoppen. Claas was accused of heresy, and of favouring the new or reformed religion. The priests and his confessor threatened him with excommunication unless he recanted, and immediately undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain absolution from

the pope, who had, no doubt, previously been made acquainted with his wealthy circumstances, and also that he was a *bon vivant*. The penance imposed by his Holiness was, that he should make a present of two painted glass windows to the church of St. Nicholas, and that for one whole year he should drink nothing but water. The expense of the glass windows was but a trifle to a man of his great wealth; but having never been a water-drinker, he felt convinced of his inability to fulfil that part of the punishment. He therefore solicited a second audience, at which he acquainted his Holiness that the water of Amsterdam was so unwholesome that nobody drank it plain; and all he requested was to be permitted to add a few grains of corn to correct its impurities, or he feared he should die before the windows were finished. The pope assented to this reasonable request, and Claas Van Hoppen took good care to malt his water well.

The corner, in which these windows are, is called the *Vrouwen Koir*, or women's choir, there being a great number of female figures painted in the act of prayer. The arms also of the Van Hoppen family are painted on the glass, and carved also on a tombstone.

The subject of the painting on the first window is the 'Salutation of the Virgin Mary by the Angel Gabriel.' The second, the 'Visit to the Virgin by her Cousin Elizabeth.' Beneath are the two apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul. On each side are a number of persons on their knees, and among the group on the right is a man clad in a grey frock, who is supposed to be Van Hoppen;

and this is the more probable, as near to him is represented a bishop with his crosier, on which are written these words:—'*Nemo læditur nisi a se ipso.*'

Beautiful as these two windows are, the third is still more so, and obviously painted by a different artist. It represents a person, supposed to be the Holy Virgin, on her death-bed. She is raised up by her attendants, and holds a lighted candle in her hand, the flame of which is so perfectly natural that the spectator can scarcely believe it not to be so. A numerous group surround the couch while she is apparently receiving the *viaticum*; and a host of angels hover above, ready to convey the soul of the dying saint to the regions of bliss. There is another window behind the choir covered with the painted arms of all the burgomasters, from the reformation of 1578 down to the present time. This church has what may be called an elegant tower and spire, said to be two hundred and fifty feet high. In 1760 it was bodily lifted up by screws, to enable the workmen to repair the foundation. It is remarked for a fine set of carillons, which emit pleasing silvery tones.

The new church, originally dedicated to St. Peter, now to St. Catherine, stands on the Dam, close to the palace; and new as it was, no doubt, at the time, it is now more than three hundred years old. It is said to be built on the model of the cathedral of Amiens. The dimensions are set down as three hundred and fifteen feet long, by two hundred and ten broad; and it is lighted by no less than seventy-five large windows. It contains some of the best modern monuments in Hol-

laud, particularly one of Admiral de Ruyter, which has usurped the place of the grand altar. The pulpit is a good specimen of carved work in wood, supported by figures of the four Evangelists.

Besides the steeples or spires of the churches, there are four or five lofty towers scattered in different parts of the city, most of which have their clocks and carillons. One of these, standing on the quay, is the Herring Tower, at which the company of merchants concerned in the herring-fishery hold their meetings and keep their accounts; and this spot, on the return of the boats from the fishery, is said to exhibit one of the busiest scenes that occur in this great capital. There is another tower on the quay, named the *Scrayershoeck Toor*, or the tower of the mourners, so called from its standing on the spot where the wives and children of seamen were accustomed to take leave of their husbands and fathers on embarking on foreign voyages. It is now converted into offices for those who are charged with the duties of the port.

From the churches we proceeded to view the National Museum of Pictures in the *Trippenhuys* on the *Kloveniersburgwal*, which is open daily, except Sundays, to strangers. The name is taken from that of the original owner of the house, which was *Trip*.

It is a good building containing, on two floors, seven or eight rooms, well filled with nearly five hundred pictures, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and many of them among the finest specimens of the several masters. Some of the best were removed from the *Stadhuis* when it became the palace; and to these were added others

that were purchased at the public expense from private collections. A very few only can be noticed here.

There are five pictures of Gerard Dow, all of them good, but two in particular are eminently beautiful. The one is a large picture of a school by candlelight. It contains twelve figures and five different lights, so placed as to give to the painting a wonderful effect of light and shade, and to produce a perfect illusion by the management of the strong lights in front, gradually diminishing to the back-ground, and giving great breadth and distance to the picture. The other is a cavalier and a richly-dressed lady, under the shade of a thick wood, highly and beautifully finished.

There are three pictures of Van Dyk, but none in his best manner. Two portraits, the size of life, of the Princess Mary of England, and her brother the Duke of Gloucester, are the best.

A magnificent picture of B. Van der Helst, which Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced to be—and few will dispute the propriety of his taste—superior to another large picture of Rembrandt, in the same collection, and so it is considered by the artists of Holland. It represents a feast given by the officers of a company of the Civic Guard of Amsterdam, commanded by Captain Witts, to the Spanish Ambassador, in commemoration of the peace concluded at Munster in 1648; this appears from an inscription of four lines painted on a large drum. This noble work of art contains about thirty full length portraits, to whose company the Spanish Ambassador is introduced, and is in the

act of shaking hands with the Captain. 'Of this picture,' says Sir Joshua, 'I had heard great commendations; but it as far exceeded my expectation, as that of Rembrandt fell below it;' and he adds, 'This is, perhaps, the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any others I have ever seen. They are correctly drawn, both head and figure, and well coloured, and have great variety of action, characters, and countenances, and those so lively and truly expressing what they are about, that the spectator has nothing to wish for.'

Another picture of Van der Helst, representing a party of the corps of crossbow-men sitting at a table, examining a silver vase, apparently intended as a prize for the best marksman. This picture is fine, but every way inferior to the preceding. There are a few good pictures of Mieris; but one in particular, a lady sitting at a table, writing a letter, a servant waiting her orders, and a little dog asleep upon a stool, are all well conceived and admirably executed.

A very large picture of Paul Potter, representing a mountainous landscape, in the foreground of which is a boar defending itself against the attack of some dogs, urged by a hunter on horseback, accompanied by another on foot, while on the right of the picture a young bear is seen clambering up a tree, with a dog springing after it. The old boar, who defends himself bravely, has laid one of the dogs sprawling on the ground, and another is dreadfully lacerated by his paws. The drawing of the dogs is uncommonly fine; full of energy in

their action, and ferocity in their faces. The horse and his rider are as large as life; and when viewed from the opposite corner of the room, both of them really look, as Smirk says in the Minor, 'as if they only wanted a spark from the torch of Prometheus to start from the canvass,'—and gallop over the spectators. Without pretensions to connoisseurship, perhaps one may venture to pronounce this as one of the finest pictures, though by no means an agreeable one, that was ever painted by the artist.

Another specimen of Paul Potter is a rich landscape, well filled with oxen, goats, sheep, asses, and all in their proper situations and attitudes, while under an ancient oak a woman is suckling her child, and a man, with a dog beside him, is playing on the bagpipes. A sort of companion to this is Orpheus playing on his lyre: all the beasts of the forest, from the large elephant to the meanest reptile and insect, are scattered over the canvass.

There are four pictures of Rembrandt, every one of which will command attention. The first is well known under the name of 'La Garde de Nuit;' which, if we believe the Dutch, who ought to know, and the descriptive catalogue, is entirely a misnomer. The subject of this extraordinary picture—the only fit companion to the great picture before noticed of Van der Helst—represents the departure of a certain Captain Kok, accompanied by his officers and arquebusiers, to fire at a mark. The figures are numerous, and the details beautifully executed. On the upper part of a pillar are painted the names of the persons repre-

sented in the picture; and yet, of one of the most celebrated pictures in Europe, the subject of it is left as a matter of doubt. Sir Joshua, however, did not think very highly of it: he said it was undeserving its great reputation, and that he could with difficulty persuade himself it was painted by Rembrandt, notwithstanding the name and date which are upon it.

The second picture of Rembrandt is the 'Decol-lation of St. John the Baptist;' all the figures of the natural size, but cut off by the knees. The executioner stands in the midst of the picture, presenting the head of the saint upon a salver to Herodias, who seems somewhat terrified, and to have communicated her terrors to her mother. It is a finely painted but disagreeable representation of a disgusting subject.

The third picture is composed of the portraits of five regents of a certain corporation of Amsterdam, sitting at a table, with a book before them. There is something very striking in this picture, though composed entirely of portraits, which can scarcely be said to be in action. In the Queen of the Netherlands' boudoir, in Brussels, we saw either a copy or the original of this picture; but we all agreed that it was fresher, and on the whole a better picture than this in the Museum of Amsterdam.

The fourth is a portrait of some person of no note, and inferior to many of this great master.

Rubens does not shine here. There are but two pictures of his;—the subject of one is Roman filial piety; and the other a sketch of Christ bearing his Cross to Mount Calvary.

Jan Steen has a great number of pictures, the most exquisite of which, if not of his whole works, is that of a baker, in his shirt, placing his hot loaves on the window of his shop, while the boy is blowing the horn to announce 'hot rolls.'

The fête of St. Nicholas is an admirable picture; every figure in it tells the story, and the thoughts and feelings are expressed in the most lively manner on each countenance.

Teniers has several pictures, and so has Ostade, but nothing very remarkable. Of the former, the 'Temptation of St. Anthony' is perhaps the best.

W. Van de Velde has some excellent pictures, representing the naval battles that took place between the fleets of England and Holland, and of course those only in which the latter were victorious. A beautiful and bustling picture of this master is a view of the lower part of the city of Amsterdam, taken from the Schreyershoeks-tooren, (the tower of the mourners,) as far as the island of Kattenburg. But there is a pair of pictures by this artist, painted with great care and exactness, which are highly flattering to the national glory of the Dutch. The one represents four sail of English line-of-battle ships, taken in the battle of 1666, between De Ruyter and Monck; the other is the capture of the Prince-royal, three days after the above-mentioned action.

There are several others of storms and calms by this master, and also by Backhuysen; one in particular of the latter, which must also possess great interest with the Dutch. It is the embarkation of the grand pensioner De Witt, on his taking command of the fleet in 1665. The multitude of

people assembled of all descriptions,—the great man himself marching down, attended by his staff,—the people and the boats employed in embarking the troops,—and the fleet with loosened sails in the distance, present a scene of bustle and business, which gives uncommon life and animation to this grand picture, which is finely painted in all its parts.

Wouverman has several very fine pictures in this collection, and so has Van der Werf and Wynants.

There are some good portraits by Miereveld. That of Maurice, Prince of Orange, is equal to any that Van Dyk has painted.

Paintings of birds, plants, and insects, by Hondelcoeter,—of flowers and fruits by Huysum, and Mignon, and Van Os, and De Heem, are some of the most perfect specimens that can be met with of these masters. They occupy principally a room by themselves.

It would be unjust to a disciple of Rubens, who has hardly received his due share of praise, not to notice two pictures, which are close imitations of his master's style. The 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' by G. De Craijer, or Craiier, who has painted several altar-pieces and other pictures for the churches and chapels of Antwerp, and other churches and public edifices in the Netherlands.

There are many other pictures of great merit which it is impossible to particularize; such as those of Berchem, Both, Cuyp, Haarlem, Jordaens, Ruysdaal, Poelenburg, Sneyders, Terburg, Wynants, and several other artists of note in Holland and Flanders.

The total want of specimens of the school of Italian painting, might render the Museum of Amsterdam of no great estimation in the eyes of those who can see nothing worth bestowing a look upon, but subjects treated in the manner which they are pleased to style the *beau idéal*; that is to say, to produce something that does not exactly exist in nature, but superior to it;—angelic features, superhuman forms, and beings created out of the fervour of a heated and luxuriant imagination; the story wrapt up in some hidden meaning, which none but the painter himself can understand or explain; Gods and goddesses, nymphs, cupids, fawns, and satyrs,—in short, anything that is not human or natural, if painted with fine flowing lines and warm colouring, is extolled as the link which connects painting with poetry; and so far the conception is just, as both of them, to ensure the praise and admiration of their votaries, must deal in fiction. The Dutch and Flemish painters are mostly content to follow nature, and only fail when they attempt something that is beyond her. Rubens himself never succeeds so ill as where he attempts what is called allegory. It is in some of those pieces where he found it necessary to introduce creatures like nothing that exists on earth, and where his females are such uncouth beings, as almost to justify the resemblance they were said by one of his critics to bear to Flanders' mares.

Our next visit was to the park or plantation—*plantatie*, as it is generally called by the inhabitants. It is situated near the southern extremity of the city, at the end of that noble street, the Heeren

Graght, and is surrounded by canals; and, according to the space it appears to occupy on the plan, may be about one thousand yards long by five hundred broad; or, in extent of surface, about one hundred acres; it contains some tolerably fine trees, and is laid out in straight walks, at right angles to each other. Near one corner is a small botanical garden, consisting chiefly of medicinal plants, but not to be mentioned after the garden of Leyden.

Not far from the park is the stone bridge over the Amstel, where this river enters the city in a fine broad sheet of water, and with so gentle a current as scarcely to be perceptible. It is called, one knows not why, the Lover's Bridge. It is said to be six hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy feet wide; it has eleven arches, with piers of stone masonry, mixed with brick-work, apparently of solid and well-executed workmanship. From the centre of this bridge is a favourable view of the city on one side, and on the other an extensive prospect over the flat surface of this singular country, divided into squares and parallelograms, by means of dykes and ditches, called polders; spaces that contain, within their boundaries, villas and gardens, which are kept dry by innumerable windmills employed in pumping out the water.

Ascending the quay of the *binnen* Amstel, or the river within the city, we are led to the Exchange, under which it passes through a large arch; and at this point, over the centre of the arch, is conspicuously placed the figure of Mercury, of a colossal size,—rather an odd appendage to be selected as the guardian deity of

the temple, wherein all the mercantile and money concerns of the capital are transacted. For though this winged gentleman was the protecting deity of commerce, the Dutch were no doubt aware that, among his other qualifications, he had the reputation of being well versed in the art of appropriating to himself what belonged to others. He is also renowned for activity and swiftness, which have not been supposed among the most prominent features of the Dutch character.

Like all the continental exchanges, which resemble our own, that of Amsterdam is a quadrangular building, with an open square space in the middle, round which is an arcade or gallery, supported by forty-six columns, each being appropriated to some particular class of merchants or traders; and here people of all nations daily assemble in crowds, at a particular hour, for the transaction of business. This crowd wore a very Jewish and shabby appearance, which made one of our party observe, that he never saw such a multitude of monied men together, that looked so very much like a set of pickpockets. Having since visited the stock-exchange of London, and the bank rotunda, he is quite ready to qualify the harsh opinion he had pronounced on the merchants and money-changers of Amsterdam.

A similar crowd, with a good sprinkling of Jews, were loitering daily about the lottery-offices, which are numerous in the neighbouring streets, and particularly about the Dam. The prevalence of gambling is a vice, from which the Dutch

government has no scruple in deriving a considerable revenue ; and what can be a fitter subject for taxation ? It was but a mawkish kind of morality that induced a late English chancellor of the exchequer to give up a considerable revenue, levied on the votaries of this vice, at the instigation of a class of men, who are at great pains to make themselves be thought more righteous than their neighbours.

The little time we had to spare would not admit of our visiting all the numerous institutions, with which this city abounds, for the alleviation of human misery and distress, in all their various shapes. The several hospitals, generally kept distinct for the reception of the aged, the infirm, and the desolate ; the blind, the lame, the widows, and orphans ; for foundlings, and for those deprived of reason ; of which, taken together, there appears to be not fewer than forty, most of them large and convenient buildings. The various prisons, and houses of correction and of industry, are said to be under a better system of control and management, than are most of a similar description in other parts of Europe.

These several establishments have been founded by, and derive their support either from, the public, the several religious societies, or rich individuals, particularly widows, who are left in good circumstances, and who are frequently most liberal contributors to charities of this kind. But to make ourselves acquainted with the details of the management of institutions of this kind required too much time for a flying visit, and we were therefore reluctantly obliged to be satisfied with viewing, as we did most of them, externally.

From all we could learn, however, concerning these public and private institutions for charitable purposes, the state of the hospitals, the prisons, and houses of correction, the following summary, taken from an old author, who visited Amsterdam nearly a hundred years ago, may be considered as pretty nearly a correct statement at the present day.

‘ I shall now proceed and speak of the almshouses, and of the government of the poor, of the prisons, and houses of correction of this wealthy place.

‘ This city is said to have twenty thousand poor every day at bed and board. The almshouses are many, and look more like princes’ palaces than lodgings for poor people. First, there are houses for poor old men and women ; then a large square palace for three hundred widows ; then there are hospitals for boys and girls, for burghers’ children, and for strangers’ children, or those called foundlings. All these boys and girls have, every Sunday, and other days of worship, two doits given them by the fathers of these houses, the which the children put into the deacons’ bag when they gather for the poor in the churches. Then there is an hospital for fools, and a bedlam ; then there are houses where common beggars, and gamesters, and frequenters of tap houses are kept hard at work ; there is also a house called a Rasp-house, where petty thieves, and such as slash one another with knives,—such as beg with cheating devices,—women with feigned great bellies,—men pretending to have been taken by the Turks,—others

‘that pretend wreck at sea,—and such as beg with a clapper or bell, as if they could not speak or hear;—such as these are kept hard at work, rasping every day fifty pounds between two of them, or else are beaten; and if yet they rebel, and won’t work, they are set in a tub, where, if they do not pump, the water will swell over their heads. Then there is a house where wh—s are kept to work, and also disobedient children, who live idle, and take no course to maintain themselves; likewise women commonly drinking themselves drunk, and scolds.

‘All these sorts of hospitals and alms-houses are stately buildings, richly adorned with pictures, and their lodgings very neat and clean. In some of the boys’ and girls’ hospitals there are one thousand five hundred; in some, eight hundred, and in some, five hundred in a house. Then they have houses where a man or woman may have their diet, washing, and lodging, for life, by giving a small sum of money; these are called *Proveniers’* houses.’

Whether these various establishments are capable of relieving the whole mass of human wretchedness which this capital, in common with all large cities, must contain, would require a long residence to determine; but we could not help making the same remark here as in Rotterdam—that in all our rambles we had not met with a drunken person in the streets; nay, more, that we had not observed a man, woman, or child, in rags, or met with a real object of compassion in any part of the town; and the only beggars that accosted us, and those were in some of the lower

parts of the town, were decrepit old men. The truth is, that if a young sturdy beggar should be discovered teasing passengers for alms, the police would instantly seize hold of him and send him at once to one of the work-houses, where, if he refused to perform the task set him, he would be treated, as is mentioned in the above extract, with a spell at the pump.

Those who are at the head of the police are not so squeamish in Holland as we are. There is none of that fearfulness and timidity,—none of the nonsensical speeches and conversations which our *Dogberries* of the East and of the West are so fond of making, for the pleasure of seeing themselves exhibited in the daily papers,—none of the gossiping, for the gentlemen of the press to detail in their respective journals, whenever a rogue or vagabond—especially one of notoriety—happens to be brought before them.

The law in Holland is clearly defined, and, if the fact be proved, the magistrate has no other line to pursue than to direct that the law shall take its course; and thus the public is relieved from a nuisance, and society benefited by the example. ‘All rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,’ which the act of Elizabeth, in our statute book, professes to set to work, the Dutch take good care shall be set to work; and they also take care to have ready in hand, what our statute likewise directs to have in hand, ‘a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, corn, and other necessary ware and stuff, to set the poor on work.’

To aid the police in the praiseworthy task of finding useful labour for the poor and idle, ‘The

Society of Friends of Humanity and Public Utility,' have established an agricultural colony called Frederik's-oord, near Steenwyk, on the eastern side of the Zuyder Zee, where the land rises into barren heaths and downs. This institution is said to have answered so well, that the King of Denmark undertook to form a similar establishment in his dominions, which, however, failed. Mr. Jacob has given the details of Frederik's-oord from the annual reports printed in Holland; but we doubt much of the ultimate success of an institution grounded, as in point of fact it is, on the principle and practice of forced labour.

No loose women are permitted to infest the streets of Amsterdam; and the public eye, therefore, is not offended by their indecent and immodest conduct. Private haunts of intemperance and debauchery, it is well known, are winked at, perhaps sanctioned, by the government, which could not be prevented either here or elsewhere; and on this ground it may, perhaps, be deemed politic to allow them. But those disgusting dens of profligacy, known by the names of *speil*-houses or *musicos*, frequented by both sexes, and to which, on certain days of the year, respectable families were in the habit of taking their children, to witness scenes of vice in their most odious shape, in order to disgust them—a lesson of doubtful morality—can scarcely now be said to exist, except among the very lowest of the inhabitants.

The police of the city appears to be excellently regulated. Robberies or house-breaking are of rare occurrence. The minister intrusted with the police takes care to employ stout young men,

who may be seen in the evening walking in pairs; and these are efficient guardians of peace and quiet during the night. Our new and excellent police establishment is not unlike that of Amsterdam.

Excepting about the quays, where there is always some show of business and bustle, and in the Warmoes Straut and Calvers Straut, in both of which are the principal shops for all kinds of wares and merchandise, and which may be compared, in point of wealth, with the Strand in London, but without the advantage of its side pavements, Amsterdam appeared to be just as dull and gloomy as the west end of London is in the month of October; and this arose apparently from the same cause, the merchants and gentry being at this time absent at their country villas, enjoying themselves,—some in the sports of the field, confined mostly to the shooting of rabbits, and others in the tulip and hyacinth beds of their neatly-trimmed gardens.

It was generally admitted that the trade, and consequently the prosperity, of Amsterdam had not yet recovered, since the peace, from the shock which they had here, as in Rotterdam, experienced by fraternizing with the French republicans; and it was also admitted, as a natural consequence, that the population had greatly decreased. The whale-fishery, once the source of great wealth, had entirely ceased; and the East India trade and possessions, to which had been mainly owing the prosperity, the splendour, and the maritime power of the nation, had now become a source of vast expenditure, without a hope of their ever recovering their ancient prosperity.

As a proof of the declining state of Oriental commerce, the East India House and its magazines on the island of Oostenburg are crumbling into ruins. They are fully sensible that they never can, under any circumstances, pretend to compete with the English and the Americans in the East India and China trade; and the opinion of the soundest politicians is, that the best thing they can do would be to abandon the trade and possessions altogether.

The bad management and grasping avarice of the Dutch servants in Java have created a rebellion among four millions of people, whom that active, intelligent, zealous, and humane governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, had made happy, prosperous, and free. Under his rule they had been relieved from the power of their oppressors, and freed from that impolitic and unjust system of exactions and forced deliveries of produce, which the Dutch had imposed on their land and their labour.

It was a great mistake on our part, in the negotiations for peace, to have voluntarily surrendered this fine island and its four millions of people to the Dutch, as an act of generosity to a fallen nation, for as to any claim on us, they had none. They never were, and it was not likely they ever would become, popular among the Javanese. Their system of policy has gone far to ruin this noble island, and they have reaped nothing but disgrace, expense, and embarrassment.

The same indication, which amounts nearly to proof of a decreasing population, that we noticed in other towns of Holland, struck us forcibly here. We did not see a single new house, or a house

building in all Amsterdam; but we did observe three or four old ones pulling down in the Jews' quarter, with an intention, probably, of rebuilding them, as they stood on the margin of a canal.

The conclusion to be drawn from the few remarks we made of Amsterdam is, what many persons have supposed to be the case, that it is a very dull, and therefore not a very interesting place. The fact, however, is not so: there is always something going on to excite attention. Mrs. Montagu says, that she never could understand what the expression 'stock-still' meant till she visited Amsterdam, when she at once felt its full force. No doubt the 'stocks' or 'stakes,' of which there are so many thousands along the quays of Amsterdam, were 'still' enough; but the sea by which they are surrounded is not always so. The canals are 'still,' but the craft constantly moving about in them is not so. The quays of a town from which two thousand vessels clear out annually, or about six daily, are not likely to be 'still;' and if Mrs. Montagu had gone *a-shopping* in Warmoes Straat, or Calvers Straat, she would not have found much 'still' life there.

No city, for its size and population, abounds with more societies for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, than Amsterdam. It has an academy of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture. At the *Felix meritis*, a most respectable society for the encouragement of every branch of art, science, and literature, of physics, music, and even commerce and political economy, lectures are delivered and dissertations read on all subjects. They have a library stocked with books

in all departments of science ; a collection of plaster casts from ancient statues ; a chemical apparatus, and a collection of mathematical, philosophical, and even musical instruments, and they give concerts. All these are contained in a very handsome building.

The Society of Public Utility is common to every city and town in Holland above the rank of a village. Schools of every kind are numerous. Those for the poor are said to be well attended by more than four thousand children : they are under the direction of a certain number of curators, who admit the children of the poor without distinction of religious sects.

The shortness of our stay would not allow us to form any correct conclusions as to the state of society. The ladies seldom appear in public, and rarely in the streets, excepting in the two where the principal shops are ; and very few carriages of any kind are seen in Amsterdam. One of the most common, which serves the place of our hackney-coaches, is a small-bodied coach, like a Brighton 'Fly,' without wheels, and fixed on a wooden sledge, drawn by a single horse, and attended by a man who walks by the side, to prevent it from upsetting. The Dutch of both sexes now dress pretty much in the same manner as other Europeans. The Friesland ladies, however, have a peculiar head-dress, consisting of a small cap close to the head, to each side of which, and covering the temples nearly as far as the eyes, is attached a plate of gold. The first impression which this odd appendage gives is, that the wearer must have been trepanned. This tasteless head-

dress, with its cap and golden flaps, is said to cost from ten to twelve pounds ; but being a distinction from the vulgar, it is considered cheap enough. These Friezlanders wear besides golden ringlets round the neck, and pendants from the ear. They are said to be exceedingly tenacious of their ancient customs and dress, and also of their language, which differs as much from modern Dutch as the Flemish does.

The dress of the ladies of Amsterdam is French ; and that usually worn by tradesmen's wives and servant-girls differs but little from that of the same classes in England, except that the latter description of Hollanders have rarely any summer covering on their head but a cap, and they frequently wear long cloaks with hoods, as in the Netherlands. The men also now dress much the same as with us. The little round hat, the puckered jacket, and the wide breeches of the men have entirely disappeared, except among some of the northern fishermen ; and the same kind of hat, the jacket, and short petticoat, displaying a pair of sky-blue stockings, have been equally deserted by the females.

Both sexes appear healthy, which our doctors say they ought not to do in a climate so humid, and amidst a stench from stagnant canals so deleterious. The deaths, we understood, amount to about twenty a day ; which, on a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, give an average of four per cent. ; a much greater mortality than the average of European cities.

One cannot walk the length of a street in Amsterdam without meeting a certain gentleman

dressed in black, with a crape depending from his hat, and a sheet of paper in his hand. He is known by the name of *aansprecker*, (announcer, or reporter,) whose business it is to go round to the relatives and acquaintances of a deceased person, to announce his death. To give notice to the friends of the birth of a child, a written bulletin is frequently stuck up on the door-post of the house, stating the health of the mother and child to be, as usual, 'as well as can be expected.'

If Amsterdam should happily regain its former state of prosperity, it well either be necessary to build on the boulevards, or fill up the adjoining polders; though it is probable that, in such an event, another city would rise on the north side of the Ai, opposite to the old one, either by Buicksluys, where the grand canal enters it, or at Saardam, or more properly Saandam, where the Czar Peter, under the name of Peter Michaelhof, learnt the trade of ship-building; and where the late Emperor Alexander, when at Amsterdam, visited the cabin and its homely furniture of his great ancestor.

That side of the Ai is preferable as a port to this on which the city now stands, being the weather-shore, and sheltered from all winds. The king is said to have it in contemplation to appoint commissioners to examine and report on his naval establishments. He could not do better than remove the dock-yard of Amsterdam across the water, as, in its present position, it is exposed to the prevailing winds. At present, however, it would appear more prudent to direct his attention to his army rather than the navy. He will find

that a military navy is not to be made without an extensive mercantile navy, which he has not. Certain northern political economists, among their many absurdities, have hazarded the assertion that an efficient navy may be raised and maintained without merchant-ships, colonies, or commerce. A nation that should be foolish enough to try the experiment would find itself much in the situation of the Israelites, who were required by the Egyptians to make bricks without straw. The Dutch have more sense than to be gulled by such fooleries.

CHAPTER V.

AMSTERDAM TO NIMEGUEN.

HAVING thus in two days satisfied our curiosity in regard to Amsterdam, visited several of its institutions, and seen externally every street almost in this city, having one of the days been on our legs full eight hours, we made our arrangements for departing the following morning on our way to Utrecht. The distance is twenty-two miles, which, by way of variety, we once thought of passing over in a *treckschuyt*; but the weather was threatening; and wishing to get to the Rhine as speedily as possible, that we might see the more of that noble river, we hired a *char-à-banc*, with a pair of horses, for which we agreed to pay sixteen guilders, and three more for the amount of the tolls, which are high in all parts of Holland. The rain began to fall, and continued incessantly; and as there was nothing remarkable to be seen in Utrecht, we determined to proceed as far as Amerongen, a small town, or rather village, about sixteen miles farther on. For this distance we bargained to pay fourteen guilders, and two more for the tolls, making the whole sum thirty-five guilders for thirty-eight miles, which was performed by two very indifferent horses without halting, except to give them a morsel of hay and a little water.

The first part of the road after leaving Amsterdam is through a continued avenue of moderate-sized trees, bordered by canals, with gardens, villas, and the same kind of little summer-houses we have so often mentioned as those overlooking the road. It was quite amusing and delightful to pass so many neat houses, 'whimsically pretty,' as one of our countrymen calls the country-dwellings of the Dutch, surrounded by their little gardens, walled in, as it were, within square enclosures of four green dykes, and, as a necessary appendage, as many ditches. Sometimes these enclosures are of considerable extent, containing several villas, and the place shut in is then called a *polder*, and the greater part of the country around the capital is made up of an aggregation of these polders. It was some time before we had passed the last of these curious communities, when a causeway commenced that was raised a little above the level of that same kind of flat surface, which occurred on the opposite or western side of the Haarlem Meer. It was, in fact, a continuation of those flat meadows, intersected with ditches, very rich and green, with numerous herds of cattle grazing, but destitute of trees, and almost of any kind of shrubby plant, except a few willows along the margins of the ditches. To the westward were seen some sand-hills or dunes in the distance, which were on the boundary of the Haarlem Meer, terminating the horizon.

At the distance of some six or seven miles from Amsterdam, the face of the country begins to change for the better. Something like woods and copses now began to show themselves, and the grounds

were enlivened by good, substantial, and gentlemanlike houses, and these became more frequent as we advanced to the southward. The surface, too, was more broken and varied as we approached Utrecht. Here, indeed, the northern branch of the Rhine, which passes through the town of Utrecht, begins to show something like rising banks, and in passing through the town the stream is so far below the general surface of the country, that the streets and the houses are considerably above the level of the water, to which the inhabitants descend by ladders, sometimes from the second story. The fact is, that the general surface of the country having risen into something like hills at Utrecht, it was no easy matter to cause the river and its canals to rise to the level of the houses; they therefore sunk the houses to the level of the canals. We saw at once, therefore, that we must here take leave of the flat gardens, their fish-ponds and ditches, and their corresponding little summer-houses, which had afforded us so much amusement. The only striking object that appears from the road is the old church of Utrecht, partly in ruins, with its noble tower, said to be four hundred feet high. The once celebrated University has lost its character, and is nearly deserted by students, and the professors are said to be reduced to a state of great poverty. The population is reckoned at about thirty thousand, one half of whom are Catholics. We had now to drive along a noble avenue of linden-trees, three or four deep on each side of the road, and of an interminable length to the eye. We have been told, indeed, that the Mall of Utrecht is the finest in the world; which,

beautiful as it certainly is, cannot, as we all thought, be put in competition with those magnificent avenues of Hampton Court and of Bushy Park, whose noble trees of linden and horse-chestnut far exceed in beauty any that Holland can produce. Neither has it anything to compare with another of the few avenues which fashion has spared to England—that of the magnificent beech-trees which leads to Stanstead House, in Hampshire,—not yet quite defaced by the demolition which it suffered by the avidity of its late proprietor.

The road continues for a considerable distance to be shaded by this avenue of beeches, elms, and lindens; and scarcely a house occurs on either side that has not a very respectable appearance, with double or triple rows of fine trees leading up to it. The grounds, too, are frequently laid out with large plantations of various kinds of trees and oak copses, and the hedges which enclose them are also of oak. On a rising ground on the left, near the village of Zeyst, is a huge pyramid or mound of earth, said to be one hundred and fifty feet high, raised by the army of Marmont on the occasion of Napoleon being created emperor; but we could not discover that it was held in any kind of respect by the Dutch.

As we approached Amerongen the soil became more sandy, the general surface of the country more undulated, and we observed, for the first time since entering Holland, that rounded pebbles were imbedded in the banks by the road side, as if this indicated the ancient beach or bank of the Rhine, when that mighty stream may have flowed towards

Utrecht in its integrity, and before it had been divided and diverted into, what we considered to be, the artificial channel of the Waal, which in modern times has become its principal stream, that carries to the sea the great volume of its water. We thought this the more probable, as the surface of the country to the right of the road was depressed, perfectly level, and continued so to the margin of the small branch of the Rhine which flowed through it to Utrecht.

It has been observed that on the gates of almost all the villas or parks some inscription or motto is written up; here however the custom seems to be to publish in the same manner the name of the possessor of the domain, and generally with a notification to warn off poachers. Thus we frequently see 'Jan Peterson's yaght,' 'private yaght,' 'myn eigen yaght;' that is, John Peterson's shooting-ground, private shooting, or for my own shooting. This kind of notice, it would seem, is effectual for keeping out poachers or intruders; for the game-laws in Holland are as strict or more so than in England, and the licence required for shooting is said to be much more expensive, and the penalty in proportion. It is not easy to imagine, however, what kind of game there could possibly be to hunt or shoot in some of these small domains of a few acres; but different notions of sporting are entertained by different nations: the oude stadhouder is said to have amused himself by coursing hares and rabbits in the court-yard of his palace, and the old King of Naples enjoyed the pleasure of shooting tame ducks from a window as they were driven past it in the pond. It may

be taken for granted, however, that where there is plenty of game to eat, there must be plenty of game to shoot, and we experienced no want of it on our journey at table; but it did so happen that, in the whole of our route through Holland, and along the Rhine as far as Mentz, from thence to Frankfort, and on our return from Cologne through the Netherlands, we never saw a single pheasant or partridge, either running or on the wing; yet the latter in particular was served up at table daily throughout the month of August. To make amends, hares and rabbits were seen skipping about in great abundance.

We were now travelling along a very extensive domain of a gentleman whose name, if it was not the name of his place, appeared at every little gate and opening of the wood—it was Brookhuysen, to which was here and there added 'myn eigen yaght.' This property continued for at least a mile, and the plantations of young firs that bordered the road were very extensive on both sides, and rabbits in scores were everywhere seen skipping across the road. We were now on rising ground, and had evidently taken leave of everything like a level meadow, and all the open spaces in the woods and copses were under cultivation. Here too on the rising ground to the left we observed for the first time a few long-haired sheep browsing on the heathy land.

The crops on the right were chiefly confined to buck-wheat, of which we passed some hundred acres by the road-side in the course of the latter half of this day's journey; but this grain, with the exception of a few fields of oats and some patches

of clover and potatoes, was the only kind that we observed. It is used here, as in China, for making the lighter and finer kinds of pastry. From the quantity of fresh ploughed land, however, it is probable that the wheat harvest had been got in and the stubble turned under by the plough. The road itself the whole way was smooth and beautiful, and as level as a bowling-green, but in some few places, where the level surface was interrupted, it was covered with gravel.

The only inn at Amerungen is the post-house, not very good as to accommodation, but the people extremely civil and desirous of making it as comfortable as our unexpected visit and their means would allow, which is all that a traveller has a right to expect. We paid, however, for their civility—the charge for a bad supper, and an equally bad breakfast, with lodging, being twenty-seven guilders, or forty-five shillings, just about double of that which the best hotel in Amsterdam would have charged. Indeed we have invariably found, what is perhaps not unreasonable to expect, that at the first hotels, where the fare is best, the charge is least.

On the morning of the 15th at nine o'clock we left Amerungen, and proceeded with the same horses that had brought us from Amsterdam, and which were to carry us to Arnheim, a distance of more than twenty miles, for sixteen guilders. This town is not precisely in the direct road, but the rain which had continued incessantly to fall in torrents for eight and forty hours had made the lower and usual road quite impassable.

That, however, between Amerungen and Arn-

heim proved to be quite delightful, perfectly level, and with a very gentle curvature or rise in the middle. It was covered with clinkers, and we had often remarked, in passing over one of these roads, that the water never remained on any part of them. The last two days satisfied us, that let it rain as hard and as long as it may, not a drop of water will be seen standing on either any part of the middle or the sides of the road, provided it is properly kept in order, as they all seem to be. This may be noticed as a fact, but we were unable satisfactorily to account for it; perhaps, however, it may be explained by supposing the clinkers to be laid on a bed of fine sand, and this perhaps on faggots, which would let the water pass through the crevices between the bricks, and into the sub-strata that support them.

On approaching the ancient fortified town of Rheenen, the Rhine, or that branch of it which passes close by this place to the northward, now appeared in its natural character of a fine flowing stream, winding close along a bank on which we travelled, elevated several feet above its surface, it having here completely lost its slow and sluggish motion, more like that of an artificial canal than a river.

Rheenen is an ancient town, in which there is little to excite a stranger's attention, except it be the tower of the old church, which is a bold and striking specimen of heavy Gothic. In the neighbourhood of this town, the land appears to be neatly and carefully cultivated, chiefly with tobacco. It is planted in small squares, of a rood, or sometimes less than half a rood in extent, the side of each

square being planted by a row of the large French kidney bean, or scarlet runners, which had now reached the height of six or seven feet, and formed a close hedge all round the little plantations to secure the broad leaves of the tobacco-plant from the wind. The bean was now in full blossom of scarlet flowers; and the ground on the right of the road being covered as far as the eye could reach with these patches of tobacco, the face of the country in that direction presented a very singular and beautiful appearance.

On the left of the road, the surface rose into hills of considerable height, sometimes covered with thickets of brushwood, mixed with small plantations, in some places, of Scotch firs and Weymouth pines, mingled with oaks, beech, and birch. These, with the heaths and the fern intermixed, gave this part of the country very much the appearance of many of the heath lands of England; the more so, as the road twisted and winded among them, as is usually the case in our own country.

A little beyond Rheenen we descended to the valley of the Rhine on our right, where all was flat, and we observed in places extensive and high embankments to protect the plain against the encroachment of the river.

The approach to Arnheim is particularly striking. It is through an avenue of fine beech-trees near two miles in length, and the vista terminated by a lofty old tower of one of the churches, with the Rhine on the right, and the rising grounds of the left covered with villas, and well clothed. The environs of Arnheim were really beautiful; perhaps

they may but appear to greater advantage after leaving the sombre flats of the neighbourhood of Amsterdam.

On arriving at Arnheim, our horses, as may be supposed, were entirely knocked up; and as the finely paved road of clinkers had here ceased, and a sort of rude Macadamized road commences, it would have been madness as well as an act of cruelty to have taken them on to the spot where we were to cross the Waal to Nimeguen. We therefore prevailed on our honest Dutch driver to let his *char-à-banc* proceed with us to that spot, a distance of about nine miles, with a pair of fresh horses from the inn, for which we were required to pay the reasonable sum of five guilders.

The moment we had got through the town of Arnheim, we crossed the Rhine over a long stone bridge, the approach to which, and for some time on the other side of it, was over a very execrable road. We were now on the level valley of the Rhine, and between it and the Waal; the surface was low and swampy, and the road continued very indifferent: it appeared as if we had two embankments, one on the left to keep out the Rhine, and an immense one on the right to prevent the encroachment of the Waal. It appeared also, as we afterwards found to be the case, that the great public road to Rheenen, on which the rain here prevented us from travelling, was on the summit of this great bank.

We arrived about three o'clock at a small inn on the right bank of the Waal, directly opposite to Nimeguen, and the access to which is partly by a bridge of boats and partly by a flying bridge,

the former extending to about the middle of the stream on this side, and the latter over the other half next to Nimeguen. A ferry is not the most desirable method of crossing a rapid river; but of all the different kinds of ferrying, that by means of what is called a flying bridge is considerably the best and most convenient where it can be adopted, which is only where the river has a considerable current. An anchor is fixed at a certain distance up the stream, always greater than the breadth of the river, from which a cable of rope or chain passes to the platform of the ferry-boat, which is here supported on a couple of large barges. This cable is buoyed up by passing over such a number of boats as may be found necessary. If the rudder of the large platform be moved so as to turn the heads of the supporting barges about a point of the compass towards the stream, so as to let it act against the sides of their bows, they will, of course, sheer across, or oscillate like a pendulum, with a slow and uniform motion, to the opposite side, the cable and its supporting boats edging over in the direction of the platform. By having the height of the platform the same as those of the two piers or landing-places on the sides of the river, carriages of any size, carts or waggons, without unyoking the horses, may drive upon it and pass over without disturbing passengers or baggage within them.

The young Prince of Holland, whose expected arrival in Amsterdam had prevented us from seeing the palace, crossed over this evening in a carriage drawn by six horses, not one of which was taken out, nor did the coachman or postillions leave their seats.

Having got our dinner at the little inn, and the steam-boat making its appearance, though at a considerable distance, we crossed over by the flying bridge, and waited the arrival of the vessel at Nimeguen. The passage-money for six persons in the great cabin, which we fortunately had to ourselves, and a servant in the fore-cabin, from hence to Cologne, was one hundred and four guilders, or *fl.* 13s., the distance being more than a hundred miles.

On departing from Nimeguen in the steam-boat, we took leave of the last town of the United Provinces of Holland that we should have the opportunity of seeing,—of a country that, with all its ditches and its dykes, its sloots, sluices, and polders, is unquestionably one of the most singular, the most curious, and most interesting countries in the world; and as to the people who inhabit, and whose ancestors may fairly be said to have created it, though they have been represented as cold and uncourteous towards strangers, rude in their speech, and repulsive in their manners, we can, with honest truth, declare, that so far from experiencing any conduct of this kind, or having the slightest ground of complaint in any one instance, or in any part of the country from Rotterdam to Nimeguen, we never found them to be wanting in the common courtesies and civilities of life. They may, perhaps, be more cautious and reserved towards strangers than the natives of other European countries usually are; but a very short acquaintance banishes all restraint, and they become cheerful, open-hearted, and communicative. We are told, how-

ever, by certain philosophers who resolve the different temperaments and dispositions of men into the effect of climate, that a Dutchman must necessarily be grave and phlegmatic, from the animal spirits being subjected to a dull, dense, and humid atmosphere, to which they are almost constantly exposed. This doctrine is mere theory, like many others espoused by the ingenious author of 'Esprit des Loix;' but experience having proved it contrary to fact, is now pretty nearly exploded.

But the Dutch have been accused of avarice and inhumanity. That the middle class of society are economical and parsimonious, is very certain; but their parsimony and economy are, in all probability, the natural result of industrious habits of trade, and of labour not the most productive of profit. Their young men, almost from the period of their infancy, are instructed in the pursuits of commerce, and learn at an early age to consider the great business of life to be gain, a portion of which is laid by every year.

'Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.'

In a somewhat higher class of life there is a general inclination to the prosecution of commercial pursuits, and indeed in all their undertakings they are equally industrious, persevering, and patient, with the labouring classes. We require no greater proof of the general character of this nation for persevering industry, and their unconquerable determination to overcome difficulties, than their successful exertions in braving and conquering the waves of the ocean—than the fact that, without a stone or pebble, they have raised

the most splendid edifices; without a tree they have laid the foundations of large cities on piles of wood; without a stick of timber fit for a ship's top-mast, they built a navy that disputed the seas with the most powerful navy in the world; that almost without an acre of arable land they supplied the markets of half of Europe with grain; that with a country not larger than Yorkshire they were able to raise a respectable army, and to take a leading part in the politics of Europe; and it ought to be added that, in all their mercantile transactions, the Dutch are remarkable for their punctuality, integrity, and honour. Their patriotism or love of country has always been a predominant feature in the Dutch character; in whatever part of the world a Dutchman may be placed, the word *Vaderland* bears a charm and is never heard without exciting a sensation of pleasure in his mind.

But then they are accused of being cruel and inhuman; and with what justice, as a nation, they can be so accused, it would not be so easy to show. The numerous charitable institutions of Holland, more particularly of Amsterdam, many of which are entirely supported at the expense of individuals, should alone be sufficient to disprove such an imputation. There is a little trait connected with one of these institutions, which shows them not only a humane but kind-hearted people. The hospital for the reception of the old and indigent of both sexes, on the quay of the *Amstel*, is contrived admirably for the comfort and convenience of the aged and infirm. The building is three hundred and sixty feet long by two hundred and

thirty deep. A gallery on each of the three stories runs round the four sides of the square, and behind it is a large garden for the inmates to walk in, and enjoy the fresh air. This building has a dining-room of one hundred and twenty-three feet in length, and an infirmary of the same dimensions. The year 1783 was the centennial anniversary of its establishment, and on this occasion the directors gave a feast to all the pensioners, amounting to upwards of six hundred and fifty, who were regaled in the most sumptuous manner, and the best part of Amsterdam were present to witness the joy of the old people on this occasion. The Emperor of China therefore is not the only humane person who can enjoy the gratification of making others happy by his annual feast given to the most aged of his subjects.

The beneficent society and the charitable and disinterested subscribers to the agricultural establishment of Frederick's-oord is another proof of the active benevolence and humanity which distinguish the people of Holland. It is no speculation founded on the remotest chance of profit, but solely on that of relieving the distresses of their unfortunate fellow-subjects. Of this small canton or district (which *oord* signifies) Mr. Jacob, the Comptroller of Corn Returns, has collected a detailed and most interesting account from the published reports of its progress and condition. This benevolent institution, whose object is to lessen the burden of pauperism and improve the moral habits of the juvenile portion of it, is indebted for its origin and its successful progress to the intelligence, the zeal and indefatigable

benevolence of General Van den Bosch. This officer, when in Java, purchased an estate and made the pursuit of agriculture his study. A Chinese mandarin with a number of emigrants from that country settled by chance near him. The General soon observed that, with all his labour and care, the crops of his Chinese neighbour greatly exceeded his own; he therefore took lessons of the mandarin, and such was the successful result, that, when he returned to Europe, the estate which had cost him twenty-five thousand rix-dollars, he sold for one hundred and fifty thousand.

The General, on his return to his native country, published a little tract on the practicability of instituting a general pauper establishment in the kingdom of the Netherlands. It happened that the good king (for so he may justly be styled) was in 1817 occupied with a plan for bringing into productive tillage an extensive waste of heath land between Maastricht and Breda. The attention of his Majesty was drawn to that of the General. A society was set on foot at the Hague, for the intended experiment, under the patronage of the King, of which Prince Frederick, his second son, was nominated president for life. Twenty thousand individuals became members, and their contributions amounted to seventy thousand florins, or 5,833*l.* sterling.

The first operation was to purchase an estate near the town of Steenwyk, on the confines of Friesland, Overijssel, and Drenthe, consisting of about one thousand three hundred English acres, together with two thousand six hundred acres of

heath land, for which the society paid the sum of fifty-six thousand florins, or about 4,666*l*. The river *Aa*, or *Au*, which runs through it, was made navigable for boats into the Zuyder Zee. Buildings for fifty-two families, to consist of six to eight individuals each, a storehouse, a school, and a spinning house, were speedily erected.

All these operations were commenced early in September, 1818, and ere the 10th of November following, fifty-two indigent families sent by the communes entered upon their new habitations. To each family was granted seven morgen or fourteen acres of land. The whole outfit for each family, made on a minute estimate, was one thousand seven hundred florins, or 141*l*. 13*s*. sterling, which was to be repaid to the society in sixteen years, while the annual rent, with which the colonists were to be charged, was settled to be equal to the interest of the outfit; and such was the success of this small establishment, that, after a few years' experience, it was found that the annual excess of produce over subsistence, of each of the fifty-two families established at Frederick's-oord, amounted to one hundred guilders or florins, or 8*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. sterling.

Loans were now raised for extending the system, to be advanced by the king in his individual character, or by the government, or by the communes, or charitable corporations, or by individuals, each loan limited to five thousand one hundred guilders, or 425*l*. sterling, the exact outfit of three families: the advantage of thus grouping them together was, that two of them were to consist of six paupers each, and the

third of six orphans or foundlings, not under six years of age, with a married couple, or a woman only to take charge of the children. For every such sum the contributors had the privilege of sending three such families.

Sixty guilders were to be paid back yearly to the contributors, for the maintenance of each child, which in the orphan and poor-houses was found to cost nearly double; and it is reported that these twelve paupers do more than maintain themselves.

The first principle of this society is, that no colonist shall, even for the shortest period, be unemployed; and with this view they are under the inspection of the different officers, who exercise their respective duties with the strictness of military precision. General Van den Bosch, as superior director, superintended in person the whole establishment. A sub-director presided over one hundred families; a quarter-master over twenty-four families; a section-master over twelve, who was required to be a practical agriculturist. 'Thus the whole mechanism,' says Mr. Jacob, 'resembles that of an army, divided into sections, companies, battalions, and brigades.' They are employed in various kinds of labour, as the preparation of lime from shells, making of bricks, building dwellings, barns, &c., but the greater portion is employed in field labour; the chief implements are the spade and the hoe, at which they soon become sufficiently expert. Every kind of labour is performed by the piece, nothing by the day. The women are employed in spinning and weaving. The amount of their earnings is regularly kept, and a card given which

procures at the public store food and other articles at fixed prices. The labour with spades of six individuals in digging fourteen acres, and repeating the operation when required, the sowing, and harvesting, may be supposed to occupy but a certain portion of the fifty-two weeks; the rest is chiefly employed in preparing the composts for manure, and on this, in fact, the success of the colony almost wholly depends.

The subject is a very curious and a very important one, as without it poor soils such as sand and heath can never be rendered productive, and with it we have here incontestible proof that they can. Mr. Jacob has collected all the details, and very remarkable they are, on this subject; the practice is precisely what General Van den Bosch learnt from his Chinese mandarin. The result of the experiment is that the society obtain rent at about twelve shillings the morgen, for the seven morgen, house, and barn; they are repaid the cost of the flax and yarn that has been spun, for the use of the draught cattle, carts, and implements; for the furniture and clothing; and for the provisions consumed before the first crops were harvested; and the seven morgen of land, which cost them originally less than four pounds an acre, will produce a yearly rent of more than that sum. If any proof was wanting of the complete success of the experiment it is this,—that by the last statistical return, which Mr. Jacob has received, up to 1825, that is to say, seven years after the first establishment, the number of colonists settled at Frederick's-oord amounted to six thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight individuals, including two thousand one hundred

and seventy-four orphans and foundlings; and since then he tells us considerable additions have been made to the loans and to the numbers admitted.

In the southern provinces similar plans have been put in practice. A colony formed at Wortel, near Antwerp, on a barren heath, in 1822, had, at the end of 1823, one hundred and twenty-five farms already in cultivation; and the society had contracted with the government to maintain one thousand mendicants during sixteen years, at the rate of thirty-five guilders, not quite 3*l.* a year, most of them beggars and idlers from Brussels. The chief director of the establishment is Captain Van den Bosch, a brother of the General, whose plans he implicitly follows. It is, in fact, to the active intelligence, the unshaken firmness, and incorruptible integrity of this humane and disinterested individual that the success of Frederick's-oord has been mainly owing. The example is spreading fast throughout the kingdom. At Bruges, an individual who is possessed of a tract of heathland has contracted with Government to take a thousand mendicants on the same terms. It may be added that every encouragement is given to meritorious colonists by indulgences of various kinds, and by the distributions of gold, silver, and copper medals; and there is also a graduated scale of punishments for offences. No indecent or profane words are allowed while at work; no wrangling, quarrelling, or fighting; the use of ardent spirits is forbidden. Places of worship are provided for Catholics, Lutherans, and even for the Jews. School-houses are built, and regular

masters provided; and the books made use of are such that neither Catholic nor Protestant can object to them; and it is stated that the pious instructions of the clergy, combined with constant employment, have had a most beneficial influence on the habits of all the paupers, but more especially of the younger portion of them. Can such a people, so ready to stretch forth a hand for the relief of poverty and wretchedness be justly accused of inhumanity or of avarice?—every fact contradicts the assertion.

Mr. Jacob observes, that 'it is impossible to look at the condition of Ireland and not to desire earnestly that some plan similar to what he has detailed, but accommodated to the state of society, and to the character of the peasantry of that part of the empire, could be tried.' Earnestly, no doubt, it is to be desired, but it is also to be feared it will remain to be desired; for were the Irish peasantry even more plastic than they are, it may be questioned whether their volatile natures would allow them to submit to the necessary degree of restraint, and the regular and orderly habits of life, which have insured the success of the Frederick's-oord establishment. Besides, it may be apprehended that there are too many mischievous disturbers of the public peace in that unhappy island ready to counteract a plan which they would describe as an infringement on the civil rights of the people; and under such impediments, and such materials to work upon, no managers would be found, unless armed with military authority, to undertake the direction with any hope of bringing it to a successful issue.

That many individuals of the Dutch nation have proved themselves unworthy the character of humanity in their eastern possessions, is but too true; and it is not improbable that the unfavorable impression may have been caused from what has happened in that quarter of the world. At the same time it must be admitted that the Dutch are not the only people whom a residence among the slaves of the east has operated a change of character unfavorable to individuals, but which ought not to affect the national character.

India is unhappily a part of the world to which it is not too much to say, individuals are generally sent with no other view or object than to accumulate wealth; and they go under the impression, that the sooner they make a fortune, and quit the country, the more agreeable. Hence it has happened, not to the Dutch alone, that, during the process of accumulation, we have heard of but too many instances where avarice and inhumanity have not undeservedly stamped with infamy the names of individuals. Thus it was avarice alone that induced the governor of a Dutch fort, to commit the base act of selling to the enemy which was investing it the very gunpowder by which he was enabled to make its capture; and the same base passion alone must have actuated that servant of the English East India Company, who was accused of fitting out a privateer under false colours, to capture a ship belonging to his employers. These are individual delinquencies not chargeable to the national character.

As little reason is there for accusing the Dutch generally with inhumanity for the atrocious pro-

ceedings of certain individuals on the island of Amboyna, which, from the little notice taken of them at the time by the government to whom those who were the sufferers belonged, it may be presumed were much exaggerated; but let them be ever so true, have we no parallel atrocities to produce, exercised on the Omrahs, and Rajahs, and Begums of our Indian empire?

If Warren Hastings had been found guilty of all the charges laid against him, but of which he was proved to be innocent, the character of the English nation would not have been impeached, because a person sent to India from his native country, when a boy, and reared in the midst of depravity, might have committed enormities, which would not have been endured at home.

But it has been alleged that the cruel and cold-blooded character of the Dutch has been developed in the assassination of the very men to whom of all others the country owed its fame and prosperity, such men as the Pensionary De Witt and Barneveldt. De Witt it is well known was murdered by a set of ruffians of the lowest description, instigated by the Orange faction; and Barneveldt was executed by the sentence of a mock trial, before judges chosen for the purpose, by the same faction. But because we also have had our statesmen assassinated, and our legal murders perpetrated on the first personage of the realm under the mockery of a trial, are we on that account to be set down as a nation of cruel and inhuman assassins?

The name of Barneveldt reminds one of a noble trait of his widow, befitting a Roman

matron. When her son, to avenge his father's death, had entered into a conspiracy against the government, was tried and condemned, the mother petitioned for his pardon, and on being asked why she had not petitioned for her husband, nobly replied, 'I would not ask for my husband's pardon, because he was innocent and needed no pardon; I ask for my son's, because he is guilty.'

Holland, indeed, is not wanting in examples of female heroism and self-devotion, nor is Kenau Hasselaar the only heroine who gained distinction, when the inhuman Spaniards laid siege to Leyden and Haarlem.

We saw too little of female society to form any judgment as to the share which the ladies take in the amusements of their lords and masters. They are understood, however, to make excellent wives, and to manage the domestic concerns with fidelity and ability; 'yea,' as an old anonymous writer has it, 'it is a general observation in this country, that where the women have the direction of the purse and trade, the husbands seldom prove bankrupts, it being the property of a true-born Holland wife, presently after marriage, to apply herself wholly to her business.' It may also be mentioned that instances of infidelity are more rare in Holland than in any other nation, indeed they can scarcely be said to exist.

The middling and lower class of females are certainly not remarkable for their beauty; but their dress is not exactly calculated to set off their features to advantage. Among the better classes, Parisian fashions have crept in since they have had the advantage of a visit from the French court in Amsterdam.

On the whole we could not agree with the antithetical summary of the Dutch character and their country, which Sir William Temple has given us, without a good deal of modification; but this might strip his paragraph of much of its prettiness. He says 'that it is a country where the earth is better than the air, and profit more in request than honour; where there is more sense than wit, more good-nature than good-humour, and more wealth than pleasure; where a man would choose rather to travel than to live; will find more things to observe than desire; and more persons to esteem than love.'

But we will conclude by adding, that there are no people in Europe so well governed as the Dutch, with so little expense, and with so little trouble, because they are sober-minded, quiet, industrious, and obedient to the laws; and because they have a King to whom they do but bare justice in styling him the 'father of his people.'

CHAPTER VI.

PASSAGE UP THE RHINE. FROM NIMEGUEN TO COLOGNE.

THE bad weather, which was but just clearing up this afternoon, had probably deterred passengers from embarking on board the steamer, which left Rotterdam in the morning, as there were not above half a dozen on board. We had therefore the *paravillion*, or stern cabin, wholly to ourselves; which was so far fortunate, as it was necessary we should pass the night in the boat. We left Nimeguen about six in the evening, and about nine reached Emmerick, the frontier town, which marks the territorial division of the King of the Netherlands and of Prussia, on the left bank of the Rhine. Here we were stopped about a quarter of an hour by a visit from the Prussian douaniers, who appeared to be military officers. They conducted themselves towards us with the utmost politeness, and were satisfied with merely opening our trunks, without examining or even touching any article within them.

We had not much to regret by passing up this lower part of the Rhine by night, as the whole country on both sides of the river is a dead flat, or nearly so, as far as Dusseldorf; and even there it does not much improve. Low natural banks, overgrown with reeds, rushes, and willows, not

unlike the navigation among the Zealand islands ; in some places the view shut out by artificial embankments ; flat meadows of deep green, interspersed with corn-fields, and here and there a poor looking village, make up, where the banks do not obstruct, the view, for the greater part, of the lower Rhine. In short, the surface on both sides differs not much from that of Holland, having the disadvantage of not being enlivened with those numerous and neat little painted houses, trim gardens, and avenues of trees, which, while they adorn, impart an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the inhabitants of the latter country, and which are here wholly wanting.

The greater part of the inhabitants who made their appearance in and about the villages on the banks of the Rhine, were clothed in rags, half naked, dirty, and sun-burnt, almost to blackness. This was more particularly the case between Urdingen and Keirserwerth. Near the latter of these places we passed a long straggling village on the left bank, called Gilb, covered by, and in places concealed behind, an embankment, which had a mean and wretched appearance, though, Mr. Schröber * informs us, it possesses great historical interest, being once the Gelduba of Tacitus and Florus, where Drusus established a bridge across the Rhine. There is no vestige at present of any such work. Not only this village, but most of those we had passed, wore every mark of extreme poverty. The houses mean ; most of them in a ruinous condition, and surrounded with filth ; the

* The author of the best guide for those who visit the Banks of the Rhine.

women and children, who were the only persons seen, were ill-clad and disgustingly dirty, with ill-looking, vacant countenances, and as brown as Portuguese. At Urdingen the Rhine is crossed by a flying bridge.

Hitherto we had scarcely seen a vessel of any description navigating this fine river ; and among those few which were here and there lying at anchor under its banks, we did not observe a single one that carried the Dutch flag. It was not clear whether this circumstance was owing to any impediments caused by the discussions carrying on with the ' *Etats Riverains*,' in consequence of the treaty of Vienna, or merely to the difficulties and disadvantages occurring in a river navigation, with a current of at least four miles an hour, and in some of the contracted parts, five. Even our steamer could not make good above five knots in the most favourable parts, frequently not above four, and sometimes only three, and was obliged to cross constantly from one side to the other to catch the eddy water. The recent rains had considerably swelled the river, and of course increased the strength of the current.

On approaching Dusseldorf, the first hills are seen to make their appearance at a short distance behind it. We had heard much of the beauty and bustle which might be expected at this German city, once famed for its gallery of pictures, but that portion of it at least which borders on the river showed no symptoms of either ; and as we were only to stop half an hour to take on board some passengers, we did not think it worth our while to land. A ruined castle and the tower of a church

with its ugly spire, blazing with twelve gilded suns, were the only objects that attracted our attention.

From Dusseldorf to Neus the river winds in an extraordinary manner, on account of its having, at some time or other, forsaken its ancient bed, which, however, it is said to have done in the time of the Romans, when it flowed close to the walls of Neus, then called Novesium. This town stands at present at the distance of nearly two miles inland, so that nothing more of it than the lofty tower and the cupola of the church St. Quirin can be seen from the river. On the top of the cupola is a full-length colossal statue of the saint, which has a fine appearance even at this distance. It was at Neus that Drusus is reported to have thrown a bridge across the Rhine; and it was here that, in the year 1813, the allied armies effected their first passage across the river; and there is now, at the head of the reach before Neus, a flying bridge whose cable is moored at such a great distance up the stream, as to require eleven boats in a line to buoy it up.

No sooner had we passed the great bend in the river before Neus, than a range of fine blue hills showed themselves in the distance, and were seen to great advantage through a thin transparent ethereal mist, that happened just then to be spread over their sides, the exhalations probably from the late rains, which the sun was just then dispersing. After the eye had been accustomed so long, and so completely satiated, with looking on the everlasting deep green of the meadows, swamps, and dykes of Holland, and with the wil-

lows and rushes of the low banks of the Rhine, it was a great relief to survey the gentle acclivity which the face of the country now put on, commencing close to and ascending from the banks of the river. The rising grounds were covered with cornfields, copses, and plantations of wood, and backed by those distant hills, which were wearing so enchanting a hue.

Opposite to the Chateau of Benrath, the Rhine makes another extraordinary bend which opens out into one of the finest reaches we had yet seen of this great river. This Chateau had all the appearance of being a good substantial house; it was backed by an extensive wood of beech trees, through which several avenues had either been cut, or the trees, as is most probable, had originally been planted in regular lines to form them. The grounds in front and on each side were in a high state of cultivation, and numerous peasantry of both sexes employed upon them. At the bottom, or, more correctly speaking, at the upper end of the reach stands the ancient town of Zons, exhibiting its two spires rising out of its two towers—the one square, the other round. From hence all this part of the grand Duchy of Berg, as far as the eye could take in the country, was backed by a long range of hills, well wooded in parts, and chequered with cornfields up to their very summits, so that the view was eminently beautiful.

On the left bank of the next reach of the Rhine is the town of Woringen, from whence the voyager obtains the first sight of the 'Seven Mountains,' rearing their blue heads just above the horizon.

Several villages now begin to appear in succession along both banks of the river, till we approach Rhynkassel, in the immediate neighbourhood of which the surface of the country appeared naked and sandy, but the river itself winded into a succession of broad reaches resembling so many lakes, especially that fine broad expanse of water, on the right margin of which the town of Wiesdorf is situated.

Here we first get sight of the city of Cologne, with its numerous spires and towers. Presently the town of Mühleim appears, situated on the right bank at the head of one of the finest reaches of the Rhine which we had yet passed. At this place, which is supposed to have been the capital of the Ubians, Cæsar is said to have thrown a wooden bridge across the Rhine. In fact, a wooden bridge still exists across the river at this place, but it is only a flying bridge of the common kind. From this spot nothing can be conceived more striking and magnificent than the appearance of the city of Cologne, at the distance of three or four miles, situated at the head of a noble expanse of water, bordered by a rich and beautiful country on both of its margins. The ancient town of Deutz with its old Benedictine Abbey is immediately opposite to Cologne; and farther inland on the slope of the hills is beautifully situated the once splendid chateau of Bensberg, now stripped of all its magnificence, and converted, as we understood, into a hospital for the reception of lunatics.

We arrived at Cologne at eight o'clock in the evening, and took up our quarters at the Rhynberg

hotel, which stands on the margin of the river, and immediately before which the steam-boat lands her passengers.

COLOGNE.

Cologne, Cohn, or as the Germans call it, Keulen, is a fine old city, and at one time one of the most wealthy and flourishing cities of Germany. It still retains, on the lower part of the town, or that which is washed by the river, more evident vestiges of Roman remains than any other spot perhaps on the banks of the Rhine. In a great part of the wall which extends along the river;—in the Pfaffenforte Gate, (the Porta Paphia or Flaminea of the Romans) on which appear the letters C.C.A.A. which the Antiquarians interpret Colonia, Claudia, Agrippina, Augusta;—in the *Thürms* or towers rising out of this wall;—in the mount on which the ancient church of St. Mary stands, still called St. Mary on the Capitol;—but above all, in the numerous antiquities that have been, and continue to be, dug up, in the town and its environs, and which have recently been collected and arranged in two rooms of the Museum;—in all these we have evidences as strong 'as proofs from holy writ,' and almost as strong as Rome itself can boast, of the ancient Romans having had one of their fixed stations at Cologne. The numerous busts, the sarcophagi, the stones marked with the numbers of the legions stationed at this spot, form a most valuable collection for the historian, as elucidating the Roman establish-

ments of their colonies in that part of Germany through which the Rhine flows.

Cologne was without doubt the Colonia Agripina. It is said that the Emperor Constantine caused a stone bridge to be erected over the Rhine at Cologne, and that the foundations of the piers may still be seen when the water is low; all the guide-books say so and the inhabitants believe it, but no one that we fell in with was willing to own that he had seen them. We were twice at Cologne, but looked in vain for these piers, which after all may probably be nothing more than a ridge of rocks, visible only in a low state of the river.

Cologne is a large city extending full two miles along the left bank of the Rhine, and about a mile inland, somewhat in the form of a crescent. It is said to contain from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants, an estimate which, judging from the extent and large space of ground unoccupied with houses within the walls would appear to be exaggerated. These open spaces consist of gardens and vineyards once belonging to the convents, from which an indifferent kind of Rhenish wine is still made, being the first place on ascending the Rhine where the grape is cultivated for that purpose. These gardens, with the public squares, appear to occupy a considerable portion of the city, perhaps not less than one third part of it. Besides, a city crowded with churches, chapels, and convents, and swarming with young priests and ancient nuns, living in a state of celibacy, is not one in which one would look for a dense population. It is stated in one of the guide-books that, previous to the

occupation of the town by the French, it contained not fewer than twelve thousand mendicants, who had each his particular station, which, on his death, he left as an inheritance to his children. This tribe of beggars, with two thousand five hundred ecclesiastics and a proportionate number of nuns, must have composed nearly a third part of the whole population.

There are still left beggars enough, not only here, but as we afterwards found, in every town and village we had to pass through, and also on the road, where every third or fourth foot-passenger that we encountered, came running up to the carriage, holding his hat to the window, or poking it into the inside. Many young Germans having finished their education, or served their apprenticeships, and wishing to see the world, make no ceremony in asking alms to assist them on the road. This offensive and intrusive custom is more frequently practised, and thought less of, by decent and respectable people in appearance, in catholic countries, than in others where that religion does not prevail. At least it is so on the continent, where, in fact, they are regularly instructed in the practice of begging. The priests beg from the people, and the people from one another. In every church the brass box is carried round with a rattling of its copper pieces to attract the attention of the auditory. Other boxes are set up with slits in their lids, to receive whatever the 'charitable and the humane' may please to put into them; and on particular fête days, as we witnessed in Cologne, the shops are converted into chapels, and the figures of Christ

and the Virgin Mary exhibited with open doors, in order to collect money; and decent-looking boys and girls mix among passengers in the street, urging them to give money. In the church at high mass the old women, who generally compose two-thirds of the congregation, will drop their beads and stop in the midst of a prayer to ask a stranger for charity.

The city of Cologne with its churches, chapels, and convents, and its eighty-three towers and thirteen grand gates, which M. Schreiber has assigned to it, has certainly a very imposing aspect from the river. Some of the churches will amply repay the traveller for any spare time he may have to bestow on them, particularly that unfinished mass of building, called the Dom Church, which even in its present state is one of the finest monuments of Gothic architecture, and if ever it should be finished according to the original design, which is not very probable, would perhaps be the very finest specimen of this kind in all Europe. Looking at it externally, we observe over the tops of the houses that are clustered round it, a large mass of building, terminated by a high roof, surrounded by turrets and pinnacles, rising out of the most beautiful walls of florid Gothic, richly fluted and fretted, in which are numerous windows of stupendous height and dimensions.

This, which is the only finished part, is the choir, and at an immense distance from it, and apparently disconnected, the unfinished walls being concealed by lofty houses built close up to them, is seen a beautiful and magnificent but also un-

nished tower of the same rich and florid Gothic, rising to the height of about two hundred feet, which is very little more apparently than the height of the choir. On the summit of this tower is an iron crane of very large dimensions, which was used for raising the stones; and as the progress of this noble building is said to have been put a stop to in 1499, and no attempt made since that period to finish it, this crane must have stood with its arm suspended in the air, a remarkable and conspicuous object, ever since:—whether it was left by accident after the scaffolding had been removed, or by design, which is most probable, to impress on the beholder that the intention of finishing the building was not abandoned, is now useless to enquire; but we can safely say it is very improbable that another munificent personage—to carry it on, out of his private fortune—will readily be found. It is remarkable enough that the name of the architect of this splendid building should remain unknown, but the original design is ascribed to the Archbishop Engelbert de Berg, whose successor commenced it in 1248.

A sister tower, with a grand entrance between the two, is raised only to the height of twenty to thirty feet. By the original plan these two towers were intended to rise to the stupendous height of five hundred feet, which appears to be about the length of the nave and choir.

There is enough of the interior to show what the arrangements were intended to be. The columns that were to support the roofs are all up, amounting, as is said, to one hundred. They are of an immense size, but at present support

nothing, the only ceiling being a temporary flooring of planks; and the great nave is entirely shut up. The service is performed in the choir, which is approached along the left side aisle, and these are the only two parts that are left open; and the only finished part is the choir, and the chapels which surround it. The altar is very fine, but not exactly corresponding with the lofty Gothic style of the windows, columns, and roof. It is a Grecian temple of an octagon form, with eight Ionic columns. On one side of it is the figure of the Virgin Mary with her child, and St. Peter with his keys on the other, two tolerably good statues in white marble. In the choir are two tombs of two Archbishops of Cologne, Antony and Adolphus Schauenbourg, surmounted with two figures of white marble which appeared to be well executed. By the side of the columns are figures of the apostles.

Behind the choir is the shrine of the three kings or magi, said to have been removed from Milan to Cologne in the year 1170, by the Emperor Frederic I., surnamed Barbarussa. Their names are Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar. The three skulls, which are all that remain of them, are said to have had crowns of gold ornamented with all manner of precious stones, which were lost or stolen when these highly esteemed relicts were carried off, in 1794, by the grand chapters of Cologne, who fled with them to Aremberg, to escape the rapacity of the French. They were returned in 1804, but, as the Swiss of the church told us, in a very different state from that in which they were sent away; and he hinted, what was not

necessary, that they were now only paste or glass, insinuating at the same time that the French had stolen the real ones, though in point of fact they were never within reach of the French. On the front of the shrine is the following inscription,

'Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum,

'Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum.'

The meaning of which may perhaps be mystical, and which none of us were anxious to discover.

The next church we visited was that of St. Peter, in which there is nothing remarkable either as to the architecture or decoration. Above the grand altar, however, is a picture of Rubens, which is considered to rank among his best; though neither the subject nor the mode in which it is treated is calculated to give pleasure, but very much the contrary, to excite a painful sensation. It is the crucifixion of St. Peter with the head downwards, and the executioners straining their muscles and distorting their features in hoisting him up. The French carried it off and placed it in the museum of Paris, but were obliged to restore it at the end of the war.

The picture was painted expressly for this church, being that in which the artist was christened. Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks highly as to the colouring and the light and shade of the drawing of the head and body of St. Peter, but finds fault with all the rest; 'many parts,' he says, 'of this picture are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting that Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars.'

It was one of the artist's last works, and his

affection for it was so great, that he says it was the best he ever painted; and no doubt if any one of his scholars had been as simple and honest as Gil Blas, Rubens, like the Archbishop of Grenada, would have told him he was a blockhead and sent him about his business.

In St. Martin's we observed the large square pillars surmounted, above the arcade, with handsome Ionic columns, having their capitals gilt. The upper part of the nave and the choir are of light Gothic, and the latter receives its light from a handsome dome. In this church, and, indeed, in almost all others, we observed from two to six large tubs or earthen vases, in which were planted handsome oleanders in full blossom.

St. Mary's is a fine old church, standing on a hill, to which we ascended by a flight of steps. On this hill it is supposed, as we have already observed, that the Roman capitol stood. There was no want of pictures in the choir, and on the side walls, but as we only saw it during service, and the church was full, we could not distinguish what the subjects were, or who were the artists. The church of the Apostles is a plain building, standing at the head of the largest of the five or six squares of the town. This square is planted round with trees, which afford a shady walk, and the centre is sufficiently large to allow of a parade, on which they mount guard every morning, and is capable of admitting from three to four thousand soldiers to be manœuvred. The number of troops in Cologne was said to amount to about two thousand four hundred, who looked remarkably smart with their white belts over their blue uniforms turned back

with red, and closely buttoned up to the throat. The Prussian officers, not only here, but in all the garrison towns, mix much in society, generally dine at the tables d'hôte, and are much respected as a body of well-behaved, gentlemanly men.

From the churches we paid a visit to the Stad-huis, or hotel de ville, which is a very curious old edifice. The portico consists of a double arcade of heavy Gothic arches, with Ionic columns of marble between them. On the entablature between the two tiers of arches are six long inscriptions, much defaced, and not easily legible on this account, as well as from their height. One of them we could make out to be in the Latin language, and inscribed apparently to one of the Cæsars. It related to something which concerned the Ubii; perhaps a brief history of the colonization of these people, who emigrated from the eastern or German side of the Rhine, and settled at Cologne under Claudius Cæsar, who, in compliment to his wife, called it *Colonia Agrippina*. In the centre frieze, between the two tiers of columns, is a bas relief representing, apparently, Hercules strangling the lion.

Observing near this spot a great concourse of people entering the doors of an old building in the same enclosure, we found that it contained a collection of paintings and Roman antiquities; in short, that it was a museum recently established. It consisted of six or seven rooms, the walls of which were well covered with a very extensive collection of pictures, mostly by old masters of the German school, many of them as far back as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and confined

chiefly to sacred subjects; holy families, and other sacred personages, with the golden circle, or glory, as it is called, round their heads. There were besides a great collection of old portraits, and a few modern pictures; but there was then no catalogue, and from the general antiquity of the paintings, it probably would be no easy matter to prepare one. There was one picture among others that seemed to attract more attention than the rest. It was not a performance in the very infancy of painting, but still very old, perhaps, at least two hundred years. The subject was the Resurrection of the Dead. It abounded with personages, created by the most whimsical and extravagant imagination. Those who were doomed to be passed to the left were urged on by the oddest looking devils that ever appeared on canvass: some like Nick Bottom, with asses' heads; others with monkeys' faces, and large claws to their feet and hands; some pouncing on their victims by the hair of the head, as they were ascending from the tombs, and dragging them away, while others were thrusting them forward by pitchforks. Old fat-bellied gentlemen and well-dressed young ladies appeared to be objects of peculiar attention to these infernal gentry. In the foreground was a handsome young lady, whom an angel had got hold of by one hand, and an ugly devil by the other, each striving who should carry off the prize. There was neither name nor date to this, nor, indeed, to any of these old and singular performances. In the room below was a very considerable collection of Roman antiquities, inscriptions, busts, sarcophagi, &c., which had been dug out of the ground

and the foundations of old walls; but they were not arranged, nor any catalogue of them prepared.

The streets of Cologne are in so bad a state, that they would appear not to have been paved for a century; and what is equally bad, they are seldom, if ever, swept, or in any way cleaned. In the lower or most ancient part of the town, along the bank of the river, where the streets are exceedingly narrow and the houses lofty, the filth makes them almost impassable, and the stench highly offensive. The only scouring they get is from the torrents of rain falling from long spouts, which almost every house has projecting from the roof in the shape of dragons, snakes, and dolphins.

It may be doubted whether if the fifty or sixty thousand bottles of eau de Cologne, supposed to be manufactured here annually, were sprinkled over these streets, they would be thereby rendered sweet: perhaps, indeed, the libation would only make them more offensive; for it happened to us, when crossing in a steam-boat (from Ostend), that a shower of rain drove below some ninety or a hundred passengers, whose wet cloaks and coats, with the heat from the engines and the smell of fried oil, caused so moist, musty, and fetid an atmosphere, that the steward thought he could not do better, by way of correcting it, than to sprinkle a couple of bottles of eau de Cologne; but this increased instead of abating the nuisance, and made the stench intolerable.

Cologne has been called 'the dirty focus of 'decaying Catholicism'—'the dirtiest and most 'gloomy city of its size in Europe,' and 'the

'people as motley and miserable as the buildings.' This is somewhat overcharged; for, in the higher part of the town, the streets are much wider and in better order, and as the Sunday we spent at Cologne was a fête day of some kind or other, we observed all the streets in that neighbourhood thickly strewn with oak leaves, from baskets carried by several hundred boys and girls, who had been attending divine service at St. Peter's church. In the same streets, also, we observed before the open windows and doors of several houses, small altars with Christ on the cross, and the Virgin decorated with flowers, and coloured glass beads, the object of which was to collect a few cents or grossen from the poor ignorant people, who are no doubt but too early caught by such trumpery.

We could not but remark that we never saw the churches so well attended in the whole course of our tour as those of Cologne: that immense building the Dom church was so crowded at the evening service, that it was almost impossible to squeeze in, but the attraction was a popular preacher, an elderly man, who was very energetic and animated; but it did not appear to us that either his enunciation or his action had any pretence to be considered as graceful.

At high mass on the Sunday morning, both at St. Peter's and St. Mary's, which we attended, the great majority of the audience consisted of females. In the forenoon the ordinary occupations seemed to be followed as on other days, and I found no difficulty in getting money at the bankers to enable us to proceed the following morning.

Though they still enumerate not fewer than thirty churches and chapels, and a full proportion of priests, there is perhaps less superstition here than in most catholic communities. Everybody, however, has heard of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, whose bones are collected and stowed away in her chapel; but we had no curiosity to visit this congregation of human relics—the plunder probably of all the churchyards in Cologne.

In the evening the bridge of boats, that connects Cologne with the small town of Deutz, directly opposite to it, was crowded with well dressed people of both sexes, this being, it seems, the favourite promenade in the summer evenings. A small toll of about a halfpenny is exacted at the entrance every time that a person passes. The company is not often disturbed by the opening of a passage to let vessels through, the trade apparently not being very active. Vessels lie on both sides the bridge, but mostly above it; their number might be from twenty to thirty, mostly of the long narrow class peculiar to the Rhine, and the lading appeared chiefly to be coals.

Cologne was once famous for its manufactures of cloth, but the wise magistrates of this city had the folly, on some riotous conduct of the weavers, to cause near two thousand looms to be burnt, the consequence of which was that the owners of them quitted the city, and carried on their trade in others, where a wiser policy existed. They also in the year 1616, in a fit of religious animosity, expelled every Protestant from Cologne, though

the persons of this community were the best and most industrious of their artizans.

They have still some trifling manufactories of cottons, of a coarse kind, and silks, of knit stockings, caps and gloves, of snuff, from one of which establishments we observed not less than four or five hundred men returning from their daily labour. The manufacture of eau de Cologne employs a considerable number of persons, and is said to produce a revenue of three to four hundred thousand francs. That brown pigment known to artists under the name of burnt Umber or Cologne earth, is prepared here from a species of earthy coal dug out of the mountains between Coblenz and Cologne.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM COLOGNE TO COBLENTZ.

HAVING satisfied our curiosity as to all that Cologne was likely to afford for our information or amusement, we hired a caleche and pair to take us as far as Frankfort, from whence it had come the day before with a party. Our agreement was that we should stop at such places on the route as we might think fit, but not to exceed for the whole journey three days; and for this journey, which is at least one hundred and ten miles, we were to pay fifty-six florins, or 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling, a sum that will not be deemed extravagant for the conveyance of seven persons and their baggage. This caleche is the kind of carriage most commonly in use along the Rhine, and indeed all over the Netherlands; it is not quite so commodious as the Dutch char-a-banc, but we contrived without inconvenience to stow six in the inside, all our baggage, part of which was placed in a large round basket under the seat of the driver, and the trunks were strapped on behind. The servant took his seat along with the driver.

On the 18th, at eight in the morning, we left Cologne, and arrived at Bonn about ten; the intermediate country well cultivated, but the surface rather flat, and devoid of much interest. The hills on our right and those beyond the Rhine

on the left had now receded to a considerable distance.

It happened to be market-day at Bonn, and the square in which it was held exhibited a novel and curious appearance in the assembled groups. In the centre of this square and down the whole length were about two hundred women drawn up in a long line of two deep, each having a clean white handkerchief neatly folded round the head. The chief articles of sale, which were carefully arranged in the middle space between the two lines, were greens and fruit of various kinds, bread, butter, and eggs. There was no noise nor tumult, and we could not but contrast the order and decorum that were here observed with what is usually seen in an English market, more especially in such a one as Covent Garden, where it would be no easy matter to oblige two hundred women to keep silence.

In the centre of the market-place is a pyramid and fountain, and the town-house stands at the head of the square. It is supposed that the Roman General Drusus Germanicus threw a bridge over the Rhine at Bonn, but, in returning by water, we could not see any vestige of it. The neighbourhood of Bonn, however, is full of Roman antiquities, and many private collections of them are said to have been made there.

This city has recently revived one of those German Universities, where young men, like the polytechniques of Paris, fancy themselves to know more than their teachers, laugh at religion, set at defiance all authority, behave with insolence to their fellow-citizens, lose all sense of decency,

and muddle away their time in drinking beer and smoking tobacco. They are, in fact, the fruitful nurseries of immorality, sedition, and licentiousness. That of Bonn perhaps may be said to be as yet in a state of youthful innocence; and it was probably under this idea, and the influence of such names as those of Niebuhr and Schleigel that had induced several English families to take up a residence at Bonn, for the benefit of their children's education, mostly however, as we understood, for the instruction of the female part in music, which is here much cultivated. The celebrated Beethoven and also Salmon received their musical education at Bonn. The population is estimated at about ten thousand, and a considerable portion is occupied in the manufacture of cottons and coarse cloths, alum and snuff.

About four miles beyond Bonn, and close to the side of the road, is an ancient stone-cross called the Hockkreuz, or the High Cross, erected by some archbishop, whose name it is not material to recollect, in 1330. A little beyond it is a mountain, on which is seen an old ruined castle rearing its jagged, crumbling top out of the thickets that surround its base. It is supposed to be the remains of an ancient castle of the Romans. At the foot of the mountain, which is called Godesberg, is the village of the same name, to which a road turns off to the right, a little beyond the cross. Near this village is a mineral spring called Draitsch, in the neighbourhood of which great pains were taken, a few years ago, to establish it as a regular watering-place, but it does not seem to have met with much success.

The range of hills from Godesberg are seen to continue as far as that of Rolandsec, whose steep side descends to the very brink of the Rhine; and, on the opposite side of the river, the base of the 'castled crag of Drakenfels,' the first or northernmost of the Siebenbergen, or Seven Mountains, comes down close to the water's edge, in defiance as it were of its opposite neighbour. These two mountains of Rolandsec and Drakenfels form the grand portal or entrance into a deep, dark, and gloomy ravine, through which the contracted Rhine is seen to force its volume of water with an accelerated current.

On the summit of Drakenfels, which on the side next the river appears to terminate in a point at the height of one thousand eight hundred feet, are the ruins of an ancient castle; and just on the edge of the precipice stands an obelisk, scarcely perceptible on account of the height, which the French are said to have made use of as a telegraph. To the eye it appears to be the loftiest of the seven mountains, whose bases, as they recede from the river, form a crescent or amphitheatre in front of the Rhine, which here again opens out into a broad sheet of water enclosed so completely as to wear the appearance of a fine lake, surrounded by the most pleasing and picturesque mountain scenery, whose margins are skirted with small villages and the spires of churches rising, as it were, out of the trees.

Being now no longer hemmed in between the dark and glowing sides of the narrow portal or defile, its tranquil and expansive surface is interrupted only by two beautiful islands, the larger of

which is called Rolandswerth, or Nonnenwerth, the Island of the Nuns, so named from a celebrated convent erected on the island. A few of the nuns were still left when the empress Josephine visited this spot; and their situation, and the beauty of the islands, interested so much that humane and kind-hearted woman, that by her influence she saved the convent from suppression. The nuns, however, were now all gone, but the convent was yet remaining, being converted, at considerable expense, into an inn or hotel; a speculation which, it seems, had not answered the expectations of the proprietor, who was endeavouring to dispose of the whole island, of one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty acres, by lottery, in which, we were told, several of our countrymen in passing had taken tickets, 'being so near to England.' Unquestionably the island of Nonnenwerth would form one of the most delightful summer retreats that could be desired; and as to its nearness to England, it may not, perhaps, occur to an Englishman, that the distance from London to Nonnenwerth is several miles less than from London to Edinburgh. But this may easily be seen by placing one foot of a pair of compasses on a map of Europe, on London, and the other on Edinburgh, when Nonnenwerth will be found to fall within the circle described by them. It is not surprising, therefore, that English adventurers should start for a prize that would give them possession of so lovely a spot. As an inn, it was objectionable on account of the trouble of crossing the water, and the less likely to succeed, from there being by the

road-side, directly opposite to it, a tolerably good and long-established house.

The nunnery and Rolandsec, so near to each other, could not fail to give rise to some romantic tale, in a country where romance has always been highly cherished; and accordingly Schiller has composed a ballad of Roland and his mistress, but shifted the scene into Switzerland. Tradition says that Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, caused the present ruined castle of Rolandsec to be built, in order to be near his mistress, who had become a nun at the convent of Nonnenwerth.

Legends of this kind, whether founded or not, impart an additional interest to the romantic scenery of this and other parts of the Rhine; and they are so abundant, that almost every one of the numerous old castles has its legend of dragons and devils overcome, and ravished virgins released, by monks and Christian knights.

The other little island contiguous to Nonnenwerth is called Grafenwerth, which, with the former, divide the Rhine into three parts, forming three rapid streams; and these being somewhat dangerous, are called by the boatmen 'God's help.'

The boatmen of the Rhine, in fact, require help, even where there is little or no danger; they are the most clumsy and inexpert watermen, in the management of small craft, that can well be imagined. In a common boat there are generally two men; one at the head with a wooden rake, shaped like those which our scavengers use to rake the mud in the streets: with this the man pulls the water towards him; the other on the stern,

either with a similar rake, or a flat paddle, pushes the water from him; so that, with pushing and pulling, they contrive to move the boat, clumsily and slowly enough, through the water. The larger boats are towed generally along the right bank by as many horses as may be necessary. It is not uncommon to observe eight of them tracking one of the larger kind against the stream. In descending, they have only to take care that the head be kept down the stream, and the current does the rest of the work for them.

Having passed these islands, we again witness the Rhine spreading out into a broad, expansive lake, its margins covered with numerous villages, those on the right bank being inhabited chiefly by men who work the quarries for slate and building stones. The level pieces of ground, next to the river, are exceedingly well and neatly cultivated with grain and vegetables, interspersed with orchards of fruit-trees, apples, pears, cherries, and walnuts; and the sloping sides of the hills are covered with vineyards; and above these the higher parts are clothed with forest-trees or coppice-wood to their very summits.

Along both shores of this part of the Rhine, village after village succeed each other at short intervals; but at the upper end of the present reach, where the town of Unkel is situated on the right bank, and Oberwinter on the left, the mountains again begin to close and to put on a more rugged and picturesque appearance. As we proceed and approach Remagen on the left bank, we open out a beautiful verdant mountain, well clothed with forest-trees, named Appolonisberg,

which, with its old Gothic church and convent crowning its summit, affords, when viewed from the inn at Remagen, one of the most pleasing among the many delightful scenes with which this magnificent river gratifies the traveller. At Remagen we were told that the French, in repairing the great road that leads from Cologne to Coblenz in 1801, dug up a great number of Roman antiquities, such as medals, busts, mile-stones, and inscriptions, all of which were afterwards sent to Mannheim.

The mountains in this neighbourhood are composed chiefly of black basalt and argillaceous slate, with which almost all the houses of the towns and villages in the long defile of the Rhine are built and covered in; and with the former the streets are, for the most part, rudely paved. Vines are planted along the steep sides of the mountains on every little spot, however small, where any soil can be obtained. On the top of one of these mountains is situated the castle of Reineck, part of which appears to have been recently built on the old ruins; and on the right bank is seen a large rugged rock, at the summit of which stands the ruins of the castle of Hammerstein, clothed with ivy, and almost buried in a thicket.

The town of Andernach is situated at the foot of a frowning mountain on the left bank of the river, and opposite to it, on the right, the mountains come down close to the water's edge, forming thus a similar narrow portal to that of Rolandseck and Drakenfels, through which the Rhine rushes with great velocity. This ancient town, with its massive towers, turrets, and ruined walls, is admi-

rably suited to the sombre scenery that surrounds it. Its streets are narrow and ill-paved, and the houses gloomy, old, and out of repair. There is a fine old archway, supposed to be Roman, forming the gate of the town on the side next to Coblenz, and below it, in a line towards the river, are the ruins of an extensive palace or castle, supposed to have been built by the Goths soon after the expulsion of the Romans. Near the entrance of the town we observed an immense quantity of millstones, laid on the bank of the river, ready for embarkation: they are the produce of these basaltic mountains, and in great request all over Europe; numbers of which were brought to England, till a similar kind were discovered about Stirling in Scotland, which are said to be of a quality equally good.

Here too we observed large quantities of the tufa-stone formed into square bricks, which, when mixed with lime, is one of the best cements, and hardens like a rock. It is known here by the name of *Wass*.

A considerable trade in both these articles is carried on with Holland, but more particularly in the latter, which is considered as the best cement they can make use of for the stone-work of their dykes and embankments. Here we saw, for the first time, one of those rafts of wood which travellers have represented of such wonderful dimensions and construction. This, however, had nothing very remarkable in its size, or the manner in which it was put together. The length might be six hundred feet, and it had six small wooden cottages erected in different parts of its surface,

and apparently from twenty to thirty persons to manage it. It bore no sort of comparison with those which we are told the Chinese are in the habit of sending down their rivers, with whole villages and all sorts of domestic animals upon them.

After clearing the narrow pass of Andernach, the neat town of Neuweid, with its little blue slated roofs and white chimneys, appears at a distance on the opposite side of the river, the very picture of neatness and uniformity. It is little more than a hundred years, since this place was established as a town by one of the opulent family of Weid, and, subsequently, was greatly enlarged by prince Alexander of Neuweid, who made it publicly known, that industrious persons of all religious sects, whether Protestants, Catholics, or Jews, who might wish to reside here, would have full liberty of public worship according to their own forms or doctrine. Among others, a fraternity of Hernhutters or Moravians settled at this spot; and people from almost every country in Europe, and of every persuasion, live peaceably together, and manufactures of almost every kind are established on a small scale at Neuweid.

A little further on, we passed the small village of Weisser-thurm, the white tower, a building apparently of no very remote antiquity, which stands near the end of the village. Close to this spot, on the right of the road, just above an orchard, an obelisk has been erected to the memory of General Hoche, with this simple inscription

'The army of the Sombre and Meuse,
'To its Commander in Chief,
'Hoche.'

The French under this general crossed the Rhine at this place two or three times—the last on the 18th of April, 1797, immediately opposite to this village. An island in the middle of the Rhine, of which he first took possession, gave great facility in accomplishing the passage. It is also at this very spot that Cæsar is supposed to have crossed the Rhine.

Beyond this island, the river is again seen to spread out its waters, and the hills on the left bank to recede, leaving between them and the Rhine a well-cultivated valley or plain, over which are scattered numerous villas, with extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, with fruit-trees in the greatest abundance; and the road passes over this description of country at such a distance from the river as to conceal it from the sight; and it is only again approached on arriving at a large stone bridge thrown across the river Moselle, and whose tête-du-pont, at the opposite end, is the wall and gate of Coblenz. On the left of the road at a little distance from this city, and on the tongue of land which separates the Rhine from the Moselle, is the monument erected to the memory of the French general Marceau, who, at the age of twenty-six, and in the fourth year of the Republic, perished near Altenkirchen, by a rifle-ball, while attempting to intercept the retreat of Jourdan. It is a truncated pyramid, on the four faces of which are long inscriptions in French, recording briefly the history of his military career. 'Qui 'que tu sois,' says one of them, 'ami ou ennemi 'de ce jeune héros, respecte ses cendres.' They were so respected; for his funeral was attended by

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‘de ce jeune héros, respecte ses cendres.’ They were so respected; for his funeral was attended by

the officers of the Austrian as well as the French army.

‘Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career,
 ‘His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
 ‘And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
 ‘Pray for his gallant spirit’s bright repose.’

The bones of Hoche, whose monument, as before mentioned, is at Wiesser-thurm, are said also to be buried here.

The city of Coblenz takes its name from the position it occupies on the point of land, formed between the Rhine and the Moselle,—*Confluentia*. Its shape is triangular, one side extending along the Moselle, the other along the Rhine, and the third side inland stretches between the two rivers. On the opposite side of the Rhine, is the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, ‘the Broad Stone of Honour,’ which is seen to frown over the small town of Thal, at its feet. The river is here crossed by a noble bridge of boats, which connects this fortress and town with Coblenz. The French, who destroyed everything they could not keep, blew up the ancient works of Ehrenbreitstein, at the truce of Leoben; and thus the poet has truly observed—

‘Peace destroyed what war could never blight.’

The ruins of the ancient castles and towers, mixed with the rugged and shapeless crags, are said to have given to the commanding mountain of Ehrenbreitstein a grand and imposing appearance from the opposite quay of Coblenz, but his Prussian Majesty has thought fit to renew the fortifications, according to the modern unpic-

turesque plan of military works of this kind. In fact, the rugged summit of the rock has been smoothed down and levelled, and is now covered to an immense extent with bastions and batteries, with ramparts and round towers, which, but to look at from the opposite bank of the river, are enough to make a peaceable man tremble. These batteries, however, stiff and formal as they are, with the bridge of boats thrown across the Rhine, at one of its noblest reaches, gently flowing between its beautiful banks, the massy stone bridge which crosses the Moselle and forms a tête-du-pont to Coblenz, and the numerous towers and spires which rise above the walls and buildings of that city, compose one of the most magnificent views that the imagination can conceive, when seen, as we had the opportunity of doing on our return, from the middle of the Rhine about half a mile above the bridge of boats. Coblenz, however, is the last place that a peaceable man would choose to dwell in. Strongly fortified on every side, it would probably stand the siege of an enemy for many months; and if at last got possession of, the tremendous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, if opposed to the invaders, as would most likely be the case, would speedily batter down the city of Coblenz with its cannon, and with destructive shells lay it in ashes.

The distance from Cologne to Coblenz is about fifty-two miles, which we accomplished in eleven hours, with the same pair of horses that, as already observed, had arrived at Cologne only the evening before, from Frankfort. The day was closing in when we entered the town; and as

we left it early the following morning, we saw but little of its interior. Our hotel was the Drie-Switzers, situated on the rampart, close to the river, in the neighbourhood of which everything seemed to partake of the military character. It was the same from our first entry at the tête-du-pont, through all the streets, down to the brink of the river—nothing but soldiers, horse and foot, were parading the streets, and on leaving we observed the engineers busily employed in strengthening the old works inland and adding new ones; so anxious does his Prussian Majesty appear to make any hostile passage of the Rhine, at this place, next to impossible, or at least not very practicable by a coup de main.

CHAPTER VIII

COBLENTZ TO FRANCKFORT, AND BACK
TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

On the morning of the 19th we proceeded from Coblenz through a pleasant country, but without any strongly marked features; the villages and scattered houses mostly surrounded by vineyards and orchards; the mountains receding on both sides of the Rhine, more tame than those below Coblenz, and well clothed to their summits with dense woods. At the distance of three miles the river Lahn falls into the Rhine, on the right bank, and forms a jutting peninsular point, on which stands the small town of Neider-lahn-stein, and near it, on the summit of a rock, the ruins of the old castle of Lahneck, beneath which is the walled town of Ober-lahn-stein.

On proceeding along the left bank, we pass through the small town of Rhense. The Rhine here is of great breadth, and takes an immense sweep to the left, and in the deep bend is seen the village of Neiderspey, after which, on turning again to the right, we have the villages of Mittelspey and Peterspey, situated in the midst of rich meadows and orchards, above which, on the rising grounds, are extensive vineyards; while the opposite mountains on the right bank are wild and rugged; the villages at their feet mean in appear-

ance; the few inhabitants who showed themselves wearing, in their dress and appearance, the marks of great poverty. At Boppard the Rhine resumes its former direction.

Boppard is a very curious old town, built on the ruins of ancient forts and palaces, erected in the days of the Romans and the Franks. Some old convents have been converted into more useful purposes than their original intent,—manufactories of cloth and cotton. The church is apparently not less ancient or curious in its Gothic structure, and its octagonal spires, than the convents. The houses appear to be built mostly of wooden beams, arranged in various directions, and the spaces between them filled up with lath and clay; the streets are narrow; and as the second and upper stories project beyond the ground story, the opposite neighbours might almost shake hands out of their gable ends. The wood-work is generally painted black, and sometimes carved and twisted into a variety of shapes. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the streets are ill-paved, and miserably dirty; but this is not peculiar to Boppard, being the common characteristic of every Catholic town along the banks of the Rhine. Indeed it may be mentioned, as a general observation, that although the road which skirts the left bank of the Rhine from Coblenz to Bingen is one of the most level and beautiful, perhaps, in all Europe, the moment it comes within the verge of a town or village, it seems to be infected with the prevailing malady, and ceases to deserve any commendation.

This fine road is, by common accord, ascribed to the labour of the French army while it held

possession of the country. But, as may be collected from the accounts of travellers prior to the French Revolution, it was always a good mountain-road, but liable, as all such roads so situated are, to be cut up by the torrents. But the French engineers, by blasting the basaltic rocks, levelling down the inequalities, and forming arched sewers for the swollen torrents to pass under the road instead of sweeping across, as heretofore, when they swept also at the same time a portion of it into the Rhine, have now made it a most perfect, level, macadamized road, on which neither hole nor rut is to be seen. The materials are admirable; and, as is the practice with us, we see them here also prepared by breaking, and laying them in heaps by the roadside, ready to be laid on wherever they may be required. It generally winds close along the edges of the precipitous and naked basaltic mountain, but sometimes approaches the very verge of the Rhine; and here the traveller is protected by a fence of posts and rails.

From Boppard to Salzig the mountains recede from the river, and the intermediate space is composed of meadows, neat cottages surrounded with gardens and orchards, in which are planted innumerable quantities of cherry-trees, while walnut and ash-trees, mingled together, mantle up the sides of the mountains and the ravines to their very summits. The Rhine here assumes the appearance of a vast lake, on the opposite or right bank of which are the ruins of the two castles, usually called the Two Brothers, of Liebenstein and Sternfels, concerning whom there is a legend-

ary love tale, which, by a little ingenuity and dramatic tact, might be made acceptable to a modern audience at one of the minor theatres.

We now approach a very romantic part of the river, and perceive at a distance the extensive ruins of Reinfels, and the ancient town of St. Goar, situated immediately below them. From this part of the road is opened out one of the most wild and rugged views of mountain scenery that had yet appeared; the sides of the mountains looking like two black gigantic walls; the river, from a noble expanse, becoming at once narrow, deep, and rapid, and the navigation not by any means free from danger. The ruined fortress of Reinfels is pleasingly picturesque, and the most imposing of any of the ruined castles we had yet seen. It is also the most accessible from the side of the river; a fine sloping road, bordered by walnut-trees, leading to it from the town; but perfectly inaccessible on that side which fronts the river, and on that also which faces the north, where the hill terminates almost perpendicularly in a deep ravine, down which flows a small clear stream, that, in the lower part of its course, turns several mills. On the side of the sloping road which leads up to the ruins, and facing the river, is a wall of several hundred yards in length, loop-holed the whole way; and on the approach from the land or western side, the fortress is covered with bastions and redoubts of modern construction, and the whole place seems to be casemated and undermined. At the foot of the hill is a long range of building, built by the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel to serve as a barrack for his troops. This

strong castle of Reinfels surrendered to the French during the revolutionary war, at the first summons, and was afterwards blown up by them. The view of the ruins from a small plantation, which forms one of the promenades at the northern end of the town, and close to the Hotel de Rhin, is very beautiful; and we here met with some young English ladies, busily employing their pencils upon it. This view has often been taken, and a print of it may be seen in Colonel Batty's 'Scenery on the Rhine.' The finely wooded mountain on which the castle stands; the road winding at its foot; the Rhine exhibiting at this place a fine expansive lake, closed by mountains luxuriantly covered with wood, and on one of which is perched a ruined castle, present a picture to the eye of the observer that cannot be looked upon without rapture and admiration.

The town of St. Goar, like all those we have yet seen on the banks of this noble river, has but little to recommend it. The houses are mostly, like those of Boppard, in a wretched state of ruin, built of wood and clay, and the upper parts of them overhanging a narrow street, dirty and ill-paved; and we observed that the interior of many of them, which had the doors open, was equally dirty, and almost wholly destitute of furniture. The few inhabitants we saw were mostly women, ragged and squalid,—their yellow faces, black hair, and coloured napkins tied round their heads, gave them very much the appearance of the lowest class of Malays, as we see them in prints, or the lowest among the gypsy tribes.

That the part of the town we saw was inhabited

by Catholics, we could have little doubt, from their evident state of filth and degradation; but a Protestant church, of considerable size, was pointed out to us; and a ragged fellow, who had literally but half a pair of breeches, and a torn shirt, seeing us attempt to enter it, called out, 'Protestant no good,—no go there.' Without being influenced by any illiberal feelings towards the Catholics as a body, it is impossible to shut one's eyes against the pernicious effects which this religion evidently has among its votaries of the lower classes. It is well known to all who have visited those parts of Europe, where there is a mixed population of Protestants and Catholics, that the followers of each among the common people, who have to labour for their subsistence, are not difficult to be pointed out by the appearance of their dress and their dwellings. The fact is unquestionably so; and the conclusion is, that there must be something, connected with their religious duties, or with the influence which the priesthood is known to exercise over their minds, or both, to produce effects so unfavourable to industrious habits, cleanliness, and comfort.

We had here a specimen of the laziness of the men, which, being the common practice in all that part of the Prussian dominions through which we passed, had frequently attracted our notice. The toll-bar is a long pole, turning on a swivel, between two posts fixed in the ground, on the side of the road opposite to the toll-house, and is weighed down by a heavy stone fixed on the shorter end, so as to keep it always open in the day-time. It is invariably painted blue and yellow,

in a spiral line, like our barber's pole. The driver never thinks of passing one of these toll-bars without stopping, as he would otherwise be liable to a penalty. The collector, however, will rarely take the trouble to come out of the house to receive the toll, but puts out of the window a little purse, at the end of a long stick, for the money; and if a ticket be necessary, he returns it in a slit at the end of the same stick.

On the opposite side of the river is another small town called Goarhausen, directly over which is seen the old castle of Katz, or, as it is sometimes called, Neukatzenellenbogen. Mr. Schrieber says, this castle saluted Napoleon one day, which frightened his horse, and he gave immediate orders for its demolition.

It is at the foot of this Katzberg that the rugged and gloomy contraction of the river commences, of which we have just spoken. On entering the ravine, the first object that attracts the notice of the passenger is a naked mass of black rock, singularly curious, whose strata appear to have been thrown up and disrupted, and the great basaltic tablets and columns piled on each other in hideous disorder. This is the celebrated Lurleyberg, or repeating mountain, so called from an echo which, in certain positions, is said to repeat a voice or noise four or five times. This circumstance, together with the turbulent Rhine taking a sudden turn and foaming round its base, have given rise to a legend ten times told, and in ten different ways, about a water-nymph and a prince palatine, which every traveller hashes up in a way that he supposes may be most palatable to his readers.

This Ondine is said by some to have been mischievous, and that she used to charm the boatmen with her syren voice, and thus contrived to draw them into the whirlpool close to the rock.

We now approach Oberwesel, on the left bank, an old and impoverished town, with a remarkably fine Gothic church. Near the entrance of the town is a chapel, which, we are told by the guide-books, was erected as a monument to the memory of a boy named Werner, who had been stolen from his parents by the Jews, and murdered by them;—why, it is not said,—but the event is supposed to have happened in the year 1287.

The position of this town amid lofty and rugged mountains, and abounding with shattered towers and crumbling walls inclosing it, and in which are the remains of ten or twelve of the former still standing, and the distant fine scenery, viewed over the silvery surface of the Rhine, give to Oberwesel a more romantic character than almost any other spot.

A little beyond Oberwesel is the ruined castle of Schoenberg, perched on the summit of a lofty and picturesque rock, once the property of the family of that name, some of the descendants of whom are still in England, but write their name Schomberg. They pretend to trace their origin back to the time of Charlemagne, when the name was Belmont, which was afterwards translated into Schoenberg. The castle is said to have taken its name from seven sisters, of great beauty, who, from their prudery, were transformed into seven rocks, the points of which are said to be seen when the river is low, and which still bear the name of the Seven Sisters.

Another ruined castle is now visible on a lofty peak called Stahleck; and in the midst of the Rhine stands the castle of Pfalz, built on a rock, to which, we are gravely told, the counts of the Palatinate were accustomed to send their wives to be brought to bed. From its subterranean, or rather subaquean dungeons and dark chambers, the supposition is more probable, that it was a place to take away the life of, rather than give birth to, human beings,—‘la bastille du Palatinat,’ as a French traveller more justly calls it; a convenient gaol for state prisoners, and equally convenient for its master to watch and plunder the passengers on the Rhine, instead of its levying, as it now serves, a lawful toll.

Opposite to this insulated castle, which is still in good repair, and on the right bank, is the town of Kaub, immediately under the ruined castle of Gutenfels, situated on the peak of a lofty rock. Kaub is celebrated by the passage of the army of Marshal Blucher across the Rhine at this spot, on the 1st of January, 1814. A little farther on, and on the left bank, stands the old town of Bacharach, situated at the foot of one of the loftiest points of the range of mountains, which is, nevertheless, covered with forest-trees to the very summit. Above the town, and on the side of the hill, is a ruined old church or chapel, dedicated to a saint of the name of Werner, built of red sandstone, and one of the finest specimens of florid Gothic architecture that we had seen on the banks of the Rhine. This chapel was dedicated to the boy, whom we have mentioned as being murdered by the Jews, and whose body

floated *against* the stream as far as Bacharach;—a miracle that was highly deserving of being commemorated by a chapel.

Bacharach is a poor town, and in a more dilapidated state than any we had yet passed through. Antiquaries seem to have made out the traces of a Roman encampment, round the entrenchment of which the walls of Bacharach were afterwards built; and as a proof that it was celebrated for its wines in olden time, the name, they say, is derived from *Bacchi-ara*; and in support of the etymology we are told that, near to the *werth* or small island opposite the town, when a long drought has prevailed, a large stone appears in the midst of the river, on which the Romans sacrificed to the deity, for having granted them dry weather and a fruitful vintage. The appearance of this rock, it is said, is still joyfully hailed on the same account.

The houses, as usual, almost meet each other at the top; the streets, of course, are dark and dirty, and extreme poverty seems to be the lot of the majority of the inhabitants. Here, indeed, the Rhine is so closely hemmed in by steep mountains, as to admit of no other produce than what the vineyards afford, which may, perhaps, account for the Romans having considered Bacchus as the presiding deity of the place. In fact, the principal part of the food of the people, through the whole of the long ravine from Boppard to Bacharach, and as far as Bingen, must be brought to them from a distance, as, from the scarcity of land, wine and fruit are the only articles capable of being cultivated; and how the vineyards which

we here see can possibly pay the labour of cultivation is quite a mystery. There is scarcely a patch of half an acre in any one continued space; mostly, not half a rood. Every little sheltered spot, however small, that possesses the least soil,—every little crevice between the naked rocks,—is choked up with vines; in many places the vine is planted in a basket, with adventitious soil, and sunk in the rocky fragments by the side of the hill. The care and the labour bestowed, though not toilsome, is constant; and the distance is frequently several miles which the poor cultivator has to go from his habitation to his vineyard,—we should rather say *hers*; for they appear to be chiefly women, who bear but very little resemblance to those fair and sylph-like damsels, with which painters are in the habit of peopling their vineyards, when assembled to gather the purple grape. A jacket and petticoat,—a dirty handkerchief tied round the head,—the legs and feet naked,—the features dark, dull, and unmeaning,—furnish the true picture of a female labourer of a Rhenish vineyard; and this was so generally the prevailing feature of the picture, in all places where the chief produce was wine, that we may, almost with certainty, come to the conclusion, that the culture of the vine is an indication of the poverty of those who perform the manual labour, however profitable it may be to the large proprietor.

From Bacharach to Bingen, and from thence to Mentz, or Mayence, the channel of the Rhine changes from the direction of north and south to that of east and west, in consequence of which

the vineyards are chiefly confined to the right bank facing the south; and it is here that the vineyards of Asmanshausen, Ehrenfels, Rudesheim, Geisenheim, and Johannisberg, occur in succession.

Between Asmanshausen and Ehrenfels, the steep sides of the mountain, to the height of at least a thousand feet, are covered with vines, growing entirely on terraces, one rising above another to the very summit, the earth on which is kept up by well-built stone walls, of five to eight feet in height; yet many of these terraces are not twice the breadth of the height of the walls that support them. Nearly opposite Bingen, and about Ehrenfels, we counted not less than twenty-two of these terraces, rising one above the other. It is remarkable enough that these fine walls, facing the south, are left naked, though they appear to be so admirably calculated for the vines to be led against their sides, and thereby not only to yield a larger crop of grapes, but to hasten their maturity; but this may, perhaps, be the very reason why they should not be so trained, as the vintage would fall at unequal times; or, as the walls are purposely built loose and without mortar, that the water may the more readily be drained off, such draining might probably injure the vine if trained against them; or, which is still more probable, the lack of soil would not admit of training the vines without injuring the standards in the terraces.

In proceeding from Bacharach, we first meet with the old ruined castle of Furstenburg, then Sounck, then Bauzberg, and after that Falkenberg. This last was under repair, as we were

told, for the residence of one of the young princes of Prussia, where his royal highness will find himself perched aloft in the air, like an eagle on his aerie. The castle literally occupies the whole summit of the high pointed rock, which it will require some ingenuity to render accessible, even on foot, as the rock is precipitous on every side. This extraordinary habitation may truly be said, like Nick Bottom's tragedy, 'to stand on the very pinnacle of its foundation.'

On turning round to Bingerlock, as it is called, where the Rhine is more turbulent and more dangerous even than at its passage round the Lurleyberg, we pass the great southern portal of the ravine, and behold at once the mountains to diminish in height, and to recede to a considerable distance from the river; and the little town of Bingen, placed on an eminence amidst an immense extent of vineyards, opens out standing conspicuous in the beautiful landscape which now presents itself. The last mountain that closes this ravine is that of Rudesheim, with its terraces of vineyards creeping up its steep sides to the number of eighteen or twenty; the summit crowned with an old ruin, to which, as a matter of course, is attached a traditional legend, in which a dragon and a virgin are the chief *dramatis personæ*.

The romantic portion of the Rhine is that between Boppard and Bingen, in which the several reaches of the river form a constant succession of lakes, accompanied by the most enchanting and diversified scenery, encircled with a chain of the

most picturesque mountains, some clothed with wood, others naked, black, and frowning with rocks, rearing their pinnacled heads under every fantastic shape, and scarcely distinguishable from the ruined remains of forts and castles, which are seen crowning their rugged summits, themselves 'shaped as they had turrets been, in mockery of man's art;' while the narrow spaces between their feet and the margin of the lakes are smiling with cultivation, and enlivened with towns and villages in the midst of vineyards. Here, in short, is

'A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-fields, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greatly dwells.'

On clearing the ravine, however, the scene was entirely changed, and the eye had now full scope to range round the whole of the southern, eastern, and western horizons. The sun was just setting as we left the dark and gloomy gulph, and its western rays, falling on the little town of Bingen, and the vine-clad side of the opposite mountain, afforded a contrast equally striking and agreeable. The broad expansive Rhine glistened in the sun-beams, as its ample volume flowed majestically towards us, interrupted only by the *Maus-thurm*, or as travellers interpret it, the tower of rats, which is built on a rock in the middle of the river, and by dividing the current, adds to the velocity and the noise of the Bingen-lock, which is considered to be dangerous to navigation.

This curious tower is too romantically placed to be without its legend, which says it was so

named, because one Hatton, a profligate bishop, was by divine punishment so tormented by rats, as to be obliged to fly and seek for refuge in this tower; but he was pursued by the vermin, who fell upon and devoured him; a fate which he drew upon himself, by having shut up a number of poor people during a famine in a barn, and set fire to it, reproaching them as being the rats that devoured the bread of those who had laboured for it. There can be little doubt that we should either read *Mauth-thurm*, the tower of customs or tolls, or, *Mausen-thurm*, the thieving-tower; at any rate the legend would appear to an English reader a very clumsy one, in giving the name of *mouse* to a tower celebrated by a feat performed by *rats*, if he did not know that the word *maus* means rat as well as mouse.

The endless succession of ancient dilapidated castles is generally spoken of by travellers with a degree of rapture in which some of us did not exactly partake. The eternal round tower, or stone cylinder, which always accompanies, and is always left standing amidst, the castellated ruins, and that alone sometimes remaining, is the very reverse of picturesque. There is besides a moral feeling attached to them, that is apt to carry the recollection back to those days of feudal tenure, when murder and robbery were hardly considered as crimes; and when many an unhappy victim lingered out a miserable existence in the cells and dungeons of these ancient ruins, which still remain as memorials of the villainous scenes that have been transacted within their walls. A French writer thinks otherwise; he tells us how delightful he

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feels in transporting himself in imagination to those remote ages of ancient chivalry—those ages, as he calls them, of valour and virtue—in imagining himself to be surrounded by those *preux chevaliers*, the protectors of weakness, the defenders of honour which in those days knew no other ornament but delicacy and gentility. Perhaps he would have been nearer the truth if, instead of *preux chevaliers*, he had painted these castles to his mind as the retreats of bands of brigands. Lord Byron, we suspect, has taken a juster view of them.

‘Beneath these battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, not less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.’

As we were here to quit the Rhine, a word or two may be added on the general character of this interesting river. We frequently find the epithet ‘magnificent’ coupled with the Rhine. To speak correctly, it is not sufficiently capacious to justify the application of that term; but to the eye of the traveller it possesses charms, abundantly superior to those rivers that are so truly magnificent, that one shore is frequently invisible from the other. The Rhine includes within its banks sublimity and beauty, softness and amenity. In gliding down the stream the eye embraces all these at a glance, and riots in endless variety,—the rugged and fantastic forms displayed by naked mountain tops, vying in picturesque with some ancient and ruined castle—the overhanging forest—the sombre crag mingled with the verdant vine—the neatly culti-

vated plain—the clustered town with its turretted towers and spires—the sequestered village, and the lonely cottage—the beautiful island, and the constant succession of new objects, and a new disposition of them,—these are the features ever varied that constitute the beauties, and afford that delight, which travellers rarely fail to derive from an excursion on or along the banks of the Rhine.

The town of Bingen is situated at the confluence of the Nahe with the Rhine, and is approached from the north by a stone bridge over the former, said to have been built, or its remaining piers at least built, in the time of Drusus. The situation is beautiful, and there was an appearance of industry and bustle which we had not witnessed since our departure from Amsterdam. A number of vessels were lying alongside the quay, and in every street were coopers, house-carpenters, and masons, working at their several trades; the first preparing their large pipes for the approaching vintage, and the others on new houses building, and old ones repairing. Extensive floats of timber were lying along the quay and the shore, and about a dozen of those remarkably long and narrow vessels that navigate the Rhine were at anchor, having each a house on the deck, in which the owner or navigator with his whole family dwells. We remained for the night at the hotel of the White Horse, a good comfortable house, with a little garden by the river side, the people civil, and the charges remarkably reasonable. There is not much to be seen in the town. A ruined old fort or castle near the upper extremity commands a fine view of the



surrounding country and the Rhine, which here spreads out to the eastward into a wider expanse of water than in any of its reaches lower down. The mound on which this castle stands is supposed to have been the camp of Drusus, but being called the Klopp, Mr. Schreiber supposes it may have been the retreat of one of the *chevaliers brigands* of the middle ages, and that its name is derived from the Greek—(κλεπτης). From the mound is a splendid view of the Rhyngau, or district of the Rhine, on the opposite side of the river, extending from Cassel near the Maine to Lorrich, and comprehending all the far-famed vineyards of Asmannshausen, Geisenheim, Rudesheim, Johannisberg and Hockheim.

On the morning of the 20th we proceeded on our route, which no longer skirts the margin of the Rhine, but passes in a direct line inland, and up a gentle ascent through the midst of highly cultivated vineyards, far different, in size and luxuriance, from those small patches on the mountain slopes of the great ravine of the Rhine. We are now in the midst of hundreds of acres completely covered with them, till, as we advance up the hill towards Neider Ingelheim, the culture begins to be varied by a mixture of grain, clover, potatoes, and various other vegetables interspersed among the vineyards. From the summit level of the rising country, on which Ingelheim stands, is a magnificent view of the Rhyngau, with Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Hockheim, and Johannisberg, and the numerous villages scattered over the surface of the country on the farther side of the Rhine.

Neider Ingelheim was the favourite residence of Charlemagne, where, it is said, he built a palace surrounded by a portico of a hundred columns, brought from Rome and Ravenna. We observed some ruins, but they might have been a church, a castle, or a palace, but looked more like an old barn than any of them. On the highest point of this elevated country, in a small copse on the right of the road, stands an obelisk, on the front of which is this inscription—

‘Route de CHARLEMAGNE. Terminée en l’An. 1.
du regne de NAPOLEON, Empereur de Français,
sous les auspices de Monsieur JEAN BON ST.
ANDRÉ, Prefet du Département du Mont Tonné.’

On the other three sides are the names of Entrepreneurs, Ingencurs, &c. The proximity of Ingelheim may have suggested to M. Jean Bon St. André the introduction of the name of Charlemagne, where some have supposed he was born; and at the same time the implied compliment to Buonaparte, to whom and to Julius Cæsar this and others of his flatterers pretended to find in him a parallel. In restless activity, rapidity of movement, and unrelenting persecution of those who opposed him, Buonaparte might certainly be compared with Charlemagne. The enormities of the latter, however, were the results of fanaticism, those of the former, sheer pride and ambition, of which, as Byron says, he was the champion and the child, one

‘Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones.’

MENTZ, OR MAYENCE.

HAVING passed the summit, we proceed by a gentle descent, and a tolerably good road, planted on both sides with apple and other fruit-trees, to Mentz, or Mayence. This city belongs to the territory of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt; but as the smallness of the contingent furnished by this German prince to the confederacy would not admit of his placing a sufficient garrison in this important place, it was settled at the Congress of Vienna that it should have an Austrian and Prussian governor, in alternate years, and be garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian troops in equal numbers; but such rapid changes having been found inconvenient, and the garrison composed of the two nations not agreeing well together, it was afterwards settled that each governor should remain three years. The number of troops were at this time so considerable, that the whole town wore a military appearance. In the streets few persons were seen but soldiers. The old palaces, hotels, and convents were converted into barracks, and the finest houses in the town occupied by the Austrian and Prussian officers. With all this, Mayence appeared to be one of the duller towns, for its size, that we have met with. We observed a little bustle about the quay, along which a considerable number of shipping were lying; but there was much less than might have been expected from its commanding situation on the Rhine, near the confluence of the fine navigable river, the Maine, which, in its descent, passes one

of the finest, most wealthy, and most commercial cities in all Germany. From this river, though it joins the Rhine on the opposite side, and somewhat above the town, Maintz, or Mentz, takes its name. The ancient name was Moguntiacum. Most of the streets are narrow and crooked, particularly those about the old cathedral, or Dom Church: but a fine open street runs down the centre to the very quay; and there are several squares and open places, one in particular, in which the parade is held. The entrance into the town is over draw-bridges, bastions, and all the various kinds of defences, and within it are barracks and guard-rooms in almost every street.

The fine old Gothic tower, and, indeed, the whole of the exterior of the cathedral, built of red sandstone, with its fretwork and pinnacles, is a very striking object. The tower was once surmounted with a spire of wood, eighty feet above the present crumbling summit, but was burnt down by lightning. It is a remarkable fact, that there is scarcely an old church along the Rhine or in the Netherlands, that, in some part of its history, has not been consumed wholly, or in part, by fire. We had some difficulty in finding our way into this noble building, on account of the mean old houses that are clustered round it. The great door was quite blocked up by these houses and shops, and paltry stalls for the sale of fruit, vegetables, and other trifling matters. In groping our way through a dark passage in quest of this door, we might with truth say that, like 'the way that leadeth unto life,' the way into this church 'was narrow,' and diffi-

cult to find. Over the door we read the following Latin couplet,—

'Hæc qui templa subis, ad cælum attollite mentem,
Sintque procul nugæ, sint seclis omne procul.'

The interior corresponds in grandeur with the exterior; but when the French Jacobins took possession of it, as they did of all the churches wherever they went, to convert them into barracks, hospitals, and magazines for their armies, the Cathedral of Mentz was most scandalously and wantonly abused. The beautiful marble tombs were mutilated, the pictures destroyed, the bronze and iron railings torn up; the ceiling is blackened, obviously by fire, and full of holes, as if it had been pierced by shot. The Swiss of the church, in pointing out the various mischief committed by the French, added, that the people of Mentz would not be sorry to have them again, as they spent a waggon-load of money when there. This was the only church, however, we had yet seen that had not undergone repair, and been purified from the defilement and mischief done by these unholy miscreants, and there appeared to be some feeble attempt making to put this also into somewhat better condition; but whether at the expense of the clergy, the inhabitants, or the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, we did not enquire. Under the monument of one of the archbishops, (that of Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg,) is a head representing Time, with its wings finely sculptured, by Melchior, who would appear to have had in his mind the head of Homer. There is also a

large bronze font, richly chased with excellent workmanship.

In a small square on the left of the great street, which leads to the quay, is a handsome fountain, representing the Rhine, under the personification of a well-executed figure of an old man; and in this square is the public library, and the museum. The former we could not see as it was under repair, and the books were all displaced and on the floors of the rooms, but we went through the small collection of pictures, which generally speaking are not of the first class. Among them was Christ in the Temple, by S. Jourdaen—'Christ bearing his Cross,' by Otto Venius—'A Holy Family,' by Hannibal Caracci—a 'Saint Francis,' by Guercino—'Rubens' second wife and children,' by himself; the animals in this last picture by Sneyders. The old Keeper was a little angry that we should have expressed a doubt of the originality of this picture. There was also the portrait of Apollonia by Dominichino, the Adam and Eve, by Albert Durer, or some one of his school, and a very pretty picture of the Virgin and Child by Alonzo di Gradi, for which the superintendent told us an offer of six thousand florins had been made by a London picture dealer; and in two rooms below was a large collection of Roman antiquities, very well arranged, which were sent chiefly from the old palace of Ingelheim and other places near the Rhine. Among them was a curious slab, on which was sculptured the '22nd Legion;' with certain creatures which they are pleased to call sea-horses on one side, and a bull on the other, in the way of supporters.

At the bottom of this fine street, on the left side, and close to the Rhine, stands the ancient electoral palace, now made use of as magazines for all the goods that arrive here for shipment. It consists of two immense wings, of a very singular mixture of architecture, partly Grecian and partly fanciful, with fluted pilasters and rich capitals, the whole of red stone and most elaborately worked. The other two wings appear to have been the offices. The gates of the courtyard are locked up at nights, and as far as we could learn, there is something of a warehousing system, which allows merchandize to be lodged in this building till disposed of, and the duties paid. From Mayence a noble bridge of fifty-two pontoons or boats crosses the Rhine to Cassel, a small fortified town. The Rhine is here not less than from seven to eight hundred yards across, and widens out to more than twice that breadth a little higher up, where it receives the waters of the Maine.

Below the bridge are moored in the river sixteen or eighteen water mills, which were all busily employed in grinding corn. This bridge, like those at Coblenz and Cologne, has its convex side opposed to the stream, and like them also it furnishes a fine broad platform as a promenade for the inhabitants. There is, however, a very pleasant mall at the west end of the town planted with trees, extending down the bank of the Rhine above a mile, which is frequented for its shade in the heat of the day.

Being so near, not more than from six to seven leagues, to Franckfort, we determined at once to proceed to that city; and at the request of our very

decent and well-behaved driver, whom we brought from Cologne, we consented to go a little out of our way to the left of Cassel, to a village of which he was a native, in order to change our tired horses. These small animals are capable of performing an incredible quantity of work; and all the bait they get in the course of a day's journey is once, and sometimes twice, a loaf of rye-bread, which they immediately devour with great eagerness, however tired they may be, and when they would refuse either hay or oats.

We now ascended a pretty steep hill, on each side of which were luxuriant and extensive vineyards, the vines so tall as to look from a little distance almost like plantations of hops. These are the vineyards of Hockheim, and above them, on the summit of the hill, stand the village and church of the same name. This elevated situation commands a most extensive view to the southward of the whole valley of the Maine, as far as Hesse Darmstadt and to the mouth of the river where it joins the Rhine, and on the east is the town of Wisbaden and the whole range of the Taunus mountains, fertile in mineral springs and bathing-houses. Wisbaden has recently become a fashionable watering-place, and is frequented by numbers of English families.

Having passed the hill of Hockheim and descended to the level plain, we entered upon an open and well-cultivated country, a great part of whose surface had been covered with wheat, now all reaped and carried; a good deal of oats still remained uncut, and whole fields of poppy were under the sickle, from the prolific heads of which

they express an oil. Beet and mangel-wurzel, clover and potatoes, were in great abundance, and large patches of hemp and flax intervened, but very few turnips. There was no appearance of meadow or grass land, and it is not easy to conceive from whence the large towns on the Rhine, the populous villages in the valley of the Maine, and the city of Frankfort, derive their supplies of beef, mutton, butter, and milk. Yet they have plenty of all, though we agreed that we had not tasted either good butter or good milk since we left Holland, nor had we observed a single cow all the way up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. The few that are kept must be confined to the shed, and fare very poorly. We observed along the road-side, and subsequently along the whole of the Netherlands, women with large knives, bent like a reaping-hook, cutting the grass in the ditches and on the banks, and carrying it off in sacks as food for the cows: and in the vineyards of Hockheim they were taking off the prurient shoots, and the superabundant leaves, of the vines, binding them in little bundles, and sticking them to dry on the tops of the stakes or espaliers to which the vines are bound; and this, we understood, was meant as winter food for the cows. Neither did we see any sheep: the system of feeding off the turnips has not been adopted here, nor, as we afterwards found, in the Netherlands; but we observed several very large flocks of fine geese, watched by boys, feeding on the stubble, and probably fattening for Michaelmas.

FRANCKFORT.

FRANCKFORT may be called a city of palaces. The houses of the merchants and the hotels are on a magnificent scale. Some that have been recently erected on a terrace, along the bank of the Maine, are particularly elegant, but not on so large a scale as some of the old hotels at which formerly the German princes used to reside, and many of which are still inhabited by the plenipotentiaries of the states of Germany who attend the diet. At the extremity of the terrace is the new public library, a chaste and handsome building, with a portico of the Corinthian order, on the entablature of which is the following short inscription:

'Studiis libertati reddita civitas.'

The library appeared to be well arranged and particularly rich in ancient and modern history. It contained a few Roman and Egyptian antiquities, and some hieroglyphics of no great value.—The view, from this terrace, of the river and its banks, and the stone bridge of fourteen arches, with the shipping lying below it, is lively and animating. The great street called *Zeil*, in which most of the hotels are situated, is, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe. We put up at the Weidenbusch, kept by Mr. May, a civil, obliging, and intelligent man. The eating and the wines were excellent, and the charge reasonable—three francs each at the table d'hôte and four in private—and some twenty or thirty different dishes are generally served up. It was in vain here, and indeed every-

where, when we wished to dine alone, that we entertained to sit down to three or four dishes at most; there seemed to be a feeling that the house would think itself disgraced if a complete dinner was not served up. The dining-room of this hotel appeared, by pacing, to be one hundred feet by forty-five; and the number of bed-rooms in the house is ninety-one, most, if not all of them, double bedded. Mr. May has a cellar of wines, that few, if any, of the London wine-merchants would be able to purchase. The Swan, directly opposite, is another hotel apparently as large; but that of the Russians, for splendour and magnificence in the fitting up and furniture, outdoes all the others.

One cannot look at those princely buildings, many similar to which are to be found in every city of Europe, without lamenting the great want of taste in all our own public edifices. We seem afraid to adopt that which alone can give them the appearance of grandeur and solidity—those prominent lines and deep projections of cornices, which, by the play of light and shadow, produce an effect that magnitude alone cannot impart. We might give an instance in the costly building of the United Service Club, where the poverty of taste and appearance is most conspicuous in its double tier of double columns, the lower fluted to make them appear of smaller dimensions than the upper, and their surmounting pediment as bald and naked as a county goal or parish workhouse; to say nothing of the little vulgar triangle placed over each of its narrow windows, and a balustrade which is quite worthy of the other parts of the building. We are equally unfortunate in the new churches

that have recently been built with the public money, most, if not all, of them destitute of taste. The Athenæum is in somewhat better style, but still faulty. It has a handsome projecting cornice, a frieze, which exhibits the panathenaica, and a well-proportioned balustrade. The windows, though too narrow, have their lintels well relieved; but the sooner the lady over the porch takes her flight to a more appropriate place, the neighbouring Palladium, the better. The new public offices in Whitehall would have been beautiful, if the architect had only condescended to look at the basement of the chapel on the opposite side, and taken a hint of the advantage to be gained by raising his building from the ground.

In Franckfort everything wears the appearance of ease and prosperity; and none of its forty thousand inhabitants, that fell under our observation, wore the marks of poverty. The whole town is surrounded by the most delightful walks, in the midst of groves of trees, shrubby plants, and flowers, excepting the third side, which is terminated by a terrace along the river; and all these walks are attended, morning and evening, by large groups of well-dressed people of both sexes. The security of this free town is no longer trusted to redoubts, and ramparts, and glacis; all of them beyond the ditch, which might also be filled up and added to them with advantage, are converted into extensive gardens, open to all the world. Part of the walls and gates, however, are still preserved, and the police of the town is entrusted to soldiers raised from among the free citizens, who form a kind of burgher guard amounting to three

or four hundred men. Neither Prussian nor Austrian troops are to be seen at Franckfort, which has been restored to its ancient privileges as a free city. Its little territory does not exceed twenty miles in its largest diameter. In this free city, however, about ten thousand Jews are said to be locked up every night in a particular quarter of the town specially appropriated to this persecuted race.

We all regretted the necessity of an immediate return from a place that possessed so many sources of rational amusement; but we received here a piece of intelligence that made it necessary we should hasten our departure. By this we were prevented from visiting the old Dom church, and the several collections of pictures and marbles in the hands of individuals, and particularly the celebrated statue of the Ariadne, by Danneker, which is spoken of as rivalling anything of a similar kind executed by Canova.

On returning to Mayence we took places in the steam-vessel, which was to depart next morning for Cologne, where we arrived about five in the evening of the following day, having started at six in the morning.

In descending the Rhine we were detained one hour at Coblenz, to have the baggage examined, which was done by the Prussian douaniers in the most gentlemanly manner possible, without the smallest expectation of receiving anything, which, indeed, we were told, if offered, they would indignantly reject.

Nothing can be more delightful, in fine weather, than this passage down the grandest and most

romantic part of the Rhine; and one only regrets the great speed at which the steamer descends, which, in the present case, could not be less than ten miles an hour. Hence we perceive, in quick succession, the ever-varying features of the romantic and picturesque mountains, at one time appearing with naked and pinnacled summits, under every fantastic shape, at another clothed with orchards, vineyards, and forests, and every now and then surmounted by an ancient castle or convent in ruins. This great variety of objects keeps the eye and the imagination continually on the stretch, while the margins of the smooth and silvery Rhine, forming a chain of lakes, exhibit to the view cities, towns, and villages, interspersed with the varied scenery of corn-fields, groves, and orchards, and render it impossible to quit the deck for a moment.

In ascending the Rhine by land, along the fine road that skirts its left bank, the traveller has the opportunity of visiting these towns, and entering into all the detail of inquiry that leisure will allow; but, from the high and overhanging mountains, under which he is conveyed, he is unable to comprehend within one grasp the whole of the scenery around him; whereas, in gliding down the middle of the river, every object on both sides is fully brought within the scope of simultaneous vision. It is, perhaps, therefore, the best plan for those who may visit this delightful country, to take the line which we did; that is to say, to ascend by land and descend by water.

Having hired a caleche at Cologne as far as Aix-la-Chapelle for sixty francs, we left this at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 23rd; and

at six in the evening arrived at Juliers, a small, clean, fortified town, garrisoned by about six hundred veteran soldiers of Prussia. Here we dined and slept at the Prince Eugene, where we had excellent fare, good beds, and the charge very reasonable. The road was an ill-paved causeway in the middle, for a considerable part of the way, and deep sand in other parts; and we could not help wishing, while jolting and rattling over this execrable pavement, that his Prussian Majesty would have spared some of his numerous soldiers, employed on the fortifications of Coblenz and Ehrenbritstein, to mend his roads, being quite certain that he would gain more glory to himself and confer a greater benefit on his poor subjects, in so doing, than by employing their time and labour in preparations for a state of things which may eventually involve them and their families in misery.

The next morning we left Juliers and arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle in four hours; the road still pretty much the same, and the face of the country flat, cold, and uninteresting. A few patches of wood appeared here and there, but generally the culture of grain prevailed, chiefly oats, among which was interspersed a good deal of green crops, such as clover, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, and a few patches of turnips. Buck-wheat and poppy were also common. Within two or three miles of Aix-la-Chapelle, the surface of the country begins to break into hill and dale, and to assume somewhat of a picturesque appearance, and the approach to the town is by a long continued descent.

CHAPTER IX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THIS ancient town is situated in a valley nearly surrounded by hills, the most prominent of which is Louisberg on the north, and Salvatersberg in the same direction nearly, the latter of which is crowned with an ancient church. The pretty village of Borcette and its wooded hills are to the south. These northern elevations are composed of friable sandstone and loose sand, among which are found different shells and the remains of several species of marine productions. It is probable that from these hills proceed those numerous springs of warm water for which Aix-la-Chapelle was once particularly celebrated, and from which it derives its Germanic name *Aachen*, the City of Waters, the *Civitas Aquensis* of the Romans. The 'Chapelle' was added to the name by the French from the church or chapel built, or supposed to have been built, by Charlemagne, and perhaps also to distinguish it from Aix in Provence and Aix in Savoy. Whether the Romans, the traces of whom everywhere appear in Europe west of the Rhine, gave it the name of *Aquisgranum*, which it bears among the writings and inscriptions of the middle ages, is not certain; and the *granum* has puzzled the antiquarians not a little; but it is thought by some that the place

was dedicated to Apollo, one of whose epithets was Grannus or Grannius, or, as Virgil has it, Grynæus, when speaking of a grove sacred to that deity—

‘His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:
‘Ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.’

The old walls of the city enclose a very considerable extent of ground, which is not built upon, but laid out in gardens and walks. On the outside of the walls, the old ditches have been filled up and converted into walks and shrubberies, for the use of the inhabitants; a practice which of late years has become common in many of the Germanic and Belgic cities, and a very commendable one, which may be the means of saving them from the horrors of a siege in any future wars. The boulevards within the walls, which surround the town, have undergone the same conversion, and afford a pleasant walk. But the principal promenade appears to be that to the Louisberg, the slope of which descends to the very walls of the town, and a convenient carriage-road, as well as a handsome foot-walk, leads up to the summit; and here there is exhibited a most magnificent view round the whole horizon. On the highest point stands an obelisk which is said to have been originally erected by the French, with an inscription in praise of Napoleon, who was never in want of flatterers; but which the Prussians, at the conclusion of the war, threw down. The King of Prussia, however, ordered it to be re-erected, *generously*, as one of those gentlemen who write ‘Guides’ tells us, on the part of his majesty; but to cause the original inscription

to be erased, and another substituted to record the rapid downfall of that extraordinary person, was not so very *generous*. We could find nothing however of the kind. The column, from the fractures and fissures in the stones bore evident marks of having been thrown down, and set up again, but the only inscription which appeared on one of its faces consists of the latitudes and longitudes of certain places at which the French had their stations, in carrying on the survey of the country.

The streets of the old part of the town are very narrow, and the houses high, as is usual in most German towns; and the architecture full of picturesque points and projections and singularly interesting to the painter and the antiquarian. It would be endless to attempt a minute description of the various churches, convents, and other buildings of a public nature that meet the eye in strolling through the streets, but there are two edifices on which no traveller should omit bestowing his attention. The one is the old Hotel de Ville, the other the old cathedral or dom church. The Hotel de Ville is in the market-place, conspicuous enough by its two towers, one of which, or at least the lower part of it, is evidently, and is so recorded, of Roman structure. It is that on the eastern extremity, and still retains its Roman name of the tower of Grannus. The other tower is coeval with the body of the building, which bears the date of 1353. The façade is said to have once contained the statues of the several emperors that were crowned at Aix, but if so, they have wholly disappeared; and with them time has worn away

almost all the prominent decorations that once embellished it.

In the centre of the market-place, and before this town-hall, is a splendid fountain: the water is received into a magnificent vase of bronze, about twice the diameter, so at least we supposed it to be, of that which is placed in the conservatory of Warwick castle; from this it is poured through the mouths of two dolphins, swimming in an inferior basin of stone, enclosed within an iron railing, but accessible on two sides to the public. The bronze vase, finely sculptured, is supported on a pedestal rising out of this basin, and from the centre of the vase is another pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of Charlemagne about six feet high, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other the imperial globe surmounted by a cross. At a little distance, on each side of the fountain, is a large bronze eagle, mounted on a marble pedestal.

This fountain, which has been carefully kept in repair from time to time, was erected in 1353, at the same time that the Hotel de Ville was finished, and under the auspices of the same burgomaster, whose name appears to have been Charus.

In the town-hall of this ancient city, two several treaties of peace were signed, that of 1668, and that of 1748; and in the ancient chapel of Charlemagne, the ceremony of coronation of many emperors has been held. This old cathedral or dom church had the honour, for so it was considered, of receiving a visit from Napoleon and Josephine; and after their fall in 1818, a

Congress of sovereigns was held in Aix-la-Chapelle, at which, among other important matters, it was determined to withdraw the allied armies from the occupation of France. On this occasion the late Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned by his late majesty George IV. to paint the portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, and other distinguished personages there assembled. He had a room allotted to him for this purpose in the town-hall, which is carefully pointed out to strangers, and considered as a great honour that was done to the town.

The dom church or cathedral, or, at least, the central part of it, was built by Charlemagne, under the direction of Eginhard, his biographer, in honour of Notre Dame. There is a legend concerning its dedication by Pope Leo III., in 804, the truth of which in those days was not called in question, though we of later times may be disposed to feel incredulous. It is merely this, that three hundred and sixty-five bishops, one for every day in the year, were summoned to assist at the consecration, but as two were wanting to complete that number, their places were supplied by two others, who had the complaisance to leave their tombs on so solemn an occasion, and returned to their earthly abode as soon as the ceremony had been duly performed.

The ancient part of this remarkable church is of an octagonal form, surmounted by a cupola. Two corridors, of a more modern date, one above the other, of the width of about thirty feet, open by a succession of arches into this octagon, which they surround, with the exception of one side,

opening into the more modern choir, which is of the form of a quadrangle. From the corridors, particularly the upper one, or gallery, issue as many chapels as there are arches, each arch being opposite its chapel. These chapels, however, are still more modern, having at different times been added by different persons. The vaulted ceilings of the upper corridor are decorated with paintings of scriptural subjects by an Italian of the name of Bernardino, of clear and fresh colouring, and by no means ill executed.

In each arcade of the gallery, and between the massy pillars that divide them, are said to have been placed four beautiful and highly polished columns of granite and porphyry, which, among other robberies of the churches by the French, were torn away and sent to Paris; and four only of these have been returned. It is quite unaccountable that Blucher, who had certainly no great affection for the French, should not have taken care to see the whole of them sent back as the only, though a slender, atonement for this sacrilegious outrage on one of the most ancient and interesting edifices perhaps in existence throughout all Christendom. It is pretended, we understand, that the rest of those columns were by some accident or other demolished.

In the seventh arcade of the upper corridor is placed the organ; and that opposite to it is occupied by the chair of Charlemagne, which, being undoubtedly genuine, is an interesting relic of antiquity, and of course highly valued, as it deserves to be, by the inhabitants of Aix. It consists of four slabs of white marble, rudely fastened

together by iron clamps, and is ascended by several steps of the same material. Indeed there can be no question as to its identity with the real throne on which this monarch sat.

The tomb of Charlemagne, which is immediately under the centre of the dome of the octagon, was opened in the presence of the Emperor Otho III. The body, covered with the insignia of the empire, and decorated with the imperial jewels, was found seated on the chair in question, and placed on his knees was an illuminated copy of the Gospels, which is said still to exist. Otho carried away the insignia, which were afterwards used at the coronation of the emperors of Germany; and having satisfied his curiosity and his avarice at the same time, closed up the tomb. After this, in the year 1165, Frederic Barbarossa I. caused the tomb again to be opened, in presence of the bishops of Liege and Cologne, who had the body removed and placed in a magnificent sarcophagus, on the cover of which was engraven the Rape of Proserpine, and which is also said still to exist; but our inquiries did not tend to confirm the report. The chair, however, remains, and has been used on several occasions as the undoubted seat of Charlemagne, and is that on which many of the emperors of Germany have been crowned.

The Swiss of the church, a shrewd and intelligent man, informed us that, when Bonaparte remained a short time at Aix-la-Chapelle, he, with Josephine, paid a visit to the cathedral, attended by the bishop, who, on opening the wooden case that contains the chair of Charlemagne, invited Napoleon to seat himself on the chair of the man

whom he wished the world to suppose he resembled—but Napoleon turned away. Whether it was a feeling of pride that told him he was superior to such a barbarian, and wished to shew the bystanders that he did not consider it any honour to be thus associated with him, or whether he was apprehensive that the bishop might take the advantage while in it to press for some privilege, which, when so seated, he could not well refuse, were points that had not been settled by the good people of *Aachen*; but the latter was probably the real cause of his refusal, from the following circumstance, for the truth of which the same Swiss who attended us vouched of his own personal knowledge. He said that the good bishop, having failed with Napoleon, next invited Josephine to ascend the steps, which she, with her usual good-nature, immediately condescended to do; and having seated herself on the throne of Charlemagne, the cunning prelate took the opportunity of preferring a request, which he hoped she would condescend to grant. It was a petition, ready drawn up, that she would use her good offices with Napoleon to present the church with a new organ, to replace the one which the French soldiers had destroyed when they made a barrack of the church. She did not hesitate a moment in asking and obtaining the boon; and the organ now in use is, therefore, and very properly, considered as a present of Josephine.

When Frederic caused the tomb of Charlemagne to be opened, he presented to the cathedral a magnificent chandelier of bronze gilt, about thirteen feet in diameter, which is still suspended over

the large blue slab which covers the vault where the remains of Charlemagne are supposed to rest, and on which is engraved this simple inscription:—

Carolo Magno.

This stone is modern. The tomb of black marble which occupied its place was torn away by the French soldiers, and destroyed.

The octagon and its cupola are the only remaining parts of the building which can be considered as having been erected in the time of Charlemagne; and even these have undergone alterations and repairs at the time when the great tower and the choir were added in 1353, in the time of Otho, under the direction of Charus, the burgomaster, who, as before observed, built the town-hall, and the fountain in its front, and who added the choir to the church.

This choir, which communicates with the octagon by one of the lower arcades, is surrounded by windows of lofty dimensions. The ceiling is said to be one hundred and twenty-four feet high. Its walls are decorated with eight pictures on Scriptural subjects, by Bernardino, and also by several pieces of Gobelin tapestry, the largest of which is uncommonly fine; the figures bold and spirited, the colours fresh and brilliant, and the tone of colouring equal to that of a picture of Rubens: the subject is the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. These Gobelins are held in such high estimation, and preserved with so much care, that they are only exhibited on each side of the high altar on festival days; but the Swiss produced them for our inspection

In the choir, and facing the altar, is a well-executed bronze eagle, mounted on a pedestal, which was given to the church by the Emperor Otho III., whose bones are preserved in a sarcophagus of white marble, immediately under the high altar. Above this the statue of the Virgin Mary is placed, who wears a crown of silver gilt, which, it is said, was presented, as a sacred gift, by her unfortunate namesake of Scotland.

The paintings in the several chapels of the cathedral are not such generally as to deserve much notice; but in that of St. Michael there is a small collection that well demands the attention of those who visit this church: and what stranger, it may be asked, will fail to do so?

The chapel contains a Crucifixion, with several others in his best style, by Albert Durer; St. Peter and the Ascension by Jourdan, and a dead Christ, very fine, but very disagreeable, as all such subjects must necessarily be, by Vandyk. This last picture was rolled up and fortunately concealed from the French, who, had it been discovered, would undoubtedly have stolen it, as they did the beautiful picture of the Nativity, by Rubens; they are now both restored to their proper places in this church. Several old German pictures of the fifteenth century, among others one of St. Anthony trampling the devil under his feet, may be considered to merit attention. There is also a fine picture of St. Sebastian, and three or four others by Diepenbeck, and St. Ursula with her eleven virgins—a moderate number, which she might probably have procured, though the heretics are sceptical as to the eleven thousand. Our learned

Swiss had profited by reading infidel books, and earnestly assured us that the whole story was a blunder of some French author, he did not remember the name, who, on hearing that one of the virgins was called Mila, mistook it for Mille, and thus at once converted the eleven into eleven thousand. At Cologne, however, they at one time actually shewed the skulls and bones of eleven thousand virgins, as they were pleased to call them, congregated no doubt promiscuously from many a churchyard, and methodically arranged in the chapel of the Ursulan convent; and no good Catholic priest or laymen would venture to dispute so palpable a corroboration of the legend.

Having gone round the various chapels, and enquired of the Swiss if there was anything more to be seen, he replied that if we had any taste for *relics* he would desire a priest to shew us a very large and splendid collection of these interesting objects; but our taste did not lead us that way. On asking him, however, what sort of relics he spoke of, he said they possessed among other things the real swaddling clothes of Jesus, a gown of the Virgin Mary, some hair of her eyebrows, the shoes or sandals of Joseph, with which he walked all the way into Egypt, and a thousand other little curiosities, which were only exhibited to the people once in seven years. As none of us had any great relish for these sort of impositions, we declined the attendance of a priest.

In the church of St. Peter we saw a relic of another description,—the complete body or skeleton of a certain Florina, a Saint of course, wrapped up in silk clothes, and placed at full length in a

glass case. The head only was visible, and it was a mere skeleton; the teeth were quite perfect.— If the French had carried off these relics and left the pictures, the people of Aix would not have had much occasion to complain or lament their loss. The priests, however, had a higher notion of their value, and hurried them away into the interior of Germany, lest they should be deprived for ever of such valuable treasures. The Emperor of Germany, it is pretended, took tythe for their safe keeping, and retained among other things the sword of Charlemagne.

There are several churches in Aix-la-Chapelle besides the cathedral, that, from their antiquity and various ornaments, deserve to be visited, particularly that of St. Nicholas, which is a spacious and beautiful church. At the high altar is a picture of the Crucifixion by Diepenbeck; and there were two others which the French had carried away, but were restored and placed at the head of one of the side aisles. Diepenbeck was a disciple of Vandyk, as well as of Rubens; and one of these, the Descent from the Cross, is a very close resemblance of Vandyk's style, if it be not actually painted by this master.

Aix-la-Chapelle appears to be a very dull town. The baths once so celebrated are nearly deserted, Spa, and the neighbouring village of Borcette, having drawn away the company, though they too, it is said, have given way. of late years, to Wisbaden and other baths of Germany. It can boast but of little trade and few manufactures; the chief of which are woollen cloths, pins and needles—the latter article, when made up into packets, are

marked as Whitechapel needles. The inhabitants are neither Dutch, Brabanters nor Germans, but a mixture of all three, and speak a language which partakes of all and belongs to none. They have the character of being uncivil to strangers, but in our short intercourse we certainly did not find them to be so.

CHAPTER X.

BELGIUM.

LEAVING Aix-la-Chapelle on the morning of the 25th, it took us eight hours to reach Liège. The road was still paved, but kept in somewhat better order than we had found it on the other side of Aix. Several tough hills, however, contributed to make the journey tedious, though we were amply recompensed by viewing at more leisure the diversified face of the country, broken as it was into hill and dale, with now and then a rich and well-wooded valley, whose verdant meadows, enclosed with hedges, were enlivened with numerous herds of beautiful cattle.

At the distance of twelve miles from Aix-la-Chapelle we came to a small town or rather village called Henri-la-Chapelle, the approach to which on the summit of a hill is announced by a Dutch custom-house, this being the frontier station between the Prussian and the Netherlands territory. Here our passport was *viséed*, and we were asked if we had any merchandize or other articles that required to be declared? On answering in the negative, we were permitted to pass on without any examination of our baggage.

LIÈGE.

From a steep hill the road winds down into the valley or plain on which Liège stands. This city is situated at the junction of the Ourt with the Meuse, where their united streams form a fine broad river, which flows through the heart of the town, and is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, of six circular arches, three of them being of very considerable elevation. A convenient quay for commercial purposes extends the whole length of the town, both above and below the bridge; and symptoms of a considerable traffic were apparent, from the degree of bustle on the quay in the shipping and landing of goods.

In the lower part of the town the streets as usual are narrow and the houses lofty, not much unlike some of the gloomy streets of Paris. Those of the upper part, on the side of the hill, are also narrow and inconveniently steep, being ascended in many places by flights of steps. There are two tolerably spacious squares, in one of which stands the town-hall, and in the other the theatre. The latter is a handsome modern building, surrounded by an arcade; the former is an imposing old edifice, though somewhat heavy, with an interior quadrangle containing the public offices and records, and the several courts for civil and provincial affairs. The columns supporting the arcade are short and thick, having very much of the Moorish character. Under the arcade are little cells or shops, in which small articles of daily use of every description are exposed for sale.

From the square of the theatre and running round the western side of the town, is a circular piece of water enclosed by a parapet wall on one side, and the walls of houses or gardens on the other. A pleasant promenade planted with trees, and apparently much frequented, is carried along the side of this parapet wall; but the houses and gardens on the opposite side are of a very inferior description, and are washed by the water, between which and their walls there is not even a footpath. The water is considerably below the surface of the promenade planted with trees, and also of the river, which it joins, and from which, by means of a sluice, fresh water can be let into this common sewer, for in point of fact it is neither more nor less. The lower parts of the town are intersected by branches of the Meuse, all enclosed by stone walls, the houses themselves frequently forming one side of the inclosure, very similar to what occurs in the canals of Utrecht; but those streets of Liège have none of the width nor the rows of trees that characterize a Dutch town.

Liège has long been the principal place in the Netherlands for the smelting of iron and for the various manufactures of that, and other metals, which, of late years, have been greatly extended. The hills which enclose the valley of the Meuse abound in coal, limestone, and iron, and capital only is wanting to carry on the works to a very great extent.

An Englishman of the name of Cockerell has established manufactories of several kinds, more particularly for the smelting and working of iron; and in some of them cannon is cast of the largest

calibre, and steam-engines of the highest power, and various other kinds of machinery, are here executed. The great bronze lion that surmounts the conical mound of earth, recently raised on the plain of Waterloo, was cast by Cockerell.

Commerce and manufactures rarely fail to draw in their train the means of promoting the sciences and liberal arts. King William, in his abundant kindness to his new subjects, has established at Liège a Royal University for students in theology, law, and phisic, which the advancing prosperity of the place now made it necessary to be enlarged, for the better accommodation of the increasing number of students; and there has also been recently added to it a botanical garden. Societies have also been formed for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, belles lettres and general literature. In short, everything in and about the town appeared to us to be in a progressive state of improvement.

The broad valley in which Liège stands, and which widens out above the town on both sides of the Meuse, has a peculiarly pleasing aspect. The banks on either side of the river are extended into level plains that are terminated by hills skirted with vineyards and varied patches of cultivation, having the more elevated parts of their slopes well wooded, and enlivened with numerous small villas and neat white cottages, situated in the midst of gardens. Every inch of the plain is under tillage, and among its varied products are large plantations of hops, the rows of which appeared to be closer together, and the poles and plants at least one-third taller, on the average height, than we

usually find them in England. They were at this time loaded with flowers from top to bottom, but the clusters appeared more loose, and not so large as those generally grown in Kent.

We left Liège on the morning of the 26th, along a smooth and level mountain road, sometimes running close under a rocky hill, and equally close to the margin of the river, and sometimes having a fine cultivated plain between us and the river. The hills on both sides were finely diversified with wood, and interspersed masses of rock, giving a picturesque appearance to the scenery. New buildings, with tall chimneys, sending out volumes of smoke, were seen in every direction, and announced the very common and extensive application of steam in their several manufactories; and numerous rail-roads, from the hills to the river-side, and heaps of coal-rubbish and slag, were the certain indications of active industry and a manufacturing population.

The enterprising Cockerell has turned the ancient Chateau de Sereign, once the Archiepiscopal palace of Liège, into an iron foundery, where, it was said, upwards of two thousand workmen were employed, and iron goods manufactured, from the largest steam-engine to a penknife. Here, too, the good King William had contributed a considerable capital for the encouragement of his Belgic subjects, by giving them an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with every branch of the art. A nunnery had also been converted into a paper-mill, constructed on the principle of those invented some time since in France, and now used in Scotland, by which sheets of paper a

mile long, if the rollers can be made large enough to receive them, are capable of being manufactured in one continued piece. Cockerell's father is said to have been a cotton-spinner in Manchester; one of those bold spirits who, if it was not himself, was one of the same kidney, that made a boast that he would construct a machine, into one end of which a piece of cotton wool inserted should come out at the other end a ruffled shirt; to which another observed, that this shirt, put into one end of a machine of his contrivance, should come out a printed Bible at the other. Ridiculous as these boastings may appear, such a process would not be much more wonderful than that extraordinary piece of mechanism, constructed by Babbage, which not only calculates logarithms, but arranges the types in the frame ready for printing, without the possibility of an error. Such are the extraordinary results of the 'march of intellect,' which does not by any means appear to have yet slackened its pace; nor will any one venture to predict where it will end.

HUY.

The usual indications of manufacturing industry and activity continued uninterruptedly as far as the town of Huy, at which place a stone bridge of seven arches crosses the Meuse. Opposite this bridge, and on the right bank, is a lofty hill, on the summit of which formerly stood an old castle; and on the ruins of this was constructed a regular and extensive fortification, which, like the other

decayed works of this kind, was undergoing a thorough repair, and enlargement. Underneath the rock and close to it, that supports this fortification, is the old cathedral, a very fine and remarkable specimen of the heavy Gothic; but it is so overpowered by the immense mass of the impending rock, and the works on its summit, as to appear to the eye much more diminutive than it actually is. We found but little within it deserving of attention, but were amused with a pleasing set of carillons, which played sweetly and correctly the Huntsman's Chorus in Freyschütz.

In proceeding from Huy, the two ranges of hills, that confine the valley and the river, gradually approach, and contract them to a narrow space; and the smooth and beautiful road, the rugged and bold rocks, and the meandering river hemmed in between them, recall vividly to the recollection the valley of the Rhine, on a diminished scale; for, though equally beautiful, the river Meuse and its accompaniments are by no means equally grand. The rocks are partly basaltic, but chiefly of limestone, lofty and precipitous, frequently rising perpendicularly from the margin of the road. The working of several limestone-quarries was in full activity, and masons were busily employed in shaping those large blue flagstones, so commonly met with in Holland, others in hewing them into shapes fit for posts and milestones, and others into square masses for building, all of which are almost in universal use throughout Holland and the Netherlands.

Here, too, are produced those very fine blocks of variegated and black marbles, of which speci-

mens are to be met with in many of the churches of the Netherlands. Alum works are also carried on in these ranges of hills to a considerable extent. With such valuable materials as these in constant demand, together with the more important ones of coal, iron, and limestone, in the immediate neighbourhood of a fine navigable river, by which they may be transported either to the northward or the southward, the valley of the Meuse ought to be, as it really is, considered as a mine of wealth to the inhabitants of this part of Belgium.

Nine miles beyond Huy is the town of Salayen; and here the valley of the Meuse becomes still more romantic and picturesque than farther down. The rocky cliffs by the roadside now resemble, but on a much grander scale, the rock of St. Vincent, near Clifton, sometimes threatening destruction to the traveller, and then receding, to give room to some lovely smiling little valley, with its neat village church and concomitant convent. In the ruder parts of the rocky defile are seen the mantling ivy and numerous creepers climbing up the steep sides, which, with the lofty pinnacles and crested summits, give to these masses of rock the appearance of a succession of ruined castles, that are scarcely to be distinguished by the eye from those ancient fabrics, which are actually existing, and which may occasionally be seen peeping through the dense woods, or perched on the very pinnacle of some rocky eminence. In some places, either by the wasting away of the earth or loose materials, or by the working of the quarrymen, huge masses of naked rock are seen as if suspended in the air, or supported on so small a base, as

to appear to threaten the traveller below with the momentary danger of rolling down into the road.

NAMUR.

At the end of this picturesque defile, and directly on a line with the river, we suddenly open out, but at a considerable distance, the city of Namur with its domes, and its turrets and spires, all of them overtopped by a lofty mass of rock, surmounted with castles and batteries, and round towers, that, seen even at this distance, satisfy the spectator as to their vast dimensions. On a nearer approach to the town, these formidable fortifications are the first objects that arrest the eye.

The entrance into Namur, from this side, is through an avenue of trees, and over a bridge of blue stone of nine arches. We now have full before us that immense work, which frowns over the city of Namur, like the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein over Thal and Coblenz. From the repairs of this vast fortification, and from the additional works which have recently covered the heights above Huy, it might be conjectured that the King of the Netherlands lays no little stress on being in possession of the means of obstructing the progress of an enemy, by closing against him a passage by the valley of the Meuse; perhaps, however, he has no choice in thus disposing of the money, which England and the other powers have assigned to him, to be employed in strengthening and repairing the works of his new and united government;—but it did not appear to us

civilians to require any very critical knowledge of military science, to be convinced, that these fortifications on the Meuse, let them be as strong and as perfect as art and labour can make them, could stand him in much stead, if unfortunately engaged in hostilities with either of his powerful neighbours, the French or the Prussians. We do not see why either of these powers could not march into the very heart of the Netherlands, without coming under the fire of a single gun. Infinitely superior in discipline and in numbers to anything he could bring into the field, it cannot be supposed that the progress of a well-disciplined army, under able officers, either of France or Prussia, would for one moment be impeded by all the fortifications that can be raised on the heights of the Meuse. It may be doubted indeed, if they would think it even necessary to mask these works, as, of all the countries in the world, perhaps the fine open plains of Belgium are just of that description which an invading army, superior to that of the invaded, would find itself most at its ease. At all seasons of the year abundance of food would be to be had, either on the ground or in the granaries, for man and horse; and open towns and villages ready on all sides to afford them good lodgings. Why then should it be expected that such an army would break its head against towers, and bastions, and redoubts?

We had often occasion to admire the vast superiority, in discipline and appearance, of the Prussian soldiers over those of the King of the Netherlands. Among the former are scarcely

ever observed, in a whole regiment, a man above thirty years of age; they are all stout, handsome, well-made young men, generally between the ages of twenty and thirty, well-clothed and well-trained. It was quite beautiful to see them on the parade going through the several movements; and it was impossible not to be struck with their firm and upright carriage, and with the perfect accuracy with which they performed a simultaneous movement. The Dutch troops, on the contrary, exhibited a very remarkable contrast. Their clothing was generally put on in so slovenly a manner, as evidently not made to fit the wearer; their exercise was gone through in a careless and indifferent style; there was no firmness of step, and in marching it was laughable to see them frequently kicking each other's heels. They were, however, as well as the Prussians, mostly young men, and being natives of the same country, it is obviously the fault of their officers that they are so very badly drilled; and his Netherlands' majesty cannot too soon endeavour to supply himself with others, that will pay more attention to his soldiers, otherwise he may be well assured, that if the occasion should arise, two or three Prussian regiments would disperse any army that he could be able to send against them. We speak of those only that are serving in Belgium; we saw some fine troops in Antwerp.

In addition to the regular army, his majesty has also a militia, which it is hoped may be of a superior kind to that which an English traveller describes as having seen in Amsterdam: 'In the afternoon,' he says, 'I paid a second visit to

'the Exchange to see the city militia perform their exercise: to which every man is subject, unless he makes a pecuniary compensation; those, therefore, who from their poverty cannot, or from their avarice will not, pay the fine, are obliged to serve. Here penury and parsimony were collected together in such various habits, (for they have no regular uniform,) as to make the most ludicrous group imagination can suggest. A giant and a dwarf, a Falstaff and a slender, a bob-wig and a short head of hair; in coats of all colours of the rainbow, joined most heterogeneously together to compose a rank in which every man followed his own inventions, in as many different attitudes and manœuvres as there were men to make them.' It should be observed, however, that this sketch, real or caricatured, was drawn before the French had possession of the country, and about the time that the noted Major Sturgeon was performing his extraordinary exploits, with a corps of a similar character, in marching from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge.

Perhaps, however, it is less from Prussia than from France that Belgium is in danger of being attacked; and it may probably be with a view to oppose the progress of the French down this fine valley of the Meuse, that the king is expending such large sums of money in rebuilding and extending the fortifications of Huy and Namur.

This is certainly one of the most easy of the direct routes into this open country from France; but the whole boundary line affords a choice of

easy passages for troops, without the reach of any military work. What, for instance, is to oppose the progress of an army from Lille or Mons, or by Charleroi or Fleurus, as in the last invasion, but an army of equal or superior force? and it is not probable that the king of the Netherlands either has, or ever can have, such an army raised out of his five millions of subjects.

As to Prussia, she may be supposed to have another and a more advantageous view, than the annexation of any part of Belgium to her dominions. The small portion of the Rhine which passes through her territories, and the restriction put on its navigation to the sea, might induce her, naturally enough, to look to the Elbe and the Weser, as affording not only unobstructed outlets for the produce and manufactures of Prussia, but also sea-ports for the protection and encouragement of commerce, and a free and uninterrupted communication with the northern ocean; but these advantages can only be attained in their fullest extent by the possession of Hanover; and there are those who think that his Prussian majesty would not have many scruples in seizing upon this kingdom on the slightest pretext being afforded for such a *coup d'état*. It would then be his interest, and probably his justification, to assist the Dutch against any encroachment on the part of France on the integrity of the Belgic provinces. But these are mere speculations on events, that are, perhaps, not yet, nor ever will be, conceived in the womb of time.

Like the streets of most of the Belgic towns, those of Namur are generally narrow, and the

houses lofty, but they appear to be kept in clean and good order, and some few have a tolerable width and bordered by good comfortable houses. The numerous work-shops, chiefly in the various branches of iron and brass ware, gave an appearance of active industry, which was not contradicted by the equally numerous shops which exhibited those articles of home-made manufacture. There was besides a good deal of traffic and bustle on the river.

We paid a visit to the cathedral, which is a very handsome specimen of modern architecture, of the Corinthian order, not more than seventy years old; but it experienced, like all the other churches, the bad usage of the French soldiery, who converted it into a barrack and a hospital.

It is now, however, kept in a state of good repair and perfect neatness. The interior of the dome is particularly light and elegant, and the whole floor, the steps and the altars, are entirely of marble of different kinds and colours. There are four pictures in this church, said to be by Rubens, — 'The Salutation,' — 'Christ healing the lame man at the Port of Bethesda,' — 'Showing himself to the Apostles,' — and 'The Crucifixion.'

There is also a St. Sebastian, which is supposed to have been painted by Rubens' father. 'The miraculous draught of fishes,' and two or three others are ascribed to Vandyk. There are also several pictures by Nicolai. 'The woman taken in adultery,' — 'Christ in the tomb,' — &c. On expressing some doubt as to the authenticity of those said to be by Rubens and Vandyk, the

guide observed that they were considered by the best judges in Namur to be genuine, and not copies, and mentioned in confirmation of this opinion, that when the emperor Joseph wished to remove them to Vienna, the attempt was strongly resisted by the citizens of Namur; that while the French were plundering the churches of their valuable pictures, those of Rubens and Vandyk in this cathedral were removed and concealed until they were driven out of the country.

We had scarcely time to look into the church of the Jesuits, which appeared, however, to merit attention, particularly the columns of the nave, which were either of red close-grained granite or porphyry, with round bases five or six feet high, and a belt round the upper part. The floor is entirely of marble.

As we had before us a long journey the following day to Brussels, and should probably spend some time on the field of Waterloo, we desired the servant girl to be careful not to omit knocking at our door at four o'clock; on which she significantly said, there was very little danger of any of us being asleep at that hour. On enquiring what she meant, she said the bell of the town-hall, just by, would be sure to awaken us; and she was quite right, for such a toll of about ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, was certainly never before heard: it was just as if one of the most sonorous Chinese gongs was beating in the adjoining apartment.

WATERLOO.

On leaving Namur for Brussels, we took leave of the valley of the Meuse, and proceeded northerly by the small town of Jenappe, and by Quatre Bras, to the ever memorable and ever interesting plain of Waterloo, which no Englishman thinks of passing without making himself acquainted with the topographical detail, on the spot, of that tremendous conflict, which terminated in giving peace to long-afflicted Europe.

The original features, however, of the ground, where the centre of the English line had its position, at the last desperate effort made by the enemy, are entirely obliterated; and the ridge which formed a part of Mount St. Jean is now levelled down with the rest of the plain. This was done for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient quantity of earth to form the great conical mound, on which the colossal bronze lion, which may serve either as the British or Belgic lion, is supported, the pedestal of which bears the simple inscription 'June 18, 1815.' The mound and the lion have equally been the subjects of ill-natured censure; but the one containing the bones of friends and foes, who fell in that dreadful day, and the other composed of cannon taken from the enemy, would appear to be aptly enough appropriated, as being at once a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb. The mound is intended to be placed on the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound. We first observed this conical mount from the heights of Quatre Bras, from

whence it appeared in the horizon just like one of the pyramids of Egypt.

There have been so many plans and descriptions of the battle and of the neighbouring country, that it would be a waste of time and paper to repeat them. At the foot of the mound may be had plans of all sizes, both of the country and the battle, prints of the monuments that have been erected within and without the church, and every possible information that a visitor could wish for: and if these should not be considered sufficient, there are a dozen or two of clever and intelligent young fellows, who have found it worth their while to loiter about the ground in the expectation of visitors, and who have made themselves acquainted with the details of the battle, speaking English with tolerable correctness and fluency. In fact we were quite unprepared for these lacqueys, the number of huts, sheds, and cottages, and the population which we met with on the plain of Waterloo. Even on the summit of the mound, which is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and ascended by two hundred and thirty-two rude steps of wood, placed by an individual up one of its sides, we found two women offering for sale cakes and wine, gin, and all manner of cordials.

The village of Waterloo is in the rear of the field of battle, and close to the forest of Soigny, which we passed through in the evening, over an indifferent kind of paved causeway. The trees are principally of beech, and some of them very fine, but the wood is fit for nothing but firewood, and is used solely for that purpose. The

trees are so close together as to exclude every ray of the sun and to impede the action of the atmosphere; and the consequence is that, when a log of beech wood is brought out of the forest into the open air, it rives and splits in a most extraordinary manner. This, indeed, is the case with most other woods, and it explains why hedge-oaks, or trees that have grown singly and been thoroughly exposed to the air, are less liable to split, and therefore preferable in ship-building to those which have grown in a wood.

BRUSSELS.

Brussels is in all respects worthy to be considered as the capital of the Netherlands. The streets in the lower or more ancient part of the town, about the gate where it is entered near the river Senne, maintain the usual character of a Belgic town, being narrow and the houses high, but on the upper or hill part of the city, the streets are spacious and the buildings magnificent. The ascent from the lower to the upper or court end of the town, is about as steep as, and the streets not unlike, those which run through Guildford or Lewes. Two palaces, one for the king and another contiguous to it for the young prince, face the planted piece of ground, called the park, which may be about the size of Lincoln's-inn Fields; it is laid out in the continental style of gardens, being intersected by straight walks shaded by trees, and embellished with statues, in praise of which much cannot be said. Directly facing the king's palace, and on the opposite side of the park, is

the house of the Conseil de Brabant, now the Chamber of Deputies. All the houses in the four streets or rows that surround the four sides of the park are truly magnificent, and in general appearance equal, or nearly so, in point of architecture though not in size; and the houses in the adjoining square or *Place Royale*, with the church in the centre of one of its sides, and the two hotels of Belvue and de Flandres, are all splendid buildings. The former hotel makes up more than a hundred beds; and we sat down to a table d'hôte, at which were sixty-six persons, more than one-half of them English.

In fact Brussels, next to Paris, is the most populous English colony in all Europe; and to lodge our countrymen comfortably and in the English taste, whole streets or rows of houses are building for their reception towards the outskirts of the town; and for their amusement, the old walls and ramparts have been demolished, and converted into a charming boulevard for a promenade: and along the *Allée verte*, beside the Antwerp canal, they were busily employed in laying out an extensive botanical garden, and in levelling the old fortifications in that quarter. No wonder that so many English families flock to this great city; many of whom, however, carry, with their money, their depraved habits and vicious propensities, and not a few, a great deal of the latter without much of the former, imposing for a time on the inhabitants, who, however, had now become more cautious in trusting them.

All kinds of provisions, education in all its branches, public amusements, and the luxury of

a carriage, may all be had here for about one-half of what they cost in England; and there is no restraint, but what the law, mildly administered, imposes. Books of all kinds, particularly French and English, are carefully reprinted here, and sold for much less than the editions of our most popular works printed by Galignani at Paris. We have yet seen no place in the course of our tour, not even Franckfort, that wears the appearance of so much ease and prosperity as in the inhabitants of Brussels. There are, however, many dissatisfied spirits among them, especially the Catholic priests, who hate the government of Protestants, and the Jacobins, who hate all governments; but the mild and equitable rule of the king restrains to a certain degree if it cannot subdue their hatred.

We went through the king's palace, which had been newly furnished, and is one of the most habitable and comfortable houses of that denomination, perhaps, in Europe. The ball-room is the only large apartment, and is splendidly fitted up and furnished. It may be some eighty feet by forty, and very lofty. There is another room, perhaps somewhat smaller, which is called the picture-gallery, but is as unworthy the name as the pictures are unworthy to be placed in it. With the exception of two or three by Van Dyk, Rembrandt, and Ruysdael, all of them are of an inferior class, the remainder are absolutely trash. In the exceptions, however, should be included a 'Holy Family,' by Murillo, a small but captivating picture. The expression of the countenance, and the attitude of the child in the arm of Joseph, eagerly throwing its body towards its mother, is

most natural, and admirably executed. It seems to say, 'Take me, mother, to thy arms.'

In the queen's boudoir are some better pictures. Among them we observed the 'Chapeau de Velours' of Van Dyk, a more pleasing picture than that which may be considered its companion, by Rubens, the 'Chapeau de Paille.' There was also an agreeable picture, by David, of a 'Holy Family,' and Rembrandt's original picture of the 'Burgomasters,' one of which we saw in the Museum of Amsterdam. The palace is built round a large quadrangular courtyard, and contains the immense number of forty-four rooms, *en suite*, through all of which we passed. Behind the quadrangle is a garden, which had neither taste, nor neatness, nor rare plants, to recommend it to notice.

From the palace we crossed the park to the house of the *Conseil de Brabant*. The vestibule is very fine. Two wide staircases, one on each side, lead to the two Chambers of Peers and the Deputies. The steps are of marble, and each of a single slab, the produce, as we understood, of the hills which enclose the Meuse. The Chamber of Peers on the right is merely a long room or gallery. On one side of it were two large pictures, painted by Oudevere, the king's painter. One was the 'Battle of Nieuport,' the other, the 'Battle of Waterloo.' The moment chosen for the latter is that when the Prince of Orange was wounded; Lord March, the present Duke of Richmond, is close by his side, looking like a veteran of at least fifty years of age.

The composition of these pictures appears to

have some merit, but their colouring is not agreeable, and they are somewhat hard in the execution.

The Chamber of Deputies on the left is on the same plan as that of the Deputies in Paris; but it has no tribune, each member speaking from his place,—those who represent the Provinces of Holland using the Dutch, and those of the Netherlands generally the French language.

We next visited the Museum of Paintings, in the old *Palais d'Orange*, not far from the *Place Royale*, which consists of two moderate-sized rooms thrown into one by a large arched doorway, and well lighted from the top. It contained five or six pictures, by Rubens,—among them, 'Christ bearing his Cross,'—'The Nativity,'—'Opening the Tomb of Christ,'—and a small finished sketch of the 'Scourging of Christ,' superior, as we thought, to the larger picture of this disgusting subject in the Church of St. Paul, at Antwerp. There is in this collection a very fine picture of the 'Siege of Tournay,' by Vander Meulen, and several by Teniers, Ostade, and other Dutch and Flemish painters.

At the further extremity of the quadrangular court, in which this collection of pictures is placed, occupying one wing, is a suite of rooms, appropriated to subjects in the several departments of natural history, among which is a collection of very superb specimens of Russian minerals, presented by the present empress. The birds are beautifully set up, but not very numerous, and the whole collection of animals well arranged and preserved with great care : what is of essential

use to visitors, they are placed at a convenient height for the eye, and are properly labelled.

Another wing of the quadrangle is appropriated to the sittings of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Literature; and there is also a library under the same roof, and behind the building is a large den, which was now closed, and no preparation, as we were told, for a botanical garden.

The church of Gudule, standing on the brow of the hill, is a magnificent specimen of the old Gothic style. It contains some very fine monuments; and the twelve Apostles, at full length, and rather above the common size, are placed against twelve columns of the nave. The pulpit, by Quesnoy, is beautifully executed, and is probably not inferior to any piece of carving in wood throughout the Netherlands, which is saying a great deal, as this is the country, of all others, where carving in wood was carried to the greatest perfection. The subject of the Gudule pulpit is the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The pulpit itself is supported by the figures of our first parents and the Angel, who is driving them out with a flaming sword. The face of Adam is concealed by his two hands placed before it, and his flowing hair; but the whole figure, by the attitude into which it is thrown, exhibits the strongest representation of grief and despondency that can well be imagined; while Eve turns round her piteous face, and looks at the Angel in the most affecting expression of countenance, and a look 'more in sorrow than in anger,' evincing at the same time something not exactly of complaint, but as if she would say, 'Our punishment exceeds

our crime.' The Tree of Knowledge, with its spreading branches, gives support to the canopy over the pulpit; and the huge snake, having succeeded in destroying the happiness of our first parents, is in the act of sneaking away from its victims, and entwining itself round the back part of the pulpit, on which side its head is seen to have reached the top of the canopy. Here, however, on the highest summit, stands erect the figure of the Virgin Mary, bearing a long crozier, with the point of which she pierces the head of the snake. On either side, on the railing of the steps, are a number of birds and quadrupeds enjoying themselves, as it were, in Paradise; those on the side of Adam being mostly of the larger species, and such as are endued with masculine strength, and those on the side of Eve, chiefly peacocks, parrots, and monkeys, which some may, perhaps, be disposed to think was intended as rather a malicious satire on the part of the sculptor, in having chosen such chattering for the accompaniments of mother Eve.

The Town-house of Brussels, and more particularly its beautiful spire, are scarcely, perhaps, to be equalled for elegance and lightness*. This spire rises proudly eminent, to the height, it is said, of three hundred and sixty-four feet, exclusive of sixteen or eighteen feet of an iron rod which supports the full-length figure of St. Michael, who, it must be confessed, has been treated rather lightly by converting him into a weathercock. Standing in the centre nearly of the city, this light

* A print of this is placed as the frontispiece.

and airy spire of exquisite workmanship is seen from every part of its outskirts, and forms a beautiful object from the park and its vicinity.

Though the architecture of the Hotel de Ville is perfectly regular, it is a remarkable circumstance that the tower, with its lofty spire, is not placed in the centre of the façade, but much nearer to one end than the other; and what is still more remarkable, that this irregularity does not, as might be supposed, in the least offend the eye. We are told by an old French traveller that the architect who planned it was nevertheless so much shocked at its appearance, that he put an end to his existence,—an idle story, similar to that which is vulgarly told of the sculptor who made the beautiful statue of Charles at Charing-cross,—that he committed suicide, because he discovered that he had omitted to add a girth to the saddle of the horse, whereas, in point of fact, there is a double girth.

On the side opposite to that which the Town-hall occupies in the Grand Place, or market-square, is the ancient palace, of curious Gothic architecture, now converted into shops; but its gilding, its decorations, inscriptions, and other remains of its former splendour, are still visible, and may be made out by those who have time and patience for the task.

There are no towns on the continent that, like London, enjoy the inappreciable advantage and luxury of having a copious supply of pure water, brought up into all the floors of the houses if desired; but there are also few towns which, next to this advantage, have not the enjoyment of public

fountains and public pumps; and in the decoration and embellishments of these structures, no expense appears to have been spared; and very often we find a great share of good taste displayed in them. To say nothing of the fountains, of which some are really splendid, the common pumps even of Franckfort, Mayence, and Cologne, and many of the towns of the Netherlands, are ornamental to the streets and squares in which they are erected. They are of various forms, but most commonly that of an obelisk, or the section of a pyramid, curiously carved with fretwork of different devices, and surmounted with statues of men or women, figures of lions, eagles, and other animals, and sometimes with a gilt crown, or armorial bearings.

Brussels has its share of both pumps and fountains; and among others, there is one of the latter in the corner of a street, of a singular kind, well known by the name of the Mannikinpis. It is the statue of a little boy, beautifully sculptured in black marble, by Quesnoy, who sends forth night and day, without intermission, a copious stream of pure water, to which none of the young women in the neighbourhood make any scruple of resorting for a supply when wanted. It is said that Louis XIV., when in Brussels, was so shocked at the indelicacy (*credat Judæus!*) of this exhibition, that he ordered a suit of gold-laced clothes to be made for the minikin; and report says he is actually clothed in them, with a cocked hat and sword, on certain festival days, for the amusement of the inhabitants. If the fact be so, Louis must have intended to play off a joke on the good people of Brussels.

On the 29th of August, we left Brussels in a calèche and pair of horses, which we hired as far as Ghent—thirty-six miles, for two and a half Napoleons, or somewhat less than two guineas. About half way is the town of Alost, or, as the word signifies 'to the east,' it being the frontier town of old Flanders in that direction. It is not a very large but a neat town; and in its cathedral there is a picture of Rubens, which travellers generally go to see. The subject is Christ empowering Saint Roch (who he was we did not inquire) to heal the sick; it is a well painted, but by no means a pleasant picture. There is also a picture of Saint Catherine, said to be by Van Dyk: the face of the Saint is beautifully painted, but the position of the severed head, with respect to the body, rather offends the eye, as it is not easy to discover whether it is still on or off the shoulders. These pictures were carried off by the French, but restored; the altar-piece is a painting by a young pupil of the academy of the fine arts, an institution which even this town can boast of.

From Alost to Ghent, which is eighteen miles, an avenue of tall beech-trees is continued almost the whole way without interruption. The causeway generally was well-paved, and a very considerable number of men were employed in keeping it in good order; the surface of the country perfectly flat the whole way, and the uninterrupted tillage as neat and clean as a kitchen garden.

The number of women employed in the various operations of agriculture appeared to be at least equal to that of the other sex, and some of their employments were laborious enough, and to us

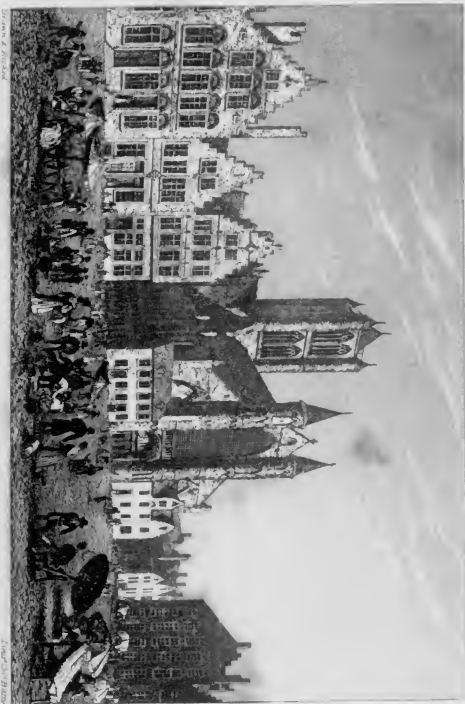
appeared disgusting and degrading; for instance, we observed a young woman harnessed with a man in the painful labour of dragging a harrow over a surface of rough clods. Very few horses appeared to be employed, a single horse being frequently observed to draw a light plough through the loose and mellow soil. We noticed also a number of men engaged in spade husbandry. The green crops were almost exclusively confined to clover and potatoes.

We may here observe that, since we left Liege, the condition of the agricultural labourers, if we might judge from the appearance of the farm-houses and cottages, and villages, was somewhat superior to that of the same class further to the eastward. There was more neatness about the farm-yards, and more care taken in the preservation of every ingredient for the compost heap, so essential for keeping up the prolific quality of the soil. Their grain was carefully stacked, and their dwellings were white-washed, and kept clean before the doors, and these and the windows and the wood-work generally were painted green: this contrast, however, does not apply so much to the state of agriculture of the country between the eastern and western portions of Brabant, as to the general appearance of the houses and the people; for nothing could exceed the neatness in which the land was cultivated the whole way along the banks of the Rhine and as far as Aix-la-Chapelle; the care and the labor bestowed on every part of it were little, if anything, inferior to that of the Dutch Netherlands. But this neatness in the cultivation had no correspondence with

the dress and appearance of the peasantry, whose extreme slovenliness and the filthy state of their dwellings were quite disgusting. All kinds of dirt was suffered to remain undisturbed before the doors, and it was not unusual to see a parcel of children nearly naked, paddling in pools of water—the drains from some neighbouring dunghill; but nothing of this kind is seen in Belgium.

GHENT.

Ghent is situated on the united stream of the Scheldt, the Lis and the Lieve. It is a fine old city, but, like all we have yet seen, the height of the houses and the narrowness of many of the streets give it a dull and sombre appearance. The cathedral is a fine old structure, at least equal to the church of St. Gudule at Brussels. It is said to have been built in the eleventh century, and finished as it now appears. If we clearly understood the *Suisse de l'église*, the pillars and arcades which we went to see under the ground-floor of the church, were the foundations of one still older, on which they rebuilt the present edifice. They correspond exactly, so that this vaulted underground story is called a church under the cathedral. Almost the whole interior of this fine old building is of marble of various kinds and colours; the lower parts of the walls are lined almost wholly with black marble. Its two and twenty chapels are mostly of marble, with doors of brass. The altar-pieces and all the monuments are also of black and white marble, the former serving as pedestals or bases, on which the whole length



St. Nicholas Church

figures of white marble, from the quarries of Genoa, rest. One of these, a bishop of Ghent, by Quesnoy, and another, a German bishop, by Paoli, are exquisitely fine. The pulpit is a finished piece of carving, supported by two statues of *Time* and *Truth*, under the figures of an angel holding open the 'Book of Life' before the face of an old man; and on each flight of steps is the figure of an angel:—the whole by Laurent de Veana. There is a picture of St. Bavon, by Rubens, but in so bad a light that the subject can scarcely be made out. There is also a large picture of the raising of Lazarus, by Van Veen, reckoned fine; and the Paschal Lamb, by Van Eyck, and three others, are highly valued by the inhabitants. The grand altar of black and white marble, with the statue of St. Bavon, is by Vanbruggen; the two colossal statues of Carara marble by which he is supported are by another hand. The four massive candelabra on the great altar are said to have belonged to our Charles I., and to have originally been the property of the old Metropolitan church of Saint Paul of London.

Ghent is almost as much intersected by canals as if it were a town of Holland; and they talk of its twenty-seven islands and three hundred bridges, which are probably about three times the actual number. In the architecture of the churches we observed nothing very remarkable, but the *stepped* gables of the houses give a peculiar character to the town. It has some good streets and open squares that are lighted with gas; and we could not but notice that a great many more well dressed people, both ladies and gentlemen, appeared

abroad in the streets, than we had observed elsewhere; it appeared, however, that the greater part of them were English, who have congregated here in numbers as considerable, perhaps, as at Brussels. There are, no doubt, many inducements held out at Ghent for English families, in moderate circumstances, to fix their abode there. All the necessities of life are abundant and cheap. There is an excellent college, at which the pupils are instructed in every branch of literature on the most reasonable terms; and no distinction made between protestant and catholic. There is an academy for the fine arts, which possesses a good collection of pictures, a public library, and a very good botanical garden, which was founded under the republican government of France, out of the gardens and grounds of a suppressed convent. The present king, not to be behindhand with the French in beneficence to his good subjects of Ghent, has founded and built for them the above-mentioned college, or university as it is called, which does great honour to the care and paternal love for his people, displayed in no way more than in his desire, manifested in every part of his dominions, to instil a taste for literature, science, and fine arts among them. The building is magnificent; the façade, with its eight Corinthian columns, and noble pediment intended to be decorated with allegorical sculpture in bas-relief, does credit to the architect. Already, we understood, it has about six hundred students, and it possesses very valuable collections in the several departments of natural history, and a library of fifty or sixty thousand volumes.

We regretted much that time would not allow us to visit the interior of this splendid monument dedicated to the arts and literature.

When a traveller finds a free and easy access to these and similar institutions, which are open to all the world in almost every city on the continent, an Englishman's pride ought to suffer some little humiliation if he only reflects that, when a foreigner comes into England, he cannot have access, even in the capital, to any one collection of pictures, nor to any scientific society, without a special introduction. As to pictures, indeed, we have no public collection, save only the few that are huddled together in a small shabby house in Pall-mall, which we ridiculously call a National Gallery.

If we really *had* a national gallery, no one can for a moment doubt that there are numerous individuals public spirited enough to fill it by contributions from their respective collections, and with pictures not at all inferior to those we meet with on the continent; but we have not even the bare walls of a building fit to receive them. It can scarcely be believed by a foreigner, that a country which has subsidized all the nations of Europe; that raises a revenue equal—or nearly so—to the accumulated revenues of all Europe; that has a debt of eight hundred millions, the interest of which is paid punctually on the day it becomes due;—that such a nation cannot afford to lay out a few thousand pounds, to bring together such an assemblage of works of art, as would probably not be matched in any part of the continent of Europe, is a thing that foreigners cannot understand, especially as they well know

that many of the finest specimens of some of the best masters are in England, and would be liberally contributed, provided we had but a suitable building for their reception.

Nay more,—a foreigner cannot even gain admission to the only two churches that we have in the capital worth seeing, without payment being demanded at the door; but in this respect he is on the same footing with our own countrymen, against whom they are equally closed. On the continent, the churches are open to everybody, and should any of them happen to be closed, the person in the neighbourhood who holds the key is always most ready to attend. He may know, perhaps, that he will be recompensed for his trouble, but the odium of making a regular demand at the door is unknown.

The distance from Ghent to Bruges is about thirty miles; and as the country is here one continued flat, we resolved to travel, by way of variety, in the *treckschuyt*, or, as they call it, the barge—a very commodious vessel, with good apartments and a canopy over the quarter-deck. She is drawn by four horses, which proceed at a gentle trot of about four miles an hour, and they are changed at half way. The fare for this passage is five and a half francs, or four shillings and sevenpence each person, a tolerably good dinner and beer into the bargain. For those who are not in haste, or for invalids, there is no mode of travelling to be compared to this for ease and comfort, and, at the same time, it enables the passenger to occupy himself in any kind of employment he may choose to engage in; and in the greater part of this particular passage there is nothing to dis-

tract his attention, the banks being so high as to intercept the view of the country. We could see enough, however, to satisfy us that the whole surface was in an admirable state of tillage. It is said, indeed, that in no part of the Netherlands are finer crops produced than in the district between this line of country and Antwerp, called the *Waesland*, which centuries ago was a continued waste of barren heath, naked sand, and splashes of water.

BRUGES.

It took us about eight hours to reach Bruges, a clean, quiet, dull town. Once the central mart for almost all the commerce of the Low Countries, it still exhibits the remains of former grandeur. With its commerce and its opulence, its population gradually fell to nearly one-half of what it was. It is now said to contain about seven thousand houses, and thirty-eight thousand inhabitants. One portion of the population, and no inconsiderable one, ought not perhaps to be deemed as any very great loss,—that which peopled some dozen convents and abbeys, with their extensive establishments and large tracts of ground within the city walls, most of them now suppressed.

One of these, which still remains near the western extremity of the town, is the *Beguinage*, an establishment for the support of old nuns. It is a large enclosure containing a handsome chapel, a number of very good and neat houses round a spacious square planted with trees, and gardens behind them. These elderly ladies are in the enjoyment of every comfort. There is a similar

establishment at Ghent, the chapel of which we attended during service time, but were not much enraptured by the voices of these ancient virgins; indeed the whole of that institution was much inferior to this at Bruges.

Here we also visited an English nunnery which had been founded ninety-nine years ago. The old lay-sister, notwithstanding her well-trimmed beard, and a pair of mustaches, was a very intelligent and agreeable person, exceedingly communicative, and much pleased to see her country people, and lamented that she could not indulge us with admission to the cloisters, and the interior, but their regulations, she said, were strict and positive to allow no person to see any of the professed nuns, except their relations or their acquaintances at the *parloir*. Even the chapel, she said, had recently been closed against the public by an order from the government, but she would venture to shew it to us, and indeed urged us to see it. This chapel is certainly the most perfect model of the kind that can be imagined. It is fitted up with good taste and elegance, and devoid of all trumpery decorations. Indeed there was nothing within it, with the exception of the altar, and scarcely that, to indicate that it was a place for Catholic worship.

A vertical section through the centre of the Sybil's temple will convey an idea of the form of the altar. It is supported on each side by two very elegant marble columns of the Ionic order. The base or plinth on which it stands, the table of the altar, and the steps leading to it, are all of varied, and the most beautiful kinds of marble, which the lady told us was a present from Rome

to the patroness, Lady Lucy Herbert. Beyond the dome, and in each side of the nuns' gallery, are two lofty and well-proportioned Corinthian columns.

The number of professed nuns is forty, all from England and Ireland. The whole sisterhood were expelled from this convent on the irruption of the French, and made their way to England, where they were received, and a convent fitted up for them, by Sir Thomas Gage. While there, the old lady said they were all very unhappy, though well treated; and though there were among them several young ladies unprofessed, and in frequent communication with their friends, there was not, while in England, a single case of desertion—such is the influence that is exercised over the minds of these young creatures, when once entered within the pale of monastic life.

Observing a large concourse of people not far from the convent, and proceeding towards that quarter, we saw in an enclosed piece of ground a number of persons dressed in green jackets, with bows and arrows, shooting at a small wooden figure of a bird, apparently not larger than a sparrow, perched at the top of a sort of maypole, about one hundred and fifty feet high.

These arbutériers, or toxophilites, for they were of that society, of ancient standing in Holland and the Netherlands, shot their arrows in turn; and in the course of about a quarter of an hour the bird was hit twice, which was the more dexterously done, as the wind was blowing strong.

This kind of pole may be observed in almost

every village of the Netherlands, and for the double purpose of exercising the toxophilites at the mark on its summit, and also of decorating with garlands on fairs and festivals, when it is a common practice to grease or soap the lower part, and hang up a prize for him who has the skill, and can endure the fatigue, of ascending this slippery pole, so as to reach it.

The streets of Bruges are kept as clean as those of a Dutch town. The houses and shops are not elegant, but neat, and the people generally appear to be in decent circumstances. The shops and the markets are well supplied with every necessary of life; the fruit and vegetables are good in quality, and abundant. The great drawback is the want of good fresh water, which can only be had from a considerable distance. The cheapness of provisions, of house-rent, and of education, has induced many English families to repair to Bruges, as well as to Ghent and Brussels. Besides the very small expense of private teachers, they have the advantage of public libraries, reading-rooms, collections of pictures, public and private, and an academy of painting.

We rambled through the northern side of the town, which consists of whole streets of cottages, mostly built on one plan, and kept neat and clean by whitewashing. All the women belonging to these cottages were busily employed in weaving lace before the doors, and in many places whole groups of them gossiping while fingering their bobbins with as much rapidity, and seemingly with as much ease and pleasure, as a young lady runs her fingers over the keys of a piano-forte. We

understood that from seven to eight thousand women are employed on this species of manufacture.

The dress of the people of the Netherlands is not the most becoming, particularly that of the women. Except those who move in the higher sphere of life, and who imitate French and English fashions, the generality of citizens' wives and daughters wear, even in the warmest weather, long black cloaks, reaching to their heels, with deep hoods, which the old ladies generally draw over the head, but the young ones mostly turn down, in order to exhibit a neat cap, bordered with lace, always clean and as white as snow.

The men wear, almost universally, the common blue frock and cap which prevails throughout Germany; the frock among the better class being used only as a covering to preserve the regular suit of clothes beneath it. The Spanish character of olive complexions, black hair, and dark eyes, are very obvious among the Belgians; but not a remnant of the Spanish language remains, and very little French is spoken except at Antwerp and Brussels. Their language, which is called Flemish, is a corrupt jargon of German and Dutch, partaking of both, but not much resembling either; so that, although among us we could make our way by either language, the true Flemish was quite unintelligible to us all.

Finding that the departure of the steam-packet from Ostend had been put off from the 2nd to the 3rd of September, we resolved to spend the day at Bruges rather than Ostend, which gave us an opportunity of seeing the churches of Notre Dame,

or the cathedral, and St. Salvador. Notre Dame is a heavy mass of building, with a tower and spire, that belong to no specific class of architecture. The nave is divided from the side aisles by massive columns. The pulpit is one of those curiously-carved fabrics, common to almost every church in the Netherlands. It is supported by the figure of the Virgin sitting on a globe. There are two pieces of sculpture in white marble, representing the Virgin and Child, that are extremely beautiful. The one near the high altar is esteemed the best, and, indeed, has been claimed as the work of Michael Angelo. It was found in a Genoese vessel, that had been taken by a Dutch privateer belonging to Bruges, and lodged in this church. Sir Joshua Reynolds is of opinion that it is of the school of Michael Angelo.

While looking with admiration at this beautiful specimen of sculpture, a gentleman of very respectable appearance went down before it on both knees, and with outstretched arms remained motionless for at least ten minutes, looking intensely at the Virgin, after which he arose, made a profound reverence, and walked out of the church. This is the only act of devotion, or rather of idolatrous worship, that we had witnessed on the part of any male individual of a decent appearance in our whole route, and we never once observed a man to go into the confessional box, while women were entering them constantly.

The other piece of sculpture is also beautifully executed; indeed, to those who, like ourselves, are not much versed in the niceties of the art, the inferiority is hardly apparent. There is

something so very natural in the easy and graceful figure and position of the Virgin and her mild placid countenance, that one cannot contemplate it without a feeling of pleasure, almost of reverence.

At the bottom of the side-aisle are two pictures, which appeared not unworthy of notice.—One was the ‘Crucifixion’ in the style of Van Dyk, and the other the ‘Adoration of the Kings,’ after the manner of Rubens. We set them down as equal to Crayer, but could not learn who the artist was. In this church we also observed a picture of the ‘Nativity’ with two doors or wings, in each of which was a multitude of heads crowded together; the whole by Holbein or one of his school. St. Salvador is far superior in point of architecture and decorations to Notre Dame. It is a fine specimen of the old light-clustered Gothic, the slender and delicate shafts climbing up the side of the large ponderous central column, like the creepers that cling to the huge tree in a tropical forest. The arcades between the columns are light and lofty. The organ is a powerful instrument and well played, and the celebration of high mass far superior to that of Notre Dame.

There were no pictures of the first class, but several of tolerable merit, two or three by Van Os, and one of the ‘Last Supper,’ by Pourbus, of the date 1562, very good but rather hard. We observed also an old painting of the ‘Crucifixion,’ bearing date 1300, which at once sets aside the pretensions of Van Eyck, who is supposed to have made the discovery of painting in oils at Bruges, in the year 1410. Sir Joshua Reynolds, indeed,

was decidedly of opinion that this important branch of the art was known many years before Van Eyck was born. The claim, therefore, is probably no better founded than that which gives to Stevin of this city the merit of being the inventor of decimal arithmetic.

Having heard much of the church or chapel of Jerusalem, we paid a visit to it, but were grievously disappointed. We found it a miserable little chapel that would with difficulty hold a hundred persons; but in one corner of it there is a sort of cave, to enter which it is necessary to stoop; and in this cave is the sepulchre of Christ, the same, we are told, as it is seen at Jerusalem. On entering, we perceived, by a glimmering light, an old woman kneeling before the recumbent figure of a man, with a pale face and a disgusting black beard, and the body covered up by a white sheet. We need scarcely say that we speedily quitted this receptacle of a piece of detestable mummary with disgust,—a species of foolery, by which the ignorant poor suffer their minds to be deluded, and their pockets picked of that little which scarcely affords them the means of purchasing the necessities of life.

The old town-house of Bruges well deserves to be noticed, forming one side of the great square or market-place. The building itself has no pretensions to taste or elegance, having something of the appearance of large barracks. One of its largest sides, on the ground floor, is appropriated as a flesh market, which has the merit of being quite concealed from public view, like that under the town-hall of Leyden; and the side next the



STADHUIS

The Town Hall.

Look to the Right

square is the cloth market. The tower is rather remarkable and very lofty : it consists of three parts ; the lower part is a heavy square Gothic structure, corresponding with the body of the building, and pinnacled at the four corners. Out of this rises a second square, of smaller dimensions ; and the third stage, still more contracted, is an octagon. The height cannot be far short of three hundred feet. The carillons have the sweetest tones of any we had heard, and they play almost incessantly.

The present Stadhuis, or town-hall, is in a smaller square, whose upper part is planted with trees, and contains the governor's house, before which the military band plays at certain times of the day. This town-house is a very peculiar and striking building, lofty for its size, and its walls terminated by three turrets crowned with spires, and numerous little minarets on the ridge of the roof. The walls are ornamented with fretted work, and the windows are rich and lofty. The head office of police, the guard and watch-houses adjoining, are curious specimens of old light florid Gothic, well worthy of attention.

We had frequent occasion to remark, in the course of our tour, that certain component parts of buildings, not very important in themselves, when common or oft repeated, will sometimes give a character to a town. Thus the lofty broad windows and large squares of glass distinguished the houses of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and the high steps and *stoops*, as they are called, before the doors, are characteristic of all Dutch towns. The painted wooden houses, the overhanging

upper stories, and the plain-corniced gables, are the common features of a Rhenish town ; and the tall ornamented gable of many stories, with its fantastic scrawls and fretwork, is characteristic of Antwerp, while those of Ghent are generally a series of steps. The arched chimney of semicircular tiles, placed thus,



gives a marked feature to Bruges, as the

chimney does to Amsterdam, where it sometimes appears with three arms.

We had frequent occasions to notice the contrast in appearance between the Prussian and the Dutch, or rather Belgian, soldiers when on the parade. One of these regiments, or several companies of one stationed here, attended divine service at Notre Dame, where all the music and singing were performed by the band and the soldiers. To us it had an odd appearance to observe three grenadiers, with their caps on, supporting the priest on each side of the altar, and the men remaining covered during the service. In marching to church, we could not but remark how loose and slovenly they were in their dress, and more loose in their step, and so careless in marching as constantly to be kicking and treading on each other's heels. When contrasted with the soldier-like

appearance, the close buttoned-up coat, the upright carriage and firm step of the Prussians, the difference of the two bodies of men, composed of the same people, was very remarkable. The fault, as we have before observed, must lie with the officers, for the men, though generally small, were young, and, by proper training, would easily be brought into a state of better order and discipline. It is just possible, as the *élite* of the Dutch army were assembling in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, to be reviewed by the king, the regiment in question might be chiefly composed of recruits.

On seeing these troops attending in a body divine service according to the Catholic rites, the reflection was pressed upon us, that the throne of a Protestant king was intrusted for its defence to soldiers of a different persuasion. It would be difficult to ascertain the proportion which Catholics bear to Protestants in the army of the King of the Netherlands ; but as the Dutch are not much addicted to the land service, and few of the young Netherlanders engage in the marine, it may be presumed that the land forces are drawn chiefly from the latter, and are, therefore, most of them probably Catholics. This is still more probable, as the proportion of the whole population of the Netherlands to that of the old United Provinces is about as three and a half to two,—that is to say, the Netherlands are estimated at three millions and a half, and that of Holland at barely two millions. And as it is supposed that the number of Catholics in the former is about the same as the number of Protestants in the

latter, a very great majority in the army would necessarily be Catholics, even if the aversion of the Hollander to a military life did not induce him to serve by substitute, as is, we believe, allowed by this government, though not in Prussia.

It is understood that the Belgians were for a time dissatisfied by being incorporated with Holland; but the moderation shown by the king, and the desire which he has manifested to maintain a strict impartiality towards all classes of his subjects, have tended very much to reconcile all parties to his government, except the Catholic priests, who never will be satisfied with anything short of supremacy. The Belgians complain of the weight of taxes, in which they are not singular, and of the mode of levying them; but the system and the rates are said to be those which the French left and King William found.

The Catholic clergy ought to be the last to complain, for they have been freed from all apprehensions as to their fate, by the liberal grant appropriated for their support, which we understand to be at least a third greater in amount than is made to the clergy of the established Protestant church. On the other hand, the king has been relieved from any apprehension he might have entertained of the fidelity of the Catholic clergy and their endeavouring to establish a Catholic supremacy, by the concordat he has wisely concluded with the pope; the consequence of which, one can hardly doubt, will be, that Catholic churches will rear their towers, and spires, and jingle their carillons in Amsterdam, and Protestant churches do the same in Brussels, which have

hitherto been prohibited, or at least, barely winked at in both cities.

After all, what has William obtained by his *concordat*? He has got three things,—First, a *veto*, or the power of expunging, from the list of candidates for the vacant sees of archbishops and bishops, any names that shall not be agreeable to his Majesty. Secondly, he has obtained the power of exacting from any such archbishop or bishop, previous to his entering his functions, the following oath of fidelity, which any good Catholic, or Protestant either, need not hesitate to take.

‘I swear and promise, on the holy Evangelists, obedience to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, my legitimate sovereign. I promise moreover to hold no correspondence, to assist at no council, to engage in no suspicious confederacy, neither within nor without the kingdom, that may endanger the public peace; and should it come to my knowledge, whether within my own diocese or elsewhere, that any measure is plotting to the prejudice of the state, I will make it known to the king my master.’

And thirdly, he has obtained the prayer of the church:—‘Domine salvum fac regem nostrum Guilielmum.’

In return for all which his majesty promises, out of his royal munificence, to bestow a most liberal allowance for the support of the clergy, and to supply funds for the establishment of ecclesiastical seminaries for the education of young pupils intended for the church.

These are most important advantages on the side of the Catholics, and it may be thought,

perhaps, that William has made but a bad bargain—that the *veto* is not worth much—that the oath is of still less value, and that the prayer is merely harmless. Of what possible use, indeed, can any oath be that is taken with a mental reservation, and by those who have the means of freeing their consciences from any breach of it, by obtaining absolution? The Papists are likely enough to be as ready as the Roundheads were, to think that,

‘Tis he who *makes* the oath, that breaks it,
Not he who, for convenience, *takes* it.’

The Dutch government is doing all that can be done for Belgium, by the establishment of schools for the education of youth of all classes; and if the Belgians do their duty honestly towards the schools, which are mostly under their direction, and not adhere to that pernicious system of fettering the minds of their scholars in the trammels of superstition, and warping their understandings in a direction that may be most suited to their own purposes, this fine fertile country cannot fail to recover, in no great length of time, its former state of affluence and prosperity.

On the 1st of September, about four in the afternoon, we embarked on the *trekschuyt*, not quite so commodious as the former one, and were landed in the evening on the quay of Ostend. The fare was one franc and one stiver, about eleven pence each person. The canal that connects these two towns is broad and deep, and nearly on a level with the surface of the country the whole way, which has much the appearance of Holland. In the best parts, where anything like

cultivation appears, the soil is heaped up in rounded ridges, and the deep furrows, we observed, were mostly filled with water. As we approach Ostend, the surface, particularly on the northern side of the canal, becomes more swampy, and the country puts on a more dreary appearance.

Here, on the 1st of September, they were busily employed in the very midst of haymaking, the uncut grass having much the appearance of being recently freed from immersion in water; yet at a short distance were villages, with their accompanying trees and their church spire, seen in every direction.

On landing, we found there was a considerable degree of alarm in Ostend on account of a fever that had broken out in the garrison; and to allay the fears of the inhabitants, a public notice was given out, stating the few deaths that had happened,—but which were so great, that if they had taken place in the same proportion in London, they would have given cause for apprehension that either the plague or the yellow-fever or the cholera had got among us.

Little can be said in praise of Ostend. The town is neat enough, and looks lively, with its painted houses of green, blue, and yellow, which are the prevailing colours. The interior basin for shipping is large and commodious, and is bordered by a broad quay, which, by the grass springing up between the stones, indicated no overflow of trade. The entrance to the basin through the outer channel and harbour is difficult, and next to impossible when the wind blows strong off the shore. It is defended by a strong and regular

fort, in which is the citadel. Great precautions have been taken to keep out the sea, by breakwaters of wood and stone, but chiefly by a sloping glacis of stonework, on the top of which is a pleasant promenade, having the sea-beach and the sands close beneath it.

We embarked in the common steamer, and in sixteen hours were landed on Tower-hill.

NOTE.

NOTE

ON THAT PART OF THE FOREGOING SHEETS
WHICH RELATES TO BELGIUM.

1st January, 1831.

It is now more than two years since the remarks on Belgium, that occur in this little volume, were written, and in which no change has been made—but a sad change has taken place in the country itself. We left it under a strong impression of the growing prosperity of every city, town, and village through which we had passed. The anarchy of a few months only has been enough to dry up the sources, and to wither all the branches of that prosperity. From the mild and fostering hand of a beneficent sovereign, the people of this once flourishing country, instigated by a few wicked and designing knaves, have precipitated themselves into the hard and unfeeling grasp of that worst of all tyrannies—the tyranny of a mob; to whose disposal and caprice their lives and properties were for a time surrendered, and placed at the mercy of the will or the wants of that des-

potic power ; nor have they yet been able to rescue themselves from the trammels of a certain set of restless and mischievous demagogues, whose game is anarchy, and the object, that of gaining something in the confusion and ruin which they have created.

The calamities that have befallen this fine country might almost be considered as a just retribution for the unprovoked and wholly uncalled-for rebellion against the best of rulers—a rebellion that had not even a pretext for its justification. It was a pitiful imitation of what had taken place in France, aided and abetted by revolutionary Frenchmen, joined with factious Belgians, and urged on by a vindictive and seditious editor of a newspaper, who had been justly prosecuted and banished from the country. To the peaceable and well-disposed the consequences have been most deplorable.

It is admitted by all honest and unprejudiced Belgians, that they had no real cause of complaint against the government. They admit that the commerce and manufactures of the Netherlands had increased threefold since their union with Holland ; they admit that Antwerp was yearly rising in commercial importance, and diverting

the trade of the less convenient ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam into its own channel ; that the cotton and iron manufactures of Liège were in the most flourishing condition ; that the cotton-mills of this district and Ghent had increased five-fold in number and extent ; and that Holland alone had taken from them four times the quantity of coal and iron that France had done during the annexation of Belgium to that kingdom.

They admit that the king ruled with impartiality ; that the offices of state were equally divided between Hollanders and Belgians, and that, on some occasions, the latter predominated ; that there was no exclusion, and that no one could be more anxious than the king was to conciliate his new subjects. He could not have given a stronger proof of this than the pains he took to procure a *Concordat* from the pope, and to re-establish the Catholic bishops—to improve the condition of the Catholic clergy—to encourage, by his liberality and example, the establishment of schools for the children of his Catholic subjects. He founded universities and schools for the encouragement of arts, sciences, belles-lettres, and religion, in almost every town of note throughout Belgium.

When this country became incorporated with Holland, one of the first steps taken by the king was to lay on protecting duties, which had the effect of excluding our manufactures from Holland, and injured the commerce of both countries for the sake of benefiting the Belgians; and thus he incurred the displeasure of his own people and his old ally, in order to conciliate his new subjects. In short, if there ever was a man thoroughly disposed to meet the wishes of his people, it was William, King of the Netherlands.

Of the revolt against such a sovereign, the result has been melancholy for his new subjects, and has conferred a partial benefit on his old ones. On the first burst, as is usually the case in all rebellions, massacres, robbery, pillage, and destruction of property, indiscriminately took place,—but mostly that of productive property. One instance of this madness may be mentioned as a sample of what happened in many other cases. An Englishman of the name of Cockerell had established manufactories of various kinds about Liège, and one in particular on a very extended scale. On the banks of the Meuse, between Liège and Huy, the archiepiscopal palace of Sereign had been purchased or ceded to him for

the establishment of an iron foundry, in which the king took a particular interest, and is said to have contributed funds towards its completion, his object being that of furnishing the best means for the instruction of his subjects in the various branches of the iron manufacture, and for the encouragement of its progressive improvement in a part of the country which afforded an ample supply of iron-ore, coal, and limestone. In this manufactory every species of iron-work, from the heaviest castings to the minutest articles of high polish, was carried on. Steam-engines of every power, from that of two hundred down to ten horses, were constructed—and not fewer than two thousand men employed in the various works belonging to it; but the king's name being also connected with it, it was, at an early period, marked out as an object for destruction.

This senseless rage of the populace, the suspension of all order, and the treacherous conduct of the people of Brussels, soon produced, what civil commotions are almost sure of producing, a total stagnation of commerce, gave a deadly blow to manufacturing industry, and threw multitudes of artisans and labourers out of employment: the consequence was, poverty pervading all classes,

bankruptcy and ruin staring in the face the merchant, the banker, and the tradesman, and a total want of confidence between man and man; and, what makes a speedy change for the better almost hopeless, the withdrawal from the country of the honest, sober-minded, and respectable portion of the inhabitants, with the wreck of their property,—leaving the De Potters, the Robaulxes, and the rest of the factious demagogues, to triumph over the ruin which they have been so instrumental in making.

It is not to be doubted, however, that this evil, like most others, having reached its height, will cure itself; and that a reaction must shortly take place. The faction is fast losing ground, and it is not the worst sign when the popular discontent begins to vent itself in squibs and epigrams against the authors of their misfortunes. One of these, common in the mouths of the populace, is to this effect—

‘ When Orange ruled, as our head,
We butter had to smear our bread;
But since the day we hail’d De Potter,
We’ve neither tasted bread nor butter.’

It must be confessed, however, that the union

of the two nations never augured well. The difference of language and religion was of itself repugnant to such an alliance—more especially when toleration on one side had to contend with bigotry and superstition on the other. In this view a separation may be of benefit ultimately to both parties.

16th July.

Since the above was written, the appointment of a regent has been productive of some good. They have now got a step further, and chosen a king—may they long keep him, and treat him better than they did their first one!—But *he*, too, is a Protestant, and on that account alone, he will have a difficult card to play.

THE END.

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